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MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

VOLUME III.

THIRD SERIES.

NEW YORK:
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A MONTHLY REVIEW OF

MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS

THIRD SERIES.

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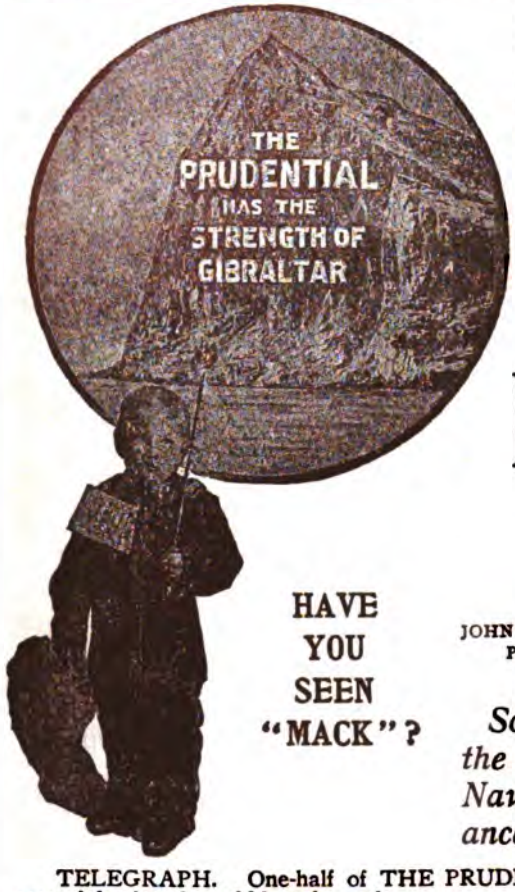

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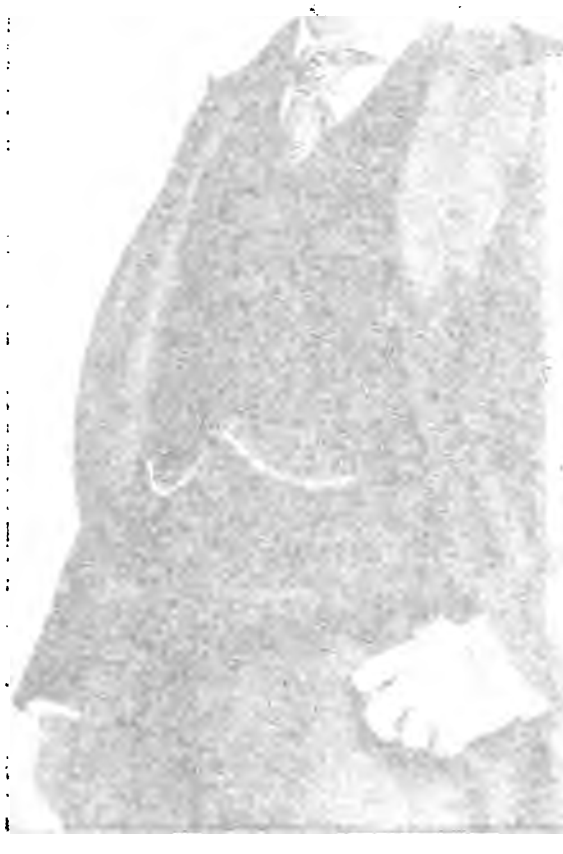

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JANUARY, 1903.

A GENERAL STAFF CORPS.

WHEN the Military Service Institution, of which the Lieutenant General of the Army was president, offered as the subject of its prize essay, several years since, "The Organization of a Staff Best Adapted for the United States Army," the only result was to bring forth competitors who believe that the crying need of our service is a General Staff Corps. A large and ever-increasing body of thoughtful officers of the Army has been gradually but surely reaching the same conviction. The present methods of administration and supply have been in existence since the close of the War of 1812. With an army of 25,000 men under modern conditions, or large armies under old conditions, the system worked fairly well, yet there are many historical incidents which encourage the opinion that success often obtained in spite of, rather than because of, the prevailing methods.

The events of 1898 have shattered many opinions hitherto prevailing as to the efficiency of our system, for success was obtained at a maximum cost of health and treasure. It will no longer do to point complacently to what was accomplished during the great Civil War for answer to any efforts at reform. Conditions have changed, and now, more than at any previous period of our history, must we be always in a state of preparedness for war.

The present administrative and supply system is the result of a gradual growth, through a century of effort at meeting emergencies. It is now, and has always been, almost impossible to obtain legislation of a general character for the Army. The staff bureaus have, therefore, gradually acquired their present status through piecemeal

and special legislation, from time to time, until now they are hedged about by many inelastic laws, which often hinder and embarrass the wheels of administration, to the detriment of the Army as a whole. Under the old system of life appointments in the Staff Departments and Corps, the vacancies were much sought after by ambitious and active line officers Recruited from such a source, it was but natural that the various departments should sustain honorable and efficient reputations, so far as the limitations of the general system permitted. Again, it is but natural that the human desire for independence of action should perpetuate a loyalty to corps, as opposed to pride of the service as a united whole. So it came about that large numbers of earnest, honorable and courageous workers within the various departments preferred the system of life appointments, owing allegience to bureau chiefs, reporting directly to the Secretary of War. To acquiesce in the organization of a General Staff Corps, with a Chief of Staff for the whole Army, means for each bureau chief to surrender certain cherished elements of independent authority. Especially embarrassing will this surrender prove to those who, while doubting the advisability of change, yet make no opposition, through soldierly loyalty to the Secretary of War.

In his annual report, the Secretary has committed himself unequivocally to the proposed innovation, and has presented an array of reasons for his convictions which cannot be lightly brushed aside. No Secretary of War has ever devoted himself to a more careful and detailed study of our military system than the present incumbent of that high office. The convictions set forth in the recent report are not new or suddenly acquired. They but reaffirm the opinion expressed in previous reports, with the added value born of greater experience. As the head of the great administrative machine during the recent period of military activity, he has had ample opportunity to discover the strong and weak points of our system, and these are his published opinions: "Our military system is, however, still exceedingly defective at the top. We have a personnel unsurpassed anywhere * * * . We have wealth and a present willingness to expend it reasonably for the procurement of supplies and material of war as plentiful and as good as any country in the world. We have the different branches of the military service well organized, each within itself, for the performance of its duties. Our administrative staff and supply departments, as a rule, have at their heads good and competent men, faithful to their duties, each attending assiduously to the business of his department. But when we come to the co-ordination and direction of all these means and agencies of

warfare, so that all points of the machine shall work true together, we are weak. Our system makes no adequate provision for the directing brain, which every army must have to work successfully. Common experience has shown that this cannot be furnished by any single man without assistants, and that it requires a body of officers, working together under the direction of a chief, and entirely separate from and independent of the administrative staff of an army (such as the adjutants, quartermasters, commissaries, etc., each of whom is engrossed in the duties of his own special department). This body of officers, in distinction from the administrative staff, has come to be called a general staff."

Many of the functions devolving upon general staff officers in other countries are, and have been habitually performed in our country by officers of various staff departments, as now organized, and of the line. These duties do not properly pertain to any particular corps or departments, but the performance of them being needful to the well being of the service as a whole, they have been assigned, from time to time, to the most available men. Were it possible to extend and amplify this method by selecting for the duties those of proved ability and aptitude, much good could be accomplished, but full and complete success cannot be obtained without legislative action. The evil of our whole administrative system in the past has been that no central authority, except the Secretary of War, has ever been empowered to direct the manifold interests in the hands of the various staff bureaus.

It is not contended for a moment that the German General Staff system is applicable to our Army. In Germany the General Staff and generals of the line commanding troops form practically an interchangeable body, a scheme perfectly feasible there, but entirely inapplicable to the American Army. An officer whose career justifies his detail in a General Staff Corps, and who there acquits himself well, would doubtless be considered as worthy and deserving of high promotion in event of war. The expectation of professional recognition would encourage good men to high endeavor. The soldierly spirit, informed by experience of actual service with troops, must ever be the guiding star in such an organization, and for this reason life appointments in a closed corps are not in the best interests of the service. Any system which allows the officers of a General Staff Corps to degenerate solely into bureau officers will cause them to forfeit the respect of the line of the Army. Above all else, the personnel of a General Staff Corps should be selected with reference to ability, and without any suspicion of favoritism.

There is a prevalent opinion that influence is more potent than trained talent and fitness. It is Utopian to expect, under any form of government, a system which will always locate the best man in the right place, with or without influence; it is safe to say, however, that the prevailing opinion as to the success of influence in forcing men to the top is greatly exaggerated. An officer who endeavors to fit himself thoroughly for each grade as he progresses in the Army, and who performs his duties in a conscientious, intelligent and forceful manner, is more apt to receive recognition from his superiors than any man trusting to influence, who performs his duty in a perfunctory manner.

With a General Staff Corps legally installed in the Army, important matters which require investigation and grave consideration will be cared for by a group of selected and highly trained officers, whose time will not be frittered away with routine affairs and whose opinions will be based upon systematic examination and professional knowledge.

Under the present system it is quite possible for two bureau chiefs to work in the most loyal manner, each along his own lines, in ignorance of what the other is doing, yet whose combined efforts mean much to the soldiers of the line. This possibility is contrary to all business and economic principles. Through the agency of a General Staff all can be brought to work coherently, and to a common purpose, and military and political policies may be harmonized in so far as they affect the plans for the army.

The details of the organization and duties of the various officers of the General Staff Corps constitute a very simple problem, provided the Chief of Staff stands between the Secretary of War and the army at large. This, of course, requires the abolition of the office of Commanding General of the Army, but does not eliminate the rank and grade of Lieutenant-General of the line. The lieutenant-general may be detailed as chief of staff, but the legislation asked for makes the assignment optional with the President. If not detailed as Chief of Staff, the lieutenant-general would be assigned to an appropriate command. Nearly every commanding general of the army from Washington's time down to the present day has encountered insurmountable obstacles in performing the presumed duties of the office. Such difficulties and complications are inseparable from so unbusiness like an arrangement. Many of the complications have their origin in the fact that the bureau chiefs have control of all public funds under the immediate supervision of the Secretary of War. Every effort to modify the statutes in this regard has met with ignominious failure and there can be no legitimate hope for

favorable action in future. It is therefore the course of wisdom for Congress and the Army to accept some plan similar to that presented by the Secretary of War, which does the least violence to the least number in their presumed equity rights, so far as personal considerations go, of any measure yet devised to meet the situation. That the army can be better prepared for war through the agency of a General Staff Corps than under the present system, with eleven independent bureaus in the War Department, there can be no reasonable doubt; that the real military business of the War Department can be more expeditiously and coherently performed through a Chief of Staff, there should be no doubt, and civil and semi-civil matters falling under the direct supervision of the Secretary of War would receive more attention than it is now possible for him to give to them. There are so many business reasons to commend the proposed organization of a General Staff Corps that the necessary legislation ought to be enacted. Experience, however, has shown that it does not require much opposition to defeat really worthy measures and so the army and the country may still have to wait for the accomplishment of this very desirable end. That the subject will grow in importance and be studied to its advantage is quite certain; that it will eventually commend itself so favorably as to secure recognition at the hands of Congress, there should be no reasonable doubt.

W. H. CARTER,

Brigadier General United States Army.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By Henry Romeyn, Brevet Major, U. S. A.

During the early spring months of 1646, the quays of Amsterdam were the scenes of universal bustle and activity. Scores of ships, of all sizes, lay moored beside them; and were being loaded with stores necessary for both land and sea service after a long voyage. Supplies, not only such as were necessary for the sustenance of their crews, but also for thousands of other men, and for both military and civil service, were being rapidly placed on board, and the night hours found groups of men relieving those who had labored during the day; and every one seemed to have an interest in expediting the work in hand.

At the barracks in the heart of the city, there was equal excitement, though of a more ordinary character.

The parade grounds echoed the harsh words of command, and rang with the clangor of arms, as the brawny armorer plied his trade on sword, musket and pike. Officers who had grown gray in the service of the States General, and others new to it, were all busy; and above all floated the orange, white and blue colors of Holland, which four years later, were changed to red, white and blue.

The cause of this activity was the necessity of dispatching a reinforcement of several thousand men to Brazil; where, since the return to Europe of Prince Mauritz of Orange, two years before, matters had not gone on satisfactorily; and with the comparatively small vessels of that day, the transportation of so many men, and so much material, together with the convoy necessary for its safety, required a fleet of more than eighty sail.

There was no lack of men for land service, or that on shipboard. A field for adventure was open, and honor, fame, and wealth awaited those fortunate enough to win one or all of them. Hatred of the Spaniard, and those of his abhorred faith, had not died out; and the rich soil of the tropics, with the opportunities for trade, (though most of the latter was in the hands of the West India Company,) were enough to tempt honest traffickers, or those to whom money was money, no matter how gained.

In a broad, low-ceiled room of a substantial burgher's house, on one of the principal streets of the city, a family group, composed of

members of three generations, was gathered. At the head of its table sat an old man of noble presence and sturdy frame. Under shaggy brows, eyes undimmed by the passage of more than fourscore years, looked with kindly sympathy on the younger members of the group, as they busied themselves with various duties, but rested longest upon a young man whose birthdays numbered but a fourth of those of the patriarch, as he strode nervously about the room, or paused to observe the avocation of a woman engaged in packing a substantial chest with personal belongings, suited to a long journey and a residence in a new country where no opportunity offered for replenishing depleted stores.

The second generation was represented by man and wife, the parents of the third. The father, seated at the broad window, looked out on the busy scenes of the wharves, not far away; and his thoughts seemed to be fixed upon something distant from the home scene.

Closing the lid and turning the key of the strong lock, the mother crossed the room, and, placing one arm around the neck of the young man, and drawing his head down to her shoulder, placed the key in his hand as she gave him a mother's kiss, and said in steady tones, which concealed the throbbings of a perturbed heart:

"My Klaas, I have filled thy zee-kist* with all I think thou wilt need for a long stay in the Brazils. Be careful of all thy belongings, and also of thy health. We know that many things occur there which are not common in Holland, and many temptations will come to thee from which thou wouldst be kept at home. I have put thy Bible near the top. Keep it there, that thou mayest not forget that thou hast it. I have put with it paper, a filled ink-horn, and a score of quills, that thou mayest write as thou hast opportunity. Do not forget thy mother, and that thou art her only son. Neither forget that thou art the betrothed of a lovely juh-vrouw,† who will wait and wish for thy return; and keep thyself in all thy ways that thou shame not her, nor dishonor thy mother, who bore thee. We are told that the Portuguese have taken families there, that their daughters are beautiful, and that some of the men of Holland have been ensnared by them, and some even now by those of the natives. But we have faith in thee—see that it be not misplaced. And thy mother's prayers shall follow thee; and may God keep thee unto the end."

A long embrace, a farewell kiss, and the mother went from the room, to drop in secret the tears she would not shed openly, lest they should tempt the son to forego what she looked upon as a sacred duty —answering his country's call in the hour of need.

*Sea chest. †Young woman.

There was a deep undertone in the voice of the father as he said, as the two clasped hands a moment later:

"My son, thou art going forth for thy first campaign. Thou hast much to learn of life in general, as well as of military affairs. See that thou learn carefully and well. Obey promptly and faithfully the commands of thy superiors, being respectful alike to all. Be not seduced into any evil ways. Be careful of thy substance, as well as of thy honor. Attend first to thy official duties, as thou art sworn to do; but, that done, there is no wrong in bettering thy condition by watching the course and needs of trade. Thou knowest that I am a director of The Honorable West India Company, and through that thy position was the more easily secured. Thy mother has supplied thee with means of correspondence; let us hear frequently from thee; and, with other things, of camp and field, tell us of plantations and commerce. Thy company sails on the ship of Gurst Tyssen, whom, from his residence beyond Haarlem, men have learned to call Van Kampe. He was my companion in bygone days, and Jan Dekker's son will always be well treated by him, for the father's sake, I will go with thee to the ship, and present thee to him, but wanted not to give thee advice in presence of strangers."

During this scene the aged man who had left the room returned, and with him the mother.

"My son," said he, "I would see thee in thy uniform, ready for the field;" and in a few moments the young soldier presented himself in the desired garb.

Taking from the table a heavy sword of ancient make, the veteran approached his grandson, and, fitting the belt to his form, girded him therewith, his hands trembling as he clasped it; but his voice was strong and steady as he spoke:

"My son, thou art going to thy first service for Holland. The three who stand here are all the males of our line who have escaped the cruelty of the Spaniard. This was the sword of my grandfather, and of his fathers; borne by him at Heiliger Lee; where he commanded a company of pikemen, who swept the Spanish invader from the causeways to destruction in the maar. My father carried it when, with Willem de la Marck, he stormed the gates of Brill; and when, next year, he beat back the stormers at Alkmaar; and it drank deep of Spanish blood when we broke their ranks at Nieupoort and drove them into the sea. It has never felt the grasp of coward hand. It is now thine. Draw it only in thy country's cause; and sheathe it only when that cause is won. If God gives thee length of days, and a son to bear thy name, give it to him, with the charge I now give thee, and so let it be handed down from generation to generation.

"Not many days are left to me, and I shall not be here to greet thy return. Take now my blessing," and as the young head was reverently bowed, the hand of the elder was placed upon it. "The God of thy land make thee faithful to it; the God of battles keep thee through dangers of camp and field. The Most High be thy strength and shield; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The highly dramatic scene was not singular in that place and time. Trial and danger had taught coolness and self-repression in public, but family and home ties were strengthened by them, and love of the country for which they had through generations been endured had strong roots, deep in its soil, and only religion could come before it. The age was addicted to long allegorical spectacular displays on every possible occasion; and he who from the pulpit could not occupy more than an hour of the Sabbath was thought remiss in his duties to his congregation. Individual as well as national mettle had been strongly tempered in the fire of Spanish persecution, and under the hammer of ill fortune; but at every opportunity it sprang up as the bent blade resumes its form; and was as ready for what might come

There had been a fourth listener to the paternal benediction. Parting slightly the heavy hangings covering the doorway leading to a room communicating directly with the street, from which she had that moment come, a tall, fair young woman gazed silently upon the scene, but with an interest which she made no effort to conceal. The other actors passed from the room, and, with the belted weapon still in place, the young officer crossed to the window which the father had vacated, and, with hands clasped behind his back, where their nervous workings betokened the effort he was making for self-control, he looked upon the fleet which on the morrow was to start on its voyage to the New World. Halting only a moment, to gain more confidence, the girl swiftly and silently crossed the room, and clasping with one hand those of the soldier, with the other arm about his neck and its open palm pressing his cheek, turned his face toward her.

"Art thou so busy with thy campaigns in air that thou hast no eyes or ears with which to see or hear me?" was her merry question.

"I am all eyes and ears for thee, and at any time," he replied, "and that thou shouldst know by this time. But I have this moment parted from my mother, and this is my grandsire's parting gift;" and he held up the weapon hanging by his side.

"I saw him, and heard his parting benediction. Oh, my Klaas, why must men go far away to find war; or, why find it even at home? Why not live in peace with all the world and be happy?"

With one arm about her waist and the other hand beneath her chin, turning her face upward toward his own, the lover said:

"A daughter of Holland, my Elsie, can answer that question for herself. But for the Spaniard Holland would have had no war, mayhap, for the past century. Because of his greed and hate it has waded in blood. Now, when it is paying with interest its debt of righteous hatred by striking where he and his will feel it most, thou wouldst not have me, the only man of my line who can take the field, stay quietly at home because of love for thee. Thou wouldst scorn me if I did."

"No, my Klaas, I would not bid thee stay. If I did, and thou didst obey me, I would scorn both thee and myself. But, nevertheless, I long for war to cease. It has, thou knowest, slain the last man of my family, and broken the heart of my mother; and now, if aught of disaster comes to thee"———The question died incomplete upon her lips, and, dropping her head upon his breast, she burst into tears.

But for a moment only. Pride and love conquered, though it did not dissipate the vision of possible disaster, and as she was enfolded in a closer embrace she added: "But I will not look on the dark side. Thou wilt gain experience and honor, and come back to us in good time with much of each to make me, as well as thy parents, proud and happy. I shall wait with longing heart for tidings of thy arrival in the Brazils, and shall daily picture to myself thy life there. Tell me, also, of the women whom thou seest there; though thou mayest not meet them in social converse. We are told many of them are beautiful in face and form. See," she added, with an arch smile, "that they steal not thy heart from me."

"I know not why thou shouldst fear. Going, as we do, to make war on men, how shall we meet women of the land in peace, or speak of love, when we know not their language."

"But thou dost not need words to tell of love; even now thine eyes are telling it to me. And thou wilt learn their language, as others have done; and if peace is made, as God grant it may be, they must meet thee amicably. So, my Klaas, guard well thine eyes and tongue and heart."

Further conversation was prevented by the entrance of a man who came to carry away the packed chest. Together the lovers left the room.

"Now the day is waning, and I must join my company in time to be on board the Sea Wolf before nightfall, as we wait but the morning tide to start on our voyage, if the wind be fair. I must say farewell to thy mother. Let us go to her."

As they passed from house to street a man garbed also as an officer came into view, and met them without sign of recognition. After passing a few yards he glanced back, and seeing that they took no notice, turned and followed the pair.

"It is young Dekker and the jung-vrouw Van Vechte," he said. "I would know where she lives; he sails tomorrow, and I do not. I, too, wear the uniform of an officer, and may be able to console her in his absence; at least, I shall make the effort," and noting carefully the house to which they were admitted, he passed on, sketching mentally, as he went, a plan, the development of which must occupy a great portion of his time for months to come.

On being admitted, the pair were met by a woman wearing a widow's garb, whose face bore the impress of a sorrow never to be effaced or forgotten; who seemed to be reproduced in form and feature in the daughter who greeted her.

"Mother, Klass has come to say farewell. He sails with the first fair tide and wind, and must be on board with his company before nightfall."

The widow's face assumed an appearance of still deeper sadness, as she said:

"My son—for thus I look upon thee—it grieves me sorely to part with thee in such a manner. So many of those dear to me have failed to return from service that, except for Elsie, I am without a relative in the whole world. Some, as thou knowest, fell in battle; others went into the dungeons of the Inquisition and were lost to us; he who was dearest of all died in this room, of wounds received at Maestricht; all for Holland and freedom of conscience. If thou must go, be sure thou playest a man's part, as they and thy fathers have done before thee, and God send thee home again in safety to thine and mine. Farewell."

And the lovers were left with none to witness their parting.

Young lovers have met and parted since the first pair of them lived upon the earth; have vowed eternal constancy, and felt the sad sweetness of the parting kiss; and these were but human, not withstanding their high resolve and attachment to native land and its cause. Let each reader, therefore, depict in his or her mind the separation, and none will err very widely. Returning to his own home, the young man found his father awaiting him, and they were soon in the cabin of the Sea Wolf and being greeted by its commander.

"My comrade," said the father, "I bring my son, who goes to his first service, and whose company is to sail on thy ship. As thou hast time to spare from thy duties, show him, for thy former comrade's

sake, such attention as is befitting and consistent with discipline. What thou doest for him is done for me. I regret that the effects of my wounds prevent me from taking field service again, but my halting steps would not keep up a marching pace, or be of much avail in leading boarders on a Spanish deck, and he must take my place."

Captain Tysson—or, to call him by the name he bore later, and made famous in Holland's naval annals, and hated and dreaded by Spanish seamen, Van Kampe—greeted the young man very cordially. Tall, with the eye of a falcon; thin, aquiline features; complexion ruddy, almost to the color of brick; with a voice roughened by the exposure to the winds of thirty years of sea and land service, and by habits of command; a Water Beggar of the Water Beggars, fearless in battle or storm, the commander of the Sea Wolf was a character to be always remembered when once seen.

"My comrade," he said, "I am pleased to meet thee and thy son. I regret that thou art no longer able to perform service afloat or ashore, but thou hast fairly earned thy rest, and I am sure that thy son will worthily fill thy place, for I know something of his training and of his ancestors; and as none of them has ever failed Holland in any way, he will not shame them by being the first. I welcome him for thee, and hope to see him uphold the records thou and thy father made. His company will be on board in an hour, and Captain Schoonmacker and he are to share my cabin with me, and we shall, I doubt not, have a pleasant voyage."

Farewells were briefly spoken, the father returned to his home, and the young soldier, his thoughts at one moment dwelling on the possibilities of his first campaign, in the next recalling the parting with his betrothed, awaited the arrival of his company.

In the home of the widow there was only silent sorrow. The younger of its occupants, in the quietude of her room, at first gave way to a burst of tears, but feelings of patriotism soon arose within her, and, as many had done before her, and more have done in our day, she drove out all thought of self, and in its place came those of country and lover.

"How," was her first thought, "can I give him up to the chances of the long voyage, those of residence in a strange land, of campaign and battle? Why does the good God permit men to fight? Why should they go far abroad to seek war? Whom will my Klaas meet in the Brazils? Will he return in health, or, like his father, too crippled for further service? Will he—and a vision too horrible to be endured came into view, and, face downward upon her bed, she sobbed out a prayer for his safety. Then better thoughts entered her mind. The peace she sought came. "It is for Holland and freedom of

conscience," she said. "My mother gave her husband for them, and what she did I can do; but, oh, my God, spare me from such a stroke!" Sleep brought, after a time, relief from sorrow; but in her dreams she lived over again the scenes of the day, and the possibilities of the future assumed first roseate hues, then of a more sombre character, and she welcomed the dawn as a relief from the terrors of the hours of darkness.

To the mother the parting brought poignant memories of the time when she bade farewell to her husband on his departure for the field, and of his return, only to pass away in his home; and sleep fled from her as she, too, thought over the chances of war, and what they might bring to her child. But the morning brought faith and strength, and the duties of the new day surcease of sorrow.

For more than a century such had been the lot of the women of the Netherlands. From generation to generation they had sent husbands and sons to battle on sea and land; had themselves borne arms behind the city's walls, or labored in the repairing of the breaches therein, with a courage, devotion, and constancy unparalleled in history; and the spirit which could fear all they had been forced to face can scarcely be comprehended in these later days by those who sit at ease in homes of their descendants, and of those for whom those descendants made such homes possibilities.

The stores and baggage of the soldiers assigned to the Sea Wolf were already on board, and as the evening darkness fell upon the city, the measured tread of armed and organized men was heard, and a company of infantry came into view. They were mostly men who had seen service; some in their native Holland, others in German and French wars, and their commander, a native of the Palatinate, though comparatively young in years, was a veteran in arms, and had fought under the great Gustavus Adolphus on the fatal field of Lutzen fourteen years before. Everything about the company showed careful attention to matters of discipline and detail, and that its commander had well conned the lessons received in the camp of the Swedish king, and under the Stadtholder Mauritz, at the very commencement of his career. Saxon in form, feature, and complexion, he seemed fitted to withstand anything which might come to him in the way of service, a seeming which his subsequent career made reality.

But little time was required to assign the new arrivals to quarters for the voyage, and as the morrow's sun rose above the watery horizon, the voyagers looked back upon the city from their vessel's deck, as tide and wind bore them out to sea.

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS.

I've wandered to the old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago.
And I sit and dream of days gone by,
  When we were comrades, you and I.
In fancy I see our white walled town;
  Its streets where the boys go up and down;
The bugle I hear in the morning grey,
  Sound the reveille and I hear them say,
"Here, here, all here," on this old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago.

In fancy they're here on this old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago.
For out of the realm of shadows, are cast
  The phantom forms of days long past.
Their presence I feel like a magic spell;
  They come, from whence I cannot tell.
But I look into the faces remembered long
  And grasp the hands that are true and strong,
And I fancy we're here on this old camp ground,
  Where we tented long, long ago.

And my heart turns back to this old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago.
And the dreams I dream are memories old
  Of comrades loved; and again I behold
Through the mists of years, each face and form
  That passed from my sight 'mid battle and storm.
And I greet them all as in days of yore
  As we walk the streets of our camp once more.
We're glad to be here on this old camp ground,
  Where we tented long, long ago.

And comrades here on this old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago,
I see what no eye will again behold
  And hear what no tongue will again unfold.
I see your faces in youth's fresh glow,
  I hear your voices in whispers low,
I feel your hands within my own,
  But, comrades, I dream—I am here alone
And silence broods o'er the old camp ground
  Where we tented so long ago.

Yes, 'tis silent now on this old camp ground
  Where we tented so long ago.
My friends and comrades, now no more
  Walk its lone streets as oft before,
No song, no laugh, no bugle sound,
  No sentry tramps his weary round.
Toil and hardship, sickness, pain,
  Shot and shell with their terrible rain,
Have taken them all from this old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago.

And I'm left alone on this old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago.
The vision is gone and I wake to know
  That time in its onward, ceaseless flow
Is sweeping away on its ebbing tide
  The few war spared of those comrades tried;
And nothing's left but the sad refrain,
  That only in dreams can come again.
And I'm here alone on this old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago.

They come no more to this old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago.

They sleep in the valley where bravely they fell,
  They sleep by the stream where they fought so well,
They sleep 'mong the hills of the old Bay State,
  A few still linger, but only wait
To join their friends on the other shore,
  And hear them welcome us once more,
Into their tents on that camping ground,
  Where they went long, long ago.

And I sit and muse on this old camp ground,
  Where we tented so long ago.
When shadows grow long and day is done,
When all life's battles are fought and won,
Though the camp be dark with fear and doubt,
  Though taps are sounded and lights are out,
At the reveille of the coming day,
  I shall meet my comrades and hear them say,
"Welcome, old friend, to our camping ground,
  Where we've been since the long ago."

GEORGE C. POTWIN,
Late Major and A. A. G., U. S. Vols.

MILITARY INTEGRITY.

THE recent return of a large portion of the regular army from the Philippines and the inauguration of the thorough course of study prescribed by recent orders of the War Department, seems an appropriate time to call attention to the lack of professional spirit among commissioned officers of our service, to what may be called without exaggeration a want of military integrity.

So much effort is expended in his entrance to the profession, whether by the cadet from West Point, the non-commissioned officer from the ranks, or the ex-volunteer from civil life, that the newly-made officer is tempted to satisfy his conscience with a study of the intricate regulations for his uniform, and to rely upon some good friend for hints as to that line of conduct which will spare him reprimand or report.

He secures the various uniforms and equipment prescribed, such regulations and manuals as are distributed gratutitously by the Adjutant General's Office, and such stationery as the quartermaster will issue, and flatters himself that he is a unit in the defense of the nation. But how very few go beyond the requirments of regulations and orders in the mental equipment necessary for the rank enjoyed? Should the officer be within probable reach of an early examination for promotion, he prepares for that test by study of those subjects only which are included within the published scope of such examination. How few conscientiously strive for perfection in their profession as a physician, surgeon or lawyer pursues his chosen career!

The supply of the missing quantity, of what we may term "integrity," is not to be expected from the publication of orders from headquarters, any more than the practice of the virtues of charity and patience may become general by the publication and distribution of manuals of devotion. The cure for our professional apathy rests with ourselves. We must acquire military excellence and professional distinction by wishing for it as a merchant yearns for wealth, by a self-imposed discipline of study and meditation upon the yet unsolved problems of military science, and by outlining for ourselves lines of conduct to be followed in grades now far above us, but for each of which we must prepare and consider ourselves qualified.

Like the marshal's baton of Napoleonic France, the general's star must seem to every officer of the United States as not only a remote will-o'-the-wisp to be attained in future war through political or personal influence, but as an actual and concrete possibility of the near future. The melancholy truth that most of us may never realize such healthful ambition should deter none from the preparation necessary to an efficient discharge of duty in such exalted grade, and the actual struggle by all for such qualification will improve the whole tone and character of our commissioned personnel, just as the human race has been led to more correct and exemplary life through the teaching of Christianity, though so few saints are annually added to the martyrology.

When a young man is enrolled at the bar, or emerges from a law school with his diploma as Bachelor of Laws, he is not content with mediocrity, but considers himself the Daniel Webster of his time. A physician studies more than the diseases which his daily practice brings to his attention. His life, if worthily lived, is a struggle to discover new remedies for disease or new theories for its prevention. Why is the soldier content with merely perfunctory discharge of duties imposed or compliance with orders received?

Much has been accomplished by Congress in the law which makes promotion to the grade of major dependent upon ability to pass an examination, and in the recent laws providing for improvement in our organization. More still has been gained by the initiation of personal efficiency records at the War Department, and the excellent scheme now prescribed for instruction of our officers in the various service schools. The present Honorable Secretary of War has directed more reforms in the organization and training of our service than all his predecessors since the Civil War. Every line officer interested in his profession sincerely desires the successful organization of a general staff, to complete the scheme of reform thus ably commenced.

Here it may be parenthetically observed that the propriety of excusing from examination an officer who has reached the grade of major is very doubtful. At the time (1890) this law was passed, a field officer was usually of advanced age and all, as well as many company officers, were veterans of the civil war. Reasons which then dictated tempering the wind to those supposedly infirm and really meritorious old soldiers no longer exist. Of colonels and lieutenant colonels in the future will be demanded at least as clear a conception of their duties as of majors, while there is no reason

known for the toleration of that physical disability in a field officer which would retire a company officer.

But, the impetus having been thus given by our legislators and the Secretary of War, more could be accomplished if the conscience of each officer were aroused to the duty his commission imposes of making himself the very best officer of his grade in the profession of arms.

The present educational system will doubtless be extended so that at each post officers will be called upon to solve practical problems; such as, the preparation of orders for the command to take the field, to move by rail or water, to occupy a designated position within a specified time, or to act in conjunction with the civil authorities for a purpose prescribed. Troops will, without notice, be ordered to prepare for the field under orders detailing the amount and kind of rations and clothing to be taken; and each organization will be inspected as to the slightest detail of its equipment. All this is but the practical application of the instruction already in progress.

But beyond such compliance with prescribed study and practice must come an increased desire by each officer to make not only his performance of specific duties perfect, but also his readiness to assume intelligently the duties of all grades above him, even to the highest.

The recent war of Great Britain in Africa, just after the completion of maneuvers at home that apparently justified its tactics and organization, led to a rude realization of a quantity wanting. This is the very quantity we now lack, a conscientious effort of our officers to be more than the law and regulations demand. Let us not join in Continental criticism of our English cousins' mote, until we have cast from our own eyes the beam that blinds us to our own faults and persuades us of our infallibility.

It is commonly believed by a confiding, tax-paying public that each officer is perfectly informed upon all branches of the art military. This is not an unreasonable confidence, and we who are well paid for years, while awaiting the opportunity of useful application in war of the theories studied in peace, are, so to speak, charged with a trust of which in the future public opinion, as a court of equity, may demand specific performance.

True, military science is a branch of specialties; but why should not the proficient officer be informed of each branch, as well as the physician or lawyer is of the various specialties of his profession? No lawyer will admit that he knows nothing of corporation or probate or patent practice, although he may concede that others of his

profession are more learned in each branch than himself. No physician is ignorant of the throat, ears, eyes or skin, though he may not confine his practice to any of such special lines.

But no regimental commander will claim that even a majority of his officers can name the various parts of the regulation small arm and properly assemble the one issued to the regiment; can describe the range, penetration and danger space of the field artillery now in use by our own forces, much less that of other countries; can properly trace a field work for the proper defense of position, and direct its construction; can shoe a horse and safely prescribe for it in sickness; can draw a topographical map correctly by use of compass or plane-table and without instruction; can correctly prepare a set of quarterly papers as quartermaster or commissary, without asking questions of a well-informed sergeant; or, make out a regimental return or muster-roll without error.

This may seem a severe arraignment, but it is not exaggerated. Our officers depend too much upon their enlisted clerks to keep themselves informed of authorities and circulars governing reports. And as so few occupy staff positions, many reach the grade of captain quite ignorant of the duties they are supposed to have performed.

Examination boards do not probe deeply enough to discover these weaknesses, and there is too much charity felt for the candidate for promotion. Faults, which in civil life would forfeit the man's employment, are glossed over because the poor fellow has been so many years in the service, it is thought too hard to put him out.

Are we, in such leniency to our comrades, just to the government that reposes so much trust in our action, that relies upon us for future national defense, when we retain in the service these men without a military conscience; these men who strive only to escape disgrace and have no aspiration for distinction?

An officer's conscience should prompt him to look to the present, and, whether or not he is about to undergo examination, to make himself proficient in every branch of his profession, especially of his grade and arm of the service. This includes exact performance of even the least important duties; maintenance always of correct military bearing, scrupulous attention to the details of his uniform and equipment, precise compliance with prescribed drill regulations on drill and at ceremonies, conscientious personal attention to the preparation of all returns and reports, and careful study of all regulations and orders, in order that he may know more about the armament, equipment, clothing, subsistence and pay of his arm of the service than any of his subordinates.

But he should also consider the future, and, far from content with a knowledge of his own corps, should study those subjects characteristic of other corps, which have thus far been deemed beyond the scope of his examination. For example, as infantry have frequently to serve mounted, every officer of that service should be proficient in veterinary science, bitting, bridling and saddling a horse. As cavalry have to serve as escort for field artillery, the cavalry officer must understand the service of the piece and its range, penetration and sighting. As all officers may sometimes serve as staff officers, they should all know the drill regulations of the three arms, and the manuals of instruction of the staff corps; the regulations for transport of any arm by rail or water, the capacity of cars and wagons of various kinds, the space needed for the rations and baggage of a mixed command of arms, the distance on roads needed for the march of various arms, and the proper defense of positions by hasty trenches or permanent field works. These are only a few examples of the many subjects upon which an officer should be informed outside of the requirements of his own arm of the service.

History of former campaigns and the story of contemporaneous struggles in various parts of the world should interest him more than current fiction. Does it?

We are not all chemists and mechanics, but should we not know the various phases of the struggle between armor and projectile; which is the best of each kind, and which are used by our own and leading European navies?

After an officer has responded to all the promptings of a duly refined military conscience, in the line of purely professional perfection, he should devote himself to the study of at least one modern language. Congress could well authorize an increase of pay (ten per cent. of the original pay of each grade) to each officer who may by prescribed test demonstrate his ability to read, write and speak any modern language of the civilized world besides English. Such officers would be invaluable in the first stages of a foreign war, when interpreters cannot be found. The army, as much as the navy, needs linguists, but where are they? In my volunteer command most of the officers of my battalion reported in their efficiency reports that they understood Spanish. Nevertheless, they always brought natives to headquarters when it was desirable to have their business interpreted. Such linguists may be officially so recorded at the Department, but their services would be as dangerous as the knife of a quack surgeon. As recent events have rendered our contact with Spanish-speaking people a certain experience for the coming genera-

tion, whether in peace or war, the Spanish language is the most useful to all officers. It would not be unreasonable for the Department to require all line officers to study this language throughout the year while in the United States, and it would not be difficult to provide a competent instructor for each army post. The benefit to the service and the saving thereby effected in the future employment of interpreters in our island possessions will be readily conceded.

The reward to all officers separately, and to the service as a unit, for such an increased refinement of the military conscience as is advocated above in so brief an outline, will be found in that improved tone of professional training, that pride in one's position, which we call esprit du corps. Let us all make our service a corps of professional gentlemen, to whose company it will be the highest honor for an American to aspire, and among whose members may be none of whom the army may not justly be proud.

WILLIAM H. JOHNSTON,
Capt. 16th U. S. Infantry.
(Late Major 46th Infantry U. S. V.)

SEÑOR BROWN'S WOOING.

NEAR the close of a cold, stormy day, early in the winter of 1875, a long train of army wagons, ladened with supplies for a detachment of United States troops temporarily occupying a cantonment on the Tulerosa, passed over the "Great Zuni Trail," leading from the Rio Grande river westward into Arizona, and camped for the night under the cover of a dense chaparrel of low, wide-spreading juniper trees.

Snow had fallen for several days on the mountains over which the trail lay, and travel with wheeled vehicles was almost impossible. The entire day had been spent in forcing the wagons, one after the other, through the heavy drifts, and when night came the camp of the previous day, some four miles away, was still in plain view.

The difficulties that would be encountered in attempting to take the wagons across the mountains through the deep snow to the encampment on the Tulerosa were fully comprehended before the train set out on its perilous journey. But it was necessary that the troops, then temporarily engaged in watching the *teepe* village of the celebrated Apache warrior, Cochise, should remain where they were, and the supplies they needed be sent to them as speedily as possible.

The train went into camp rapidly, the wagons forming successively in a compact, egg-shaped park, on a broad open space adjoining the chaparrel. The last wagon had scarcely reached its place in the park when the soldiers and laborers who had accompanied the train, for its protection and assistance, went hastily at work to clear away the snow about the wagons and under the trees. Great fires were soon lighted in the chaparrel and iron buckets and camp kettles were brought into service to melt snow to obtain water for the use of the men and the animals. Twigs, cut from the trees, were laid upon the ground about the fires to serve for beds, and an abundance of fuel was collected to keep the fires going until morning. The sun had gone down and the lingering twilight, common to the mountain region of New Mexico and Arizona, had set in before the evening meal had been served and the affairs of the camp fully completed for the night. The soldiers and trainmen sat about the fires

for awhile when their work had been accomplished, smoking and talking, until at length one after the other they lay down to sleep on their beds of juniper twigs.

The noises of the camp gradually died away as the darkness came on, until at last quiet prevailed in both bivouac and park. Occasionally the uneasy movements of the animals about the train, in their efforts to crowd each other from the troughs containing their food, could be heard, but all else was silent as the tomb. Suddenly the sharp challenge of a sentinel, posted not far from the chaparrel, to watch the approaches to the camp, broke the stillness of the night and startled the sleeping soldiers. They sprang instantly from their beds and seizing their arms waited anxiously to learn the cause of the alarm.

Cochise's band of Apache warriors on the Tulerosa had been very restless for some time, and was then on the verge of hostilities against the American forces employed to prevent their foraging expeditions into Mexico and among the settlements along the border. A few of Chochise's followers, in small bodies, had already broken through the cordon of soldiers that had been established about them, and had raided several settlements on the American side, murdering people, burning houses and stealing horses. These small raiding parties, it was feared, were but the prelude to a general outbreak of the entire portion of the Apache tribe under Cochise's leadership in a great devastation raid that would involve attacks upon government trains and the larger settlements in New Mexico and Arizona.

The soldiers accompanying the train fully comprehended the critical state of affairs, and when the cry of the sentinel was heard they feared that it would quickly be followed by the yells of Cochise's warriors. The officer in command of the escort and train instantly despatched a detachment of soldiers under charge of a subordinate to the support of the sentinel, and caused the remainder of his force to be formed in line and held awaiting his further orders. After some time had elapsed a member of the detachment returned to the bivouac, followed by a man on horseback.

It was difficult at first to determine whether the stranger was an Indian or a white man. He wore a fur cap on his head that almost concealed his features, and was wrapped from his neck to his feet in a bright, many colored Navajo blanket strapped tightly about his loins. His knees were well drawn up as he rode, and his moccasined feet rested in short stirrups. He dug his heels incessantly into the sides of his horse, in true Indian fashion, as he urged the weary animal through the deep snow. A rifle lay on the pommel of his

saddle before him, and the handle of a hunting knife could be seen extending from a wide leathern scabbard attached to his belt.

The soldier led the way to the camp fire of the officer in command.

"This man," he said, as he drew near, "caused the alarm, sir. He says he wants to see the Major."

The officer ignored the latter part of the soldier's report for the moment and, calling to a subordinate, gave directions at once that the men in line should be dismissed, and the detachment which had been sent out to support the sentinel should be recalled. When this had been accomplished he turned towards the stranger, who had remained mounted the meanwhile, and asked abruptly and with much show of annoyance in his voice what business had brought him to the bivouac.

The stranger pushed his cap aside from his face, and dismounting approached the fire holding in his hands the coils of a long buck-skin lariat, one end of which was fastened about the neck of his horse.

"The Lord save us!" exclaimed the Major, as he recognized the features of the man. "What in the world, Brown, brings you up in the mountains this wintry day?"

"Huntin'," replied the man sententiously.

"And lost your way in the snow, I presume," said the Major. "Well, it's fortunate you found us," he continued, after a brief pause. "Take your horse to the train and then come back to the fire. We will have a cup of coffee ready for you."

The man made no reply, but, turning about, led his horse away in the direction of the train.

The major had known his visitor for many years and had frequently employed him as guide and scout with the expeditions he had commanded during Navajo and Apache wars, and had become somewhat familiar with his history, by means of personal inquiries and letters he had received from the man's relatives and friends.

From these sources he had learned that the man had left his native town in Missouri a quarter of a century before, coming across the plains as a laborer in the train of a Mexican freighter. On reaching Santa Fe he had abandoned the train and had since that time made his home in Mexican towns and Indian villages, where he had acquired a fair knowledge of the Spanish and Indian tongues, and had become more of an Indian in his habits and manners than an American. He had finally located on a ranch somewhere in the "Buena Verde Valley," over on the Arizona side of the "Great Divide," where he was now engaged in an attempt at farming, and was making a modest living by raising beans and barley, for sale at the nearest military post.

The major watched him as he trudged through the snow, wondering what fascination the poor wanderer could possibly find in his chosen manner of life. It was evident he could enjoy but few comforts and that his daily experiences were burdened with privations and want.

He came back presently, and removing his blanket, seated himself on the dry trunk of a juniper tree that had been brought to the fire for fuel, and extended his feet towards the flame.

"It was fortunate, major," he said presently, "that I found your camp. My pony was about played out, and I was expectin' to be soon afoot in the snow."

"Hunting, I think you said?" observed the major.

"Somewhat," replied the man. "You see," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I am on my way down to Los Cedros to visit a Mexican girl down thar, an' as her people are poor I thought I would take a deer or a turkey to them. A little gift like that might possibly go a good ways, as the girl seems to be—"

But before he could conclude the sentence he was abruptly interrupted by the major's cook, who suddenly forced a cup of hot coffee into his hands and placed a platter of bacon and hard bread at his side. He at once relapsed into silence and his auditor failed to learn what in his opinion the girl he was going to visit "seemed to be."

When he had finished his supper he lighted his pipe and, leaning back against a protruding limb of the log on which he sat, presented to his host a picture of perfect contentment and supreme indifference.

"Hunting in this region is not very good, I imagine," said the major.

"No," replied the man listlessly, "huntin' is poor. A few years ago deer an' turkey could be found every whar on these mountains, an' bar war by no means uncommon."

"I suppose," said the major, "you have had some remarkable adventures in hunting along this range."

"Yes," replied the man hesitatingly, "some queer things have happened to me in my huntin' trips up here."

"For instance," said the major inquiringly, anxious to induce his guest to relate some of his hunting adventures in the country about them, many of which, common report said, had been of a desperate and thrilling character.

The man knocked the ashes from his pipe and taking a pinch of tobacco from a deerskin pouch that hung at his belt, pressed it hard down into the bowl. He proceeded then deliberately to light his pipe

anew and, when this was accomplished, puffed away for awhile in silence.

"Did you notice a patch of stunted hemlock," he said at length, "as you came along the trail a mile or so back?"

The major nodded his head in reply, fearing to speak lest he might interrupt the narrative and stop it before it had fairly begun.

"It war just a year ago to-day, major," he continued, "along late in the afternoon, when me an' Juan Menaul rode down along the edge of the patch, lookin' for a place to camp for the night. An old she bar with a couple of cubs had her nest in the patch, an' as Juan rode close to the edge the critter made a dash at him. She reared up on her haunches an' befor' Juan could pull his gun or draw his knife, she raked the flesh of his right arm from the shoulder to the elbow, an' stripped the flesh of his right leg from the hip to the knee. In the mean time I war circlin' around lively, tryin' my best to get in a shot, but the struggles of the man an' the pony an' the bar, all in a heap like together, made it quite oncertain which one I would hit if I fired. At length I got a chance an' fortunately put a ball from my Winchester just back of the critter's fore leg an' promptly brought her to terms. A shot or two more quite finished her, an' then I turned my attention to Juan. I bound up the poor fellow's wounds as well as I war able an', puttin' him on his pony, took him by slow stages down to his home at Los Cedros, whar he died a few days after we arrived.

"His weddin' war to have occurred on the day he died, an' his girl took on powerful when they buried him. I tried to console her an' when the funeral war over I offered to share my cabin over on the Verde with her whenever she felt so disposed. She seemed inclined to accept the offer, but wanted to mourn awhile for poor Juan, she said, and sent me home to wait for her reply. I've waited a good while an' as no reply has reached me I'm goin' down to Los Cedros to see her about it."

"Possibly the girl has changed her mind," suggested the major. "You know the poet tells us," he continued, evidently intending to be facetious with his guest, "that women are naturally coy, uncertain and hard to please."

The man twisted about uneasily on his seat for awhile, busying himself in smoothing his bushy hair with the palm of his hand, and combing his whiskers with his fingers.

"That can't be true in this case, major," he finally replied. "I reckon I ain't of much account for courtin' American women, but

I'm sure thar ain't a Mexican girl livin' in the Rio Grande Valley who would refuse to share my cabin with me, if I would ask her."

"You are certain, I presume," said the major, "that the girl liked you."

The question seemed distasteful to the man and he twisted about more vigorously than before.

"You're pushin' me hard, major," he said at length. "The girl did seem rather offish at first, but she got friendly like at last. She's all right, major, I'm sure, an' when I come back from Los Cedros," he continued, very decidedly, "I won't ride over the Divide alone."

"I hope not," said the major.

"I will be glad if we can meet on the way," said the man. "I want you to see her. She's a beauty, major, if ever thar war one. A little dark, maybe, but as handsome as a picture, an' as sweet as they make 'em."

"Well, I hope you won't be disappointed," replied the major, "but remember, Brown, women are women, and their home ties and blood affinities are strong. We may think them unreasonable sometimes because they do not always take us at our own valuation, but that is the way the Lord made them, George Eliot says, 'made them unreasonable, so they might match the men.' "

"I don't know about that, major," said the man, evidently failing to comprehend the humor of his host, "but I do know they couldn't match me for lonesomeness over on the ranch. Sometimes I lay awake at night and count the rafters above me an' the number of shingles in the roof, tryin' to get to sleep. I am sure I would be more contented an' happy if I had a wife in the house, an' would probably live longer in the world than if I remained single, you know."

"Possibly so," said the major, "but it has long been a question, Brown, whether the married or the single man lives the longest. The wags say that married men do not actually live longer than single men, as is popularly believed, but simply that the time seems longer to the married man.

"But now, Brown," he continued, "I am tired and if you will excuse me I will go to bed."

The major immediately turned to his improvised bed a few feet away and lay down upon a mattress of juniper twigs, which his servant had prepared for him. His guest at once arose to his feet and gathering his blanket about him moved away towards the train where he had arranged to spend the night with the teamsters.

Early on the following morning the train once more resumed its journey, and as it pulled out on the trail the man mounted his pony

and rode away down the side of the mountain in the direction of the Rio Grande Valley.

When he had gone some distance from the place where the train had camped for the night, he proceeded cautiously, carefully examining the ravines and places of shelter on the way, with the hope of being able to find a turkey or deer, that he might not go empty handed to the home of his intended. The heavy snow on the mountain, however, had driven the game he sought further south, or down into the lower country, and the mountain seemed utterly destitute of animal life. He persevered, however, in the search in which he was engaged until the sun sank low in the Western heavens, and the shades of night were fast coming on. Then, abandoning further effort, he turned his horse's head towards the Rio Grande Valley and was soon below the snow clad side of the mountain. The lights of the Mexican village which he was approaching soon appeared to guide him, and not very long thereafter he found his way through the crooked streets of the place to the home of the girl he had come to seek for his wife.

He was surprised to find the house quite dark and apparently deserted. He called loudly at the door in the front of the house, but receiving no response rode to the gate of the corral at the rear of the building, and called again. His cries at the gate were at once answered by the loud baying of dogs within the enclosure, followed directly by the voice of a peon at the entrance, demanding to know what was wanted. On making himself known the gate was quickly opened and he was invited to enter.

"I have come to see Rosanna," he said. "Why is the house in darkness to-night?"

"The Señorita has gone to an entertainment in the village," said the peon, "and her father and mother are in bed."

The man quickly unsaddled his horse, and under the guidance of the peon tethered the animal in a stall where it was provided with food.

"An' now," he said, "tell me quickly whar I can find the house in which the entertainment is bein' given."

"Señor Brown must go down the street to the third house from the corner," replied the peon. "The noise of the music and dancing will guide him."

The man hastened at once from the corral and hurrying along the rough, unlighted street, sought eagerly for the house to which he had been directed. A turn in the highway finally brought him into full view of the building and, guided by the sound of human voices and

the shuffling of busy feet, he made his way to the structure and forced an entrance through the crowd of spectators that stood about the outer door.

Señorita Rosanna did not seem greatly pleased at the appearance of Señor Brown, and met his warm greetings with an indifference that greatly distressed him. He observed also that her male companion, who stood with her on the floor, treated him with scant courtesy and frowned at him in a threatening manner.

The girl moved quickly away from him and for some time thereafter avoided him with evident intent. Heavy of body and sick at heart over this unexpected treatment, he pushed his way finally through the busy throng of dancers on the floor and took a seat on a bench arranged along the wall for the use of the dueñas who had accompanied the Señorita to the *baile* and were now engaged in keeping them under surveillance. In the meantime the music of the orchestra was maintained without ceasing and the guests danced and rested and strolled about at pleasure.

The man had seated himself near a door leading into an adjoining apartment, which he quickly observed was devoted to the sale of refreshments to the guests, a method commonly employed in the Mexican hamlets along the Rio Grande at all general entertainments, as a means of obtaining funds to pay for the services of the musicians employed and to meet other necessary expenses of the occasion. The gay *cabelleros* filed past him in rapid succession as he looked on, leading their fair partners into the "refreshment room," where they purchased sweetmeats and *cigarettos* for them, and occasionally regaled themselves with a glass of *aquadiente*.

He sat quietly for some time among the dueñas brooding over the ill treatment he had received from the girl, and had about reached the conclusion to abandon the field without further effort, when the Señorita and a couple of male companions passed him, going rapidly in the direction of the refreshment room. The wall in front of him was ornamented by several large mirrors, in one of which he happened suddenly to discover, after the woman had passed, that he could plainly observe the people who had gathered about the refreshment tables, including Rosanna and her companions. The Señorita and her *cabelleros* were standing quite close together when he first caught sight of them, busily engaged in earnest conversation. The two men were apparently urging something upon the woman to which she strenuously objected. She shook her head repeatedly and turned from them several times, as though she desired to leave them. They persisted, however, in their efforts to gain her consent and at last,

when they appeared to have accomplished their purpose, they hastened to indulge in much merry conversation and laughter. The girl joined feebly in their merriment and seemed ill at ease. She fanned herself vigorously and moved about uneasily, while her companions endeavored to restore the cheerfulness she had previously exhibited and which their conversation with her appeared to have almost entirely dispelled. She left them finally, and coming out of the refreshment room approached the man where he sat among the dueñas.

"Señor Brown has been a long time coming to pay us the visit he promised when he brought poor Juan home from the mountains," she said.

"The Señorita promised to send word when the visit should be made," he replied, "but the word never came."

"No," she said, sighing deeply as she spoke. "I have been a year in mourning for Juan. But now that you have come," she continued, "let us forget the past and join in the dance. You brought to my mind when you entered the house the memory of those horrid days when Juan lay mangled and suffering on his bed, and I could scarcely speak. It is all past now, and I would dismiss it if possible from my mind. Let us join with the crowd and be merry."

He sprang to his feet at once and offered her his arm, and when he had led the way to the refreshment room he called for sweetmeats for both the girl and himself.

"No," she said quickly," sweetmeats are good for children. I will have some wine and you will join me in a glass of *aquadiente.*"

"Pardon me, Rosanna," said the man, "I drink nothin' stronger than coffee, an' I would rather not begin now."

"What a weak *cabellero*!" she exclaimed. "I see," she continued, "I will be compelled to seek some other companion to aid me in my efforts to dispell the gloom that enshrouds me."

She turned about as though she would leave him.

"Don't go," he said. "I will drink all the *aquadiente* in the house if it will please you."

He hastened at once to pour from the decanters, set before him by the waiter at the table near which they stood, a small glassful of wine for the girl and a liberal portion of *aquadiente* for himself.

"Now drink," he said, "and we will be merry together."

And suiting the action to his words, he raised his glass to his lips and swallowed its contents quickly, as though he was in haste to perform a disagreeable task. The girl barely sipped at her wine, and set the glass upon the table.

"You asked me to drink," he said, "but you don't drink yourself."

She struck him lightly on his shoulder with her fan.

"Señor Brown must be reasonable, she said, smiling kindly upon him, "I drank a glass but a moment ago with my last partner in the dance. But I will drink again with you directly, Señor, she added hastily.

She took his arm and led him away and tried to induce him to join in the dance, but he proved so awkward on the floor that she brought him back to the refreshment room, and suggested that another drink of *aquadiente* might possibly lend more grace to his motions, and make him a more agreeable companion.

He needed no urging this time, and emptied his glass without observing whether his companion drank or refused the wine he had given her. He became quite loquacious directly, and insisted on telling the Señorita of many "hair breadth 'scapes o' field and flood" he had met with in battles with wild beasts and wild men. He became quite unsteady on his feet at last, and was scarcely able to reach the refreshment room for a final drink. As he stood at the table with the girl, a young *cabellero* approached and asked her if she would join him in the waltz. Señor Brown took offense instantly at the presumption of the young man, and an altercation ensued, in which weapons were finally drawn and a desperate fight for awhile seemed imminent. The Señor, however, was so nearly helpless from the drink he had takn that he finally fell helpless to the floor when the altercation was at its height, and his antagonist turning about walked away from him in disgust. In the meantime a civil officer had been sent for, and when he arrived he disarmed the man and, with the assistance of a couple of deputies, carried him away and confined him in the "Tower."

Poor Señor Brown awoke from the deep stupor into which he had fallen, several hours after his arrest and confinement, and gazed curiously about him, somewhat in doubt whether he was asleep or awake. The building in which he found himself was circular in shape, built of great sun dried brick, and some four or five yards in diameter. It had originally been constructed as a watch tower, in the days when Indian raiding parties made frequent visits from the Navajo country into the valley of the Rio Grande, but had finally been rendered useless for the purpose of a lookout by a storm, that had broken down a part of the wall and carried away the flat roof, with which it had originally been surmounted. It was therefore abandoned as a watch tower and was eventually seized by the town officials for use as a jail.

The man finally recognized the place in which he found himself confined, but was utterly unable to recall the cause of his imprisonment. Some confused impression of a quarrel with a man who had attempted to take Rosanna from him existed in his mind, but it was shadowy and uncertain. Something very serious, however, he was certain had happened, or he would not have been confined in the Tower. He struggled to his feet and began calling loudly, hoping that some one would come near who would tell him what he had done. He reflected presently, however, that it was evident he had committed some unusually serious offense, and that it would be best to keep quiet and bend all his energies to making his escape. He searched for the door of the building, but found that it had been closed with masonry. It puzzled him for awhile to comprehend how he could possibly have been brought into the place, until he recalled that Juan had once told him prisoners were taken to the top of the wall by means of a ladder and lowered into the place by a rope.

A frame of narrow boards had once surrounded the doorway and a short piece of one of the boards yet remained fastened to the wall. With the hope that it concealed a crack or crevice, through which the light might come, or that it might possibly afford an opening which could be enlarged to admit his escape, he seized it and, after some effort, succeeded in tearing it loose. He was disappointed to find that it had simply been fastened to the solid wall as a casing to the doorway, and concealed neither crack nor crevice. He cast the board violently upon the floor, with a curse upon his luck, and threw himself down beside it in despair. His mind was gradually becoming more clear and the events of the previous evening, one after the other, were beginning to come out of the mist in which it had been involved.

"What a fool I have been!" he exclaimed, as the affair in which he had embroiled himself became more apparent. "A woman, *aquadiente,* an' a fool!" he soliloquised, "an' the result, a desperate deed that has brought me to the Tower an' will send me finally to the tender mercies of a Mexican court.

"Let me see," he went on, after a brief silence. "I have plenty of company in my foolishness, if that's any consolation. I presume, however, it is natural for men to commit foolish acts when women are around. I believe they say such foolishness started in the beginning an' that Mister Adams, the first donkey, war neatly fooled on an apple a woman gave him. At least, that war what the preacher said one Sunday at the Fort. But I'll wager a buckskin lariat the parson had missed the trail, and should have said it war *aquadiente.*

However, it occurred a long time ago, the preacher said, an' the print which told about it had likely grown dim from age an' war hard to make out, so the chaplain, bein' somewhat in doubt, called it an apple, as it war a more genteel like word to use, a number of ladies being present.

"But if it is true, after all, that Mister Adams war fooled with an apple, I'm sorry I'm any kin to him. Thar war nothin' but natural fruit in his day, I reckon, an' the old fool, accordin' to the preacher, ate a runty apple; a sour crab apple, probably, just because a woman suggested it.

"But nevertheless," he continued, when he had given the subject some further consideration, "I don't know that he exhibited any stronger symptoms of mental imbecility than Señor Brown has displayed. Mister Adams had a bran new woman before him, very scantily arrayed, and Señor Brown would likely have eaten a whole tree full of sour apples, or drank a whole barrel of *aquadiente,* if he had been in the old man's place.

"The facts are," he continued in a complaining tone, "Mister Adams, all things considered, had great provocation, while Señor Brown, the miserable fool, had but little, and maybe is justly punished for surrenderin' so easily."

It occurred to him directly that he might possibly be able to cut a hole with his knife through the soft sun dried brick of which the wall was constructed, and when the night came on could crawl through the opening and escape to the mountains. He sprang to his feet with an exclamation of delight.

"My brain must be under a cloud," he said, "or I would have thought of that before."

He quickly passed his hand to the scabbard that hung on his belt, intending to begin the work of making the opening at once. To his intense amazement he found the scabbard empty. It occurred to him presently that the knife might possibly have fallen from the scabbard while he was being lowered into the tower, and he at once began a careful search on the floor with the hope of finding it. No trace of it, however, could be found, and after searching over the same ground repeatedly he finally abandoned further effort in utter despair.

The loss of the knife, in his weakened mental condition, was a serious blow, but a more serious one awaited him. Prompted by the disappearance of his knife, he almost involuntarily reached his hand to his holster to see if his pistol was safe in its place. To his utter consternation, he found the holster empty and the weapon

gone. Realizing at once his helpless condition, he reeled unsteadily for a moment on his feet and then, giving way to his emotions, fell senseless to the floor.

He was called to consciousness several hours later by the voice of some one calling to him from the top of the tower. He sat up slowly and gazed about him in a bewildered manner, wondering where he was and who had called him.

"Señor Brown," the voice said, "your supper is going down in a pan. When you have eaten, fasten the pan to the string that I may draw it up again, or you will get no breakfast to-morrow."

"Who are you?" cried the man eagerly.

"I'm the son of my mother," replied the voice, facetiously, "and close of kin to my brother."

"My good man," pleaded the prisoner, "tell me honestly who you are. I want to talk with you."

"I'm nobody," replied the voice. "I'm deaf and dumb in both feet, and can't speak a word when I get on top of the tower."

"I have some money," continued the prisoner, "an' I will give—"

A hollow laugh interrupted the man's speech and a moment thereafter the faint echo of footsteps descending a ladder reached his ears. He had eaten nothing since early on the previous day, and sitting down now by the side of the pan, he ate ravenously of the food it contained. He rose to his feet when his hunger was at last appeased, and paced uneasily back and forth within the narrow limits of his confinement. His attention was at last attracted to a small stone that lay partially imbedded in the ground near the wall, and it occurred to him suddenly that the stone might possibly constitute part of the foundation on which the walls of the structure rested, and if removed might open the way to take others out, and in the end afford an opening under the wall through which he might eventually effect his escape. Seizing the board which he had torn from the wall a few hours before, he began at once to dig away the earth from the side of the stone, in order that he might drive down the end of the board under it, and pry it from its place. He found little difficulty finally in getting an end of the board under the rock and, pressing down heavily upon the other, was rejoiced to see the rock gradually rising from its bed.

He had forced it up from its place a couple of inches or more when, to his horror, the head of an enormous rattlesnake appeared in the opening. He drew back quickly, leaving the board under the stone, and watched the repulsive reptile from a safe distance, as it

slowly drew itself through the aperture into the room and deliberately coiled itself on the floor near the stone.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Troubles surely never come singly."

Although heavy snows had already fallen in the mountains bordering the valley, the winter had scarcely yet begun in the country along the river, and hibernating creatures were just beginning to search for places in which they might conceal themselves for their long winter sleep.

The man moved noisily about within a few feet of the snake, occasionally rushing towards it and then moving rapidly away, with the hope that it might become frightened and crawl back under the rock. But the creature stubbornly remained coiled near the place from which it had come, and followed the movements of the man with its burning eyes, quivering its rattles ominously without ceasing. It turned its head as the man moved about with such sluggish deliberation that he gathered courage at last and ventured to come closer than before. Leaning his body far forward, he reached with his hand for the board. He had scarcely begun to extend his hand when the reptile suddenly threw itself forward the full length of its body, barely missing the man's extended hand. It drew itself back quickly and, coiling once more, resumed the warning quiver of its rattles.

"Heavens!" cried the man. "That was a close call. A bare fraction of an inch further an' Señor Brown would have brought his fool errand to an inglorious end."

Angered by the attack of the snake, he quickly removed a moccasin from one of his feet and once more approached the reptile. When he had come as near as he deemed prudent, he suddenly threw the moccasin at the creature with all the force he could command. Unfortunately the soft upper part of the shoe struck the snake and, while it disturbed it and threw it out of its coils for a moment, it inflicted no serious injury upon it. Removing his other moccasin, he was about to renew the attack, when he caught sight of the tin pan in which his supper had been sent down to him, and hastening to pick it up, hurled it violently at the reptile. The edge of the pan struck the floor quite near to the snake and turned over bottom side up, completely covering its coils. The man instantly comprehended the advantage he had unexpectedly gained, and without the least hesitation sprang quickly on top of the pan. He could distinctly feel the movements of the snake in the pan beneath him, as the creature sought to force the vessel aside. Suddenly one edge of the pan was perceptibly raised, and as the man glanced down to

learn the cause, he discovered that the reptile had succeeded in protruding its head entirely outside of the vessel, following a slight depression in the ground. Stooping down quickly, he struck the snake fairly on the head with the heel of his moccasin and crushed and mangled it by repeated blows, until it was completely severed from its body.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed fervently. "One danger is past, but thar may be others waiting in the place from which this one came," and hastening to the stone he withdrew the board and pushed the rock firmly back in its place.

He had scarcely accomplished this work to his satisfaction when his attention was arrested by hearing his name called by a familiar voice outside of the wall.

"Señor Brown," it said. "Señor Brown, can you hear me?

"I can hear you," he replied at last, gruffly. "What do you want? You tricked me into drinkin' at the *baile,* Rosanna, an' led me into trouble that has brought me here. Tell me quickly what you want."

"I want to help you," she replied, "I didn't want to lead you to drinking, indeed I didn't, and it all happened against my wishes. I'm sorry for it, Señor, and I'm going to get you out of the Tower if I can, to repay you in part for your trouble and suffering. As soon as it is dark I will bring an axe and cut a hole in the wall from which you can escape. Hush!" she cried suddenly. "Some one is coming this way, and I must run somewhere and hide. Keep quiet," she said, hurriedly, "and don't speak again until I call you."

The prisoner listened attentively for the sound of the busy feet of the Señorita on her way from the Tower, to seek a place of concealment, and his naturally acute hearing, sharpened by years of training in hunting and scouting, stood him in good stead for the purpose. But the woman had evidently spirited herself away without leaving an echo in the air to tell where she had gone. Heavy footsteps, however, were audible to the listening prisoner, who quickly discovered that a party, consisting of two men and a woman, had just left the Tower, or had passed near it, going in the direction of the village. When the party had gone some distance from the Tower, the persons composing it, apparently under the impression that they were out of hearing of the prisoner, abandoned all restraint. The men engaged in immoderate laughter, and occasionally shouted at each other in their glee, at the top of their voices. The woman, also, finally joined with them in their merriment and answered their raillery, made apparently at her expense, To the amazement of the prisoner he recognized the woman's voice as that of Rosanna, but before

it could reach him again the party had passed almost beyond hearing and the voices had died away into indistinct murmurs.

At first he was inclined to believe that the Señorita had again attempted to deceive him, and had come to the Tower with her gay companions of the *baile*, to make merry at his expense. He dismissed that view, however, after a few moments' reflection, as so cruel and heartless that it could not possibly be true. It was more probable, he reasoned, that the girl had found concealment impossible, and had adopted the subterfuge of representing herself as homeward bound from a visit to a friend in the country, and had claimed protection of the gentlemen who had overtaken her on their way to the village.

For some time after the noises made by the party had died away the man found employment in listening for further sounds outside of the Tower, and subsequently in speculating upon the question of the woman's friendship or her deception, and his future course in life when he would be able, finally, to shake the alkali dust of Los Cedros from his feet. Nevertheless the time passed slowly to the lonely prisoner and he waited anxiously for the darkness, hovering the meanwhile continually between doubt and faith in the promises of the woman.

Several hours of darkness had thus passed and he had almost abandoned all hope that the woman would come, when suddenly her voice on the outside of the Tower once more arrested his attention, and soon thereafter the dull blows of an axe on the wall told that the work of effecting his rescue had begun. A small opening was soon effected which grew presently into a space through which he managed at last to force his body outside of the wall.

"Señor Brown," said the voice of a woman almost in a whisper, as the man got upon his feet outside of the Tower, "I desire to make amends for the suffering I have caused you. If you will forgive me," she said, with much hesitation, and dwelling upon her words, "we will ride away together to your ranch in the Verde; we can wait for the blessing of the priest until we have more time to spare. I brought your horse with me from the corral and have it here, tied to the ladder."

The darkness was intense and the man was scarcely able to discern the form of the woman before him. He was satisfied, however, that she was Rosanna, for no other woman in the village, he reasoned, could possibly make such a proposition to him, and hoping that her conduct on the night of the *baile* would be satisfactorily explained in good time, he promptly forgave her and seized her in his arms. She returned his embrace with a vigor that surprised him, and fairly

raised him from his feet in her eager welcome. The man was delighted and quickly pressed his face against hers in an endeavor to kiss her, but she pushed him from her almost violently.

"There is no time for that," she said in a whisper. "It will soon be morning and we must hasten or we may meet some of the people of the village in the street."

She got up at once on the ladder, and calling softly to the man, directed him to mount his horse and ride alongside, that she might get on the animal behind him. But simple as the matter seemed, it proved difficult to accomplish. The horse was not accustomed to the human form clad in skirts, and stubbornly refused to approach near enough for the woman to get on his back. He yielded at last to the strategem of his master, who blindfolded his eyes and then backed him against the ladder. The woman instantly sprang upon the back of the horse and clasped the man about the waist. For a moment the animal stood motionless under his double burden and doubtless all would have gone well if the Señorita had not found it necessary to arrange her skirts about the creature's flanks. She had scarcely begun when the horse took offense, and quickly elevating his back began a series of kickings and plungings of a most energetic character. The first blow from his hind feet struck the ladder and sent it crashing from its place to the ground, where it was broken into a multitude of pieces by the fall.

The woman found it difficult to maintain her seat, sitting sideways on the rump of the horse, and wabbled about like a small craft in a troubled sea. She had evidently intended to slip quietly to the ground if the horse exhibited signs of rebellion against receiving his double burden, but she found it impossible now to do so with safety. Fearful that she would be dashed to the ground and injured, she grasped the man tightly about the waist, and when this hold was at last broken loose she seized him somewhere else. Some times she almost lifted him from his seat in the saddle, and at others pushed him forward or pulled him towards her. She pushed his cap down over his eyes and jerked one of the bridle reins out of his hand. The horse finally concentrated his energies into one grand "central elevation," followed instantly by a series of rapid "foot work" to the rear. Señor Brown held on as well as he was able, doing his best to control the horse and keep Rosanna from falling off. But the task was beyond his strength and skill, and before he was well aware of the manner in which the trouble had begun, he was keeping the Señorita company in a grand aerial flight over the animal's head. Fortunately neither was hurt by the fall, and they both quickly

got upon their feet. The man had retained his grasp upon the lariat, one end of which was fastened about the animal's neck, and speedily brought the horse back to the woman for another trial. The Señorita seemed to enjoy the incident immensely, and laughed quietly until the tears came to her eyes. Once when her laugh became louder than before it seemed to be answered by several persons laughing together, behind an adjoining adobe wall.

"What war that?" cried the man in a startled tone of voice. "Did you hear those people laughin' over thar, Rosanna?"

"Nonsense!" she replied. "You heard the echo of my silly voice thrown back from the wall. That was all."

"Possibly," replied the man, as he busied himself making repairs to the saddle, which had been torn and broken during the frantic plunging of the animal. "But it war very strange, Rosanna, that the echo had so many voices, and all of them differin' from yourn."

"Well," she exclaimed, testily, "if people were there it was no concern of mine."

"It may be as you say, Rosanna," said the man, rather sharply, "but you know that our trails have run across each other several times lately, and I'm rather expecting some more surprises. I'm afraid, Rosanna, you're inclined somewhat to wabble, and it's hard knowing whar to find you, regular."

"Señor Brown," she exclaimed with tears in her voice, "you are so cruel. I know I'm a giddy young thing, but my last wobble, you know, was right into your arms."

"Yes," he said, hastening to speak, "maybe I'm on the wrong trail, but it's been hard, Rosanna," he continued in a complaining voice, "to tell which way you war going. You mind me somewhat of a badger Tony Long tried to catch over in the Verde last summer. Tony war a book man," he went on, in a more cheerful tone, "an' composed some verses of real poetry on the badger, leastwise he got up two lines, and is intending to get up the rest this winter. The lines he has finished run like this," he continued, working away the meanwhile hurriedly upon the broken saddle,

> " So devious and tortuous war the badgers track,
> No one could tell if it war going out or comin' back!"

"That is very good," said the Señorita. "Can you sing it?"

"No," he replied indignantly, "there is not enough of it to sing."

"I hope you won't take offense, Rosanna," he went on, "but when I heard those voices laughing behind the wall I rather mistrusted they war made by your friends, and that it war intended that you

should make the horse buck with your skirts, and when he had begun you war to slip off and I war to be run away or recaptured. If there war anything in that suspicion of mine, Rosanna, the laughin' war kind of on you, my dear, as well as myself."

"Oh, Señor Brown," she cried, "you know there was no one behind the wall. It's all your imagination," she sobbed. "If you are going to treat me this way I will go home."

"No, no," he cried hastily, "don't go. I'm a brute. I know I am. A real brute. An' now, dearest," he continued, after a brief pause, "I've got that horrid old saddle fixed and if you will get upon that rock near you, we will try it again."

He mounted quickly, and riding close to the stone on which the Señorita had perched herself, backed the horse against it.

"Now, Rosanna," he pleaded, as the girl sprang nimbly behind him, "don't rustle your skirts ag'in the animal's flanks, as you did before, an' I'm sure we'll get along without any trouble."

The horse offered no protest this time to his additional burden, and, under the guidance of his master, moved rapidly along a village street in the direction of the mountain.

"I wonder what could have been the matter with Salaratus when you first got on," said the man, soon after they had ridden out of the village. "He's usually as quiet as a lamb, an' never gives any trouble, but when you got on at the Tower and rustled your skirts, he war as mean about it as a *bronco*."

"Oh, I suppose," she replied, "the old fellow didn't know we all belonged to the same family, and got his back up about it."

She poked the man in the ribs with her finger as she spoke, and he reached behind him to return the compliment in kind.

"Well, may be that war the reason," he said, chuckling the meantime so violently he could scarcely speak. "Saleratus is a knowing critter, an' when he made the discovery he gave up at once."

In the mean while they were moving forward at a rapid pace, and the woman was experiencing much difficulty, for some reason, in maintaining her seat.

"Señor Brown," she cried finally, speaking louder in her earnestness than before, "I am getting very tired and can hardly hold on any longer."

"I will ride slower," he answered. "But you have been taking cold, dearest," he continued. "Your voice certainly has grown very hoarse since we started."

"Oh, don't mind me," she replied softly. "But I think I must ride astride or I will surely fall off."

He stopped the horse at once and the woman instantly slid over its crupper to the ground, and then, before he could offer to assist her, she raised her gown above her knees and sprang astride of the animal behind him.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "You do that, my dear, vastly better than I could. You ought to be in a circus."

He laughed heartily at the remark he had made, but his companion apparently failed to see any humor in it, at least she made no attempt to join him in his merriment.

"I had almost forgotten," she exclaimed suddenly, "that I brought with me a little *aquadiente*. I knew it would be cold riding in the early morning, and I thought a little stimulant would do us no harm and kind of warm us up, you know. Take a little, dearest," she said, at the same time passing a small flask in front of him with her hand.

"Excuse me, Rosanna," he replied vigorously. "I think I made a fool of myself back at Los Cedros at your request, an' have no intention now to repeat the experience. Besides, the battle has been fought and won, and you are the spoils of the struggle."

The woman chuckled audibly, and in so course a voice that the man twisted about in his seat to get a look at her face. At the same time she also turned her head and gazed fixedly to the rear.

"What is it, dearest?" she asked. "What are you looking behind us for?"

"Simply that I may gaze upon your lovely face, Rosanna," he said. "But surely, my dear, you are taking cold this raw morning, an' your voice is as rough as a rasp. Let us get off an'walk awhile."

"Oh, no indeed," she remonstrated, as she observed him draw in on the bridle rein, as though he intended to stop. "No, indeed," she repeated, and digging her heels vigorously into the sides of the horse, she started him forward again.

"You won't drink with me, then, Señor?" she said, after the horse had resumed his former gait. "I'm dying for a drink myself, but as you are now the head of the family, I can't think of drinking first. Won't you take just a little bit, dearest?"

"Not a drop," he replied decidedly.

"I've fought bars, an' wolves, an' Indians, an' rattlesnakes, an' every one of them is honorable enough to give a man a chance for his life. The bar growls at him, an' the wolf howls. The Indian warns him with a whoop, an' the snake shakes his rattles. But *aquadiente*, Rosanna, is heartless an' brutal. It gives no warning, but silently does its dirty work. 'Scuse me, Rosanna, I prefer an honorable enemy. Throw it away, my dear, an' let us ride on in peace. The

preacher at the Fort had it in his sermon, that 'wine is a mocking bird, an' strong drink a turmoil,' or something like that. Throw it away, darling, an' don't tempt me any more.

"An' speaking of the preacher, Rosanna," he continued, after a brief silence, "reminds me that we can run over to the Fort some day an' get married. The Chaplain 'll do the job for us as well as an *Alcalde,* I reckon."

"Is he a priest?" asked the woman.

"He's a preacher, Rosanna; a mighty good one, I reckon, an' well up in book larnin', I'm sure."

"What does he say when he preaches?" asked the Señorita, "I have never heard a preacher. What does he talk about?"

"I don't know much about it myself," he replied. "I have only heard him preach twice. The first time he talked about a man named Mister Adams gettin' fooled by a woman who gave him an apple, an' the other time he talked about the Centurian in the Bible, who, he said, was a roamin' soldier, an' a model man for everybody, because he always behaved properly. The Centurian, he said, kept his gun clean an' never lost any of his cartridges. His shoes war neatly polished, an' his brasses war shining bright. When he marched on guard he always got orderly for the commanding officer. He war a model man, the preacher said, an' I suppose he war. I think he died before I left Missouri."

It had now become quite light and the woman persistently kept her face turned from her companion, gazing in the direction from which they had come, as though she was expecting some one to overtake them.

"I have here Señor Brown's pistol and knife ," she said finally. "The knife is all right, but the pistol is empty."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "How thoughtful you are, my dear. Whar did you get them?"

The woman made no reply, but quickly gathering her skirts under her arms, sprang to the ground, revealing to the astonished gaze of the man a pair of buckskin trousers, held in place at the waist by a leather belt, from which a pistol holster and a knife scabbard hung. He recognized at once the *cabellero* whom he had found with Rosanna when he entered the *baile,* and the gentleman whom he had observed in the mirror, conversing with her in the refreshment room.

"Good bye, Señor Brown," he called. "Good bye, darling. When you have occasion to visit us again, you won't find it as easy to get out of the Tower as you found it this time. And by the by, Señor," he continued, "permit me to advise you, dearest, to confine your

search for a wife hereafter to the Navajo *hogans,* and the Apache *wickeups,* where you can find one, doubtless, nearer your own station in life."

"You miserable, copper colored scoundrel," cried the man. "I will kill you if I can."

"Don't shoot with your empty pistol," said the *cabellero* tantalizingly.

The remark caused the man to glance hastily at his pistol. Every chamber, he quickly discovered, was empty. Passing his hand quickly to his belt he found, to his intense satisfaction, that the cartridges it carried had not been removed and, with an exclamation of delight, he hastily loaded the weapon. Springing from his jaded horse when this had been accomplished, he started rapidly on foot in pursuit of the *cabellero,* who was now hurrying back on the trail over which they had just come.

"Hold on thar!" he cried. "Pull your pistol an' defend yourself like a man, if you are one."

"Don't stick your empty pistol in this direction, dearest," said the *cabellero,* sarcastically. "It might go off and hurt me, you know."

The remark added the straw that broke the camel's back, and irritated the man beyond control. He instantly brought down the pistol and, taking deliberate aim, discharged it at the retreating *cabellero.* Fortunately, the ball failed to hit him, but it came uncomfortably near and thoroughly surprised and frightened him. He started at once at a more rapid pace, closely followed by the infuriated ranchman.

Suddenly four or five young Mexican gentlemen made their appearance, galloping rapidly up the trail. As they came near they drew their pistols and, with loud voices, denounced the man as a fugitive from justice, and demanded his immediate surrender. In the meantime one of the gentlemen delivered a led horse to the *cabellero,* and when that individual had mounted they began to discharge their weapons in the direction of the man, taking good care not to hit him, evidently hoping to frighten him into flight.

"You miserable, cowardly greasers," he cried, as he advanced rapidly towards them. "I can whip your whole nation, includin' the man in woman's clothes, who rode up the mountain behind me."

The young gentlemen, however, had not come for a fight, but simply to help their comrade out of the scrape into which he had unintentionally fallen.

It had been arranged between them, while the man lay a prisoner in the Tower, that the *"Americano"* should be taken out by cutting a

hole in the wall at night, given his horse and his arms, and when mounted, frightened away and followed for a while, as though an attempt was being made to recapture him. By this radical method, it was reasoned, the Señorita would be permanently relieved of an undesirable suitor.

The plan, however, did not work as smoothly as was expected, and the *cabellero* who impersonated Rosanna found it necessary to keep up the deception he had undertaken much longer than he had originally intended. He had a wholesome dread of the *Americano,* armed or unarmed, and feared to discover himself until at last, as he sat on the horse behind the Señor gazing anxiously to the rear, he caught a glimpse of his comrades galloping rapidly towards him.

When it became apparent that the plan as originally intended by the *cabellero* and his companions had failed, the young bloods who had gathered behind the wall "to participate in the fun of chasing the *Americano*" hastily dispersed, and obtaining horses as soon as possible, organized a party to follow the man and attempt the rescue of their comrade. This purpose having now been accomplished, they turned hastily about and, putting spurs to their horses, dashed away down the trail.

The enraged ranchman followed them as long as they remained in view, taunting them with their lack of courage, calling them cowards, and daring them singly or collectively to a contest with arms.

When the *cabellero* and his companions had all finally passed out of sight, the man returned to the place where he had abandoned his horse, and when he had at last succeeded in capturing the animal, he mounted again and once more set out for his home in the Verde Valley.

The wagon train, which Señor Brown had camped with over night in the chaparrel near the Great Zuni Trail, finally reached its destination and delivered the supplies it carried for the troops bivouacked on the bank of the Tulerosa. This duty accomplished, it traveled slowly back on its return to Fort Wingate, near *Ojo del Oso,* from which place it had originally set out, and one cold, winter day went into camp in the open space near the chaparrel where it had spent a night on the outward journey, a fortnight before. The parking of the wagons had scarcely been accomplished, when a solitary horseman was seen approaching the camp, riding slowly up the side of the mountain, coming from the direction of the Rio Grande Valley. As the horseman drew near, the officer in charge recognized him as his guest of a few days before, and stood awaiting his arrival to bid him welcome once more. To his surprise the man rode on past him, cross-

ing the trail a few yards away without offering a sign of recognition, or showing any intention of stopping to bid him good day.

"Hello, Brown!" cried the Major at length. "Aren't you going to stop?"

The man shook his head and moved steadily on, looking straight before him as he rode.

"Why, what's the matter, Brown?" continued the Major.

But the inquiry brought no response.

It was a cruel thing to do, but the Major felt that the peculiar conduct of the man excused the act, and, calling again, he asked:

"Did the girl go back on you, Brown?"

The man rode on in silence for a moment and then, suddenly turning in his saddle, shouted back:

"I'm in misery, Major, an' would be a disagreeable guest if I stopped. The girl preferred a 'greaser,' dol drat her."

And with this wild malediction burdening the air the disappointed lover entered the forest that lay on the western breast of the mountain and, going down towards the Verde Valley, quickly disappeared from view.

Not long after the arrival of the wagon train at *Ojo del Oso,* the Major was relieved from further duty at Fort Wingate, and sent to take station at the military post where Señor Brown had gone on two memorable occasions in his personal history, to hear the Chaplain preach on the troubles of "Mister Adams," and the commendable conduct of the Centurion. He had scarcely gotten well established at his new station when he ran across the ranchman one day at the Traders' store.

"I'm up here," explained the man, "to settle with the government for some barley and beans I've delivered at the Fort, an' I'm glad to see you," he said, "for I want to apologize for not stoppin' the other day at the chaparrel to speak to you, but I war burnin' hot with indignation, Major, an' mad from my head to my feet over the treatment I had received at Los Cedros, an' I didn't want to inflict my personal troubles upon you."

"Well, you were wrong there," said the Major. "Every man, woman and child in the world meets with periods of trouble or depression. One of the poets tells us, 'Some rain into each life must fall,' but the sympathy and advice and assistance of friends often enables the trouble to be tided over with but little damage. I am sorry you did not stop and let me act the part of a friend."

"It might have been better," said the man meekly.

"I don't care to know about your personal affairs, Brown, but

from what you called to me as you rode past the camp, I presume the girl at Los Cedros went back on you."

"You are on the right trail, Major," he said.

"Well, Brown," continued the officer, "I don't blame her. If I were a girl and any man clothed as you were on the morning we parted at the chaparrel should come courting me, I would refuse to have any thing whatever to do with him. Your leather trousers and coon skin cap; your unkempt hair and flowing whiskers; your Navajo blanket and moccasins, I am sure would drive any girl of good taste, Mexican or American, to avoid rather than embrace you. If you ever try again to win a wife, go at it like a gentleman, Brown, and avoid making a hideous spectacle of yourself."

The man gazed intently at the Major for a moment after he had ceased to speak.

"Thank you," he said at last. "Will you have a cigar, Major?"

When the cigars were lighted the Major and his companion smoked away for a while in silence.

"I intend goin' back to Los Cedros directly, Major," said the man, "in order to settle some affairs down thar'. After I've fixed up things with the court for the offense I committed at the *baile,* I'm goin' to hunt up the *cabellero* who caused all my trouble, an' change his residence from the town to the cemetery."

"Don't be rash, Brown," said the major. "I don't know what provocation you have received, but it certainly cannot have been sufficient to justify an attempt now to murder your rival."

"It war great," said the man. "The provocation war great, an' I've been on fire ever since it happened. It wa'nt simply a shower, like, Major, that fell into my life, it war a flood; a bilin' hot flood, an' the waters are still ragin'."

He got upon his feet presently and, after bidding the Major "good bye," silently left the store. Proceeding at once to the quartermaster's corral he mounted his horse and rode out of the fort, going in the direction of the nearest town, instead of towards the ranch. He turned up at his home a few days later clad in a very respectable suit of "store clothes," his hair and beard neatly trimmed, and a flaming red tie at his throat. Evidently the suggestions he had received from the Major during their brief interview at the Traders' store had been accepted and promptly acted upon.

The civil authorities at Los Cedros were greatly surprised one day not long thereafter, when the *Alcalde's* Court was in session, by the sudden appearance of the ranchman and his imperative demand that he should be made acquainted at once with the charges standing

against him, and the penalty adjudged for the offenses he had committed at the *baile*. As soon as the officials recovered somewhat from their surprise, the affair was quickly arranged by the payment of a small fine, and Señor Brown left the court room delighted with the result.

"I reckon," he chuckled to himself, as he passed out into the street, "the Major war right. Good clothes are very fetchin'. I think if I had worn a stove pipe hat an' a watch chain of suitable size, an' carried a cane, them fellers would have paid me somethin' for comin'. I wonder what Rosanna would say if she could see me now?"

But he had no intention of going to visit the Señorita or any desire at the moment to see her. He had given up all hope of winning her affections, and thought of her only as cruel and deceitful, and unworthy of his attention. As he passed along the street, however, his vanity prompted the hope that he might meet her, in order that he could be able to crush her by haughty indifference, and overwhelm her with regret for having discarded him.

He wandered about the town for some time, passing from street to street, stopping momentarily in every open public place in the hamlet, searching for the *cabellero*. He made no inquiries for the gentleman, because no one in the place could tell him his name from the description he was able to give, or where he could be found, except Rosanna, and he was sure the Señorita and himself were not on speaking terms. He continued the search for several hours, and until it became generally understood in the town that the *"Americano"* was searching for somebody to settle a grievance. A good many people came out of their houses and congregated on the *plaza* to watch him. At length, as he passed slowly along the principal street, he suddenly caught sight of Rosanna, in company with a couple of ladies, gazing at him from an open window across the way. He immediately ceased further search and confined himself to an exhibition of his good clothes and improved manners within view of the place.

The *cabellero* whom Señor Brown sought was out of the village during the time the silent hunt was in progress. He came riding in eventually, however, and rapidly approached the door of a house opposite the window from which Rosanna was watching the movements of Señor Brown. He was about to dismount, and his *mozo* had seized the stirrup to assist his master, when the *cabellero* suddenly caught sight of the ranchman rapidly approaching. One view was enough, and jerking the stirrup from the hand of the *mozo*, he

attempted to replace his foot within it, at the same time giving his horse an unintentional jab with the spur. The animal instantly sprang aside, throwing his rider to the ground. The *cabellero* quickly sprang upon his feet entirely unharmed, and looked furtively about him.

"Draw your pistol,"cried the ranchman, "an' defend yourself."

The *cabellero* gazed at his enemy for a moment, apparently paralyzed with fear, and then turning about, pistol in hand, ran rapidly across the street and entered an open door in the hall of the house in which Rosanna sat watching them. As he ran Señor Brown fired twice, wounding him each time slightly, and then followed him through the door way, intent on shooting him again. The *cabellero* found all the doors leading from the hall closed and locked, except the one he had entered from the street, and suddenly found himself at the mercy of his relentless pursuer. As the ranchman entered the hallway the *cabellero* threw down his pistol, fell upon his knees, and, with clasped hands, begged for mercy.

"You miserable, dirty dog," exclaimed the man. "You —"

But before he could complete the sentence a side door was suddenly thrown open and Rosanna rushed in and placed herself before him.

"Stop! Señor Brown," she cried. Stop! You shall not kill him. You are a brave man and he is a coward. Put up your pistol, Señor, and come with me."

"Señor Brown seemed very reluctant to comply, but the Señorita caught him by the arm and, with some force, compelled him to return his weapon to its place in his belt. When this had been accomplished, she led him into the street, and taking his arm, asked him to accompany her to her home in the village. As they finally came near her father's house, the excitement under which she had acted began to disappear, and she eventually became so ill and faint that the Señor was compelled to take her in his arms and carry her into the house. She burst into a fit of weeping as soon as the door was closed behind her, which for some time she was unable to control.

"Such a wretched spectacle," she exclaimed, "as I have made of myself! What will the people of the *plaza* say? But I could not hold still,"she continued, directly, "and see Señor Brown kill him, and I could not leave the Señor there for fear he would renew the fight. I had to take him away to save the *cabellero's* life."

Señor Brown remained for some time in the town after his encounter with the *cabellero,* and, strange to say, met Rosanna almost daily thereafter, either at her own home, or somewhere else in the village. They had succeeded somehow in patching up their grievances and

seemed to be very fond of each other. The Señorita declared she had never appreciated the true worth of the Señor until she had been able to compare his courage and manhood with that of the *cabellero.* But the man himself was firmly of the opinion, notwithstanding this assertion of the Señorita, that his good clothes and his red necktie had more to do with his conquest than his conduct on the occasion of his encounter with his cowardly rival.

However it all may be, it soon became quite evident to the people of the village that the wooing of Señor Brown could have but one reasonable ending, and no one therefore was surprised at the announcement, finally made one day by the village priest, to the effect that the "*Americano*" and the Señorita had at last agreed to enter the holy bonds of matrimony.

On the Sunday following the announcement they were formally married in the village church, and after a somewhat prolonged period of visiting among the friends and relatives of the bride, they set out for their home on the ranch in the Verde Valley.

A considerable portion of the barley and beans which the man had raised on his ranch during the previous year had not yet been disposed of. It happened, therefore, that soon after the Señor and his bride reached the ranch, they rode down to the fort one day on a wagon load of barley, to sell it to the quartermaster. The post trader kindly gave them the best room he had in his establishment to humor the idea which the husband advanced, to the effect that he and his wife were on their "bridal tour." When this had been satisfactorily arranged, the man hurried away to deliver the barley he had brought to the quartermaster. To his delight, while the inspecting and weighing of the grain was in progress, his old friend the Major made his appearance.

"You may remember," said the man, after they had conversed for a while upon some topics of common interest, "that I told you in the camp at the chaparrel that I wanted you to meet the girl I war goin' after down to Los Cedros. Well, you know I got on the wrong trail down thar and lost the game for awhile. However, it's all right now, Major, an' if it ain't askin' too much, I would like to have you come down and see her after awhile at the post trader's store."

"Certainly," replied the Major, "certainly. I'll come down after dinner."

It was somewhat late in the evening when the Major made his appearance, having delayed for some time to smoke his after-dinner cigar. When he came, however, Señor Brown hastened to receive him

at the door, and with much awkward politeness, introduced him to his bride.

The woman possessed a remarkably handsome face, but she was as awkward in her manners and as ungainly in her person as her husband. She evidently belonged to the lower class of her people, but while she was ignorant and vain, she displayed, nevertheless, great animation in her speech and quite captivated the Major by her vivacity.

"That wife of yours is a mighty fine woman," said the Major, as he and the ranchman stood in the hallway after leaving the room, "and if I had seen her first I don't know what might have happened."

The man gazed at the Major for a moment with great earnestness, and then seizing his hand with both of his own, shook it with a vigor that made the Major wince.

"I knew you'd like her," he cried. "I knew you would enthuse over her. You couldn't help it, could you? That's why I brought her over here an' continued our bridal tour, so to speak, from the ranch to the fort.

"Well, good bye, Major," he said, as the officer turned to go. "We will leave early in the mornin'."

As the Major was about to sit down to his breakfast on the following morning, the rattle of a wagon passing along the driveway on the side of the parade attracted his attention, and hurrying to an open window he looked out upon the street. Señor Brown and his wife occupied the wagon and were evidently watching for the appearance of the Major. When they caught sight of him the woman waved her handkerchief and the man waved his hat vigorously.

A turn in the road soon took them out of view, and as the Major returned to his breakfast Señor and Señora Brown once more resumed their bridal tour, which they had planned would end on their return to the ranch in the Verde Valley.

H. R. BRINKERHOFF,

Lieutenant Colonel U. S. Army.

THE FOREIGN INVASION OF CANADA.*

"CANADA is booming. You people in England won't, or at least, don't understand that there is a great future before the country, not in the next century, but in the next few years. Across the border the Americans know that Canada is going ahead. They are coming over the frontier in thousands to help reap the harvest of years of pioneer work, and they are sending over their capital to exploit the immense natural resources of the Dominion. We want not Americans and American capital, but British settlers and British capital. That is a fact that you don't appreciate in England, and you are driving us into the arms of the United States, for we must get people and we must have money for our rising industries." These were the vehemently delivered words of a descendant of a United Empire Loyalist, one of those devoted adherents to the British throne who sacrificed so much for the flag after the War of Independence.

Could these statements be true? was a natural reflection; could it be that this British colony, already so largely French, was becoming Americanized because the people of the United States, after close and intimate study of Canada and its resources, had become conscious of the possibilities of development, and that they, and not British people, were to profit by the great commercial strides which the colony is now making? The statement of this enthusiastic Canadian suggested a line of inquiry, which not only largely confirmed his view of the outlook, but revealed the existence of other movements not less interesting and certainly little known on this side of the Atlantic.

Canada is the one colony which has been continually misunderstood in England. Just as the English people were awakening to its real character and were beginning to take an interest in its future, Mr. Rudyard Kipling checked the movement with a phrase. Canada is "My Lady of the Snows" in the imagination of Englishmen. Any well-informed Canadian will admit that in his opinion this phrase threatens to throw back the development of the colony by a decade. Canada has to live down this poetical liberty, behind which, and

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supporting it, is the prejudice of years. In the minds of nine out of ten persons in the Old Country Canada stands for the Siberia of the British Empire, a country in which residents suffer the most terrible hardships, owing to the extreme cold, which is supposed to wrap the country around for seven or eight months together, bringing all industrial and social life to a standstill. Such impressions of Canada are a libel on one of the fairest and richest portions of the Empire, but they are doing their work in checking emigration. While Canadians are fain to accept the aid of Americans and other European nationalities in peopling their immense country, they have not yet given up hope that the day will soon dawn when the British people will recognize the future of their portion of the American continent. They trust that the awakening will not come too late, after all the best land for farming and ranching and the richest fields for mineral raising and industrial activity have been seized by energetic Americans and others. The residents of Canada who claim British origin are intensely loyal to the mother country, but they are losing their position as the predominant partner in the mixed population of Canada, and they are asking themselves what the future will be if England continues to regard their country as the Empire's Siberia.

What is this colony? It is a country as large as the whole of Europe, with agricultural, mineral, stock-raising and fishery resources comparable to those of the United States, with a climate healthy in a high degree and resembling closely that of the Northern States of the Union, and yet its entire population, after years of immigration effort on the part of the original settlers, is less than that of Greater London. In large or small groups, or scattered over the fertile prairie lands to the west are just under five and a half million persons. In comparison with the extent of their country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a tract larger than all the States of the American Union, these people are a mere handful, the population of one city spread over an area of three million square miles. There is room for twenty times as many people. Very slowly the country is being settled, but not with an adequate number of settlers from the Old Country.

The report of the recent census is just being issued, and it reveals some secrets of the recent development of Canada, which must surprise all who have not carefuly studied the trend of evolution of the past quarter of a century. One of the most striking facts is the falling off in the entrance of British and Irish settlers and the increase in the inflow of persons from other parts of Europe, and in particular from the United States. These census reports repay care-

ful examination, side by side with the returns of last year's immigration. The census has been a disappointment. The population is shown to be only 5,371,051, an increase of 11.14 in ten years, which is far less than was anticipated. The previous census in 1891 showed, it is true, a growth of only 11.76, but Canadians believed that this was only a temporary check, and that the latest figures would show some approach to the increase of nearly 19 per cent. which was chronicled in 1881. As the country becomes settled it is inevitable that the increase in the population shall be normal, but the fact is, that in the past ten years the rise in the population of Canada was less, proportionately, than that of England and Wales in the same period, in spite of the drain of emigration from the Old Country, most of which goes increasingly to other regions than Canada. Another fact exhibited by the census returns is that, among the chief divisions of the people of Canada, the French Canadians are showing by far the largest natural increase. They double in numbers every quarter of a century. Quebec is the province in which French Canadians are most numerous, and there the birth-rate is 36.86 per thousand, The bearing of this fact may be better understood if it is remembered that Quebec is one of the most thickly populated parts of Canada, containing nearly one-third of the entire population of the Dominion. In this part of the country families of eighteen, twenty and even more children are not infrequent, and these children for the most part are being brought up in entire ignorance of the English language, under French civil law, and without knowledge of English customs. Quebec is becoming more French than France, and more Roman Catholic than any other part of the world. This last statement may seem remarkable, but the truth is that this portion of Canada is cut off from all the liberal influences which are moulding Catholic opinion elsewhere. By an organization which must win admiration the Church of Rome is increasing its hold on the province. By the exercise of a species of ostracism the English Protestants are being squeezed out of the rural districts of Quebec, and elsewhere in Canada settlements of French Canadians are being formed.

But it may be said, "Have we not been told over and over again, that these people are most loyal subjects of the British crown." This is one of the fairy tales attaching to Canada. No English-speaking Canadian but laughs at the stories to this effect which have been published in the Old Country. The majority of French Canadians are loyal at present in outward observance because it suits their purpose, but no further, and that is why the increase in this section of the population gives occasion for anxiety. They remain

to-day an alien race under the British flag, which some of them tore down and spat upon during the dark days of the war, and they become not less, but more, alien to all British traditions as their numbers are augmented. The census shows that 2,228,997 of the people of Canada are Roman Catholics, in other words, over 41 per cent., and almost all of these are French Canadians, nearly one and a half millions of whom live and rule with absolute freedom the whole province of Quebec. In this portion of the Dominion there are only 192,000 Protestants, including, of course, those in the business centres of Quebec and Montreal. The French Canadians accept the liberties which they enjoy not in any spirit of gratitude, but as sops given by the British nation in the hope of keeping them quiet—and quiet they remain, at least for the time. It is evident from the figures which have been quoted, apart from the deductions which may be drawn from them, that the French-Canadian element is growing, and growing fast. There are other evidences that the British-born Canadian is being swamped, and it should be unnecessary to point to the natural outcome of this movement on the relations of the colony to the mother country. Last year only 25 per cent. of the immigrants to Canada came from the British Isles, and about 35 per cent. came from the United States. The trend of immigration cannot be illustrated better than by quoting the official figures of the place of origin of the declared settlers arriving in Canada in the last four years. The figures are as follows:—

	Number of Immigrants arrived in Calendar Years.			
Nationality.	1898.	1899.	1900.	1901.
From the United States....	9,119	11,945	15,500	17,987
English and Welsh	9,475	8,576	8,184	9,401
Irish	733	1,337	765	933
Scotch	1,400	747	1,411	1,476
Doukhobors	—	7,350	—	—
Galicians	5,509	6,700	6,593	4,702
Germans	563	780	705	984
Scandinavian	724	1,526	2,380	1,750
French and Belgian	545	413	483	492
Hungarians	—	—	—	546
Austrians	—	—	—	228
Russians and Finlanders...	—	—	—	1,726
Other nationalities	3,832	5,169	8,676	8,924
Total	31,900	44,543	44,697	49,149

The American invasion revealed by these figures is one of the most remarkable movements of recent years. In Europe we have grown accustomed to hearing that in the United States all the people

are so contented with their lot and prosperous that nothing will tempt them to leave and that there is room for all. Yet in spite of this thousands are crossing the frontier and settling in Canada. Inquiry at the Department of the Minister of the Interior at Ottawa revealed the magnitude of this invasion. The streams of naturalized American subjects shows no signs of diminishing. In fact, the movement is only in its infancy. The Canadian authorities, far from checking it, are doing their best to encourage it. In amplification and continuation of the bare immigration figures already quoted, the following official statement with reference to this invasion of *naturalized* Americans is of interest, as evidence of the growth of this invasion, which is principally from the States of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, Utah and Montana, territory for the most part contiguous to the Canadian frontier:—

"The area of land homesteaded by American settlers during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1901, was 350,561 acres, the area homesteaded during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1902, was 825,922 acres.

"The number of American citizens who entered Western Canada in the year 1900-1901 (up to June 30th) was 17,985. During the year 1901-1902 the number was 21,813."

These figures indicate that this remarkable movement of farmers from the United States to Canada is still continuing. It is the direct result of the action of the Canadian Government. They have planned the invasion and their invitation has been accepted by an even greater number of Americans than was anticipated. The facts of the matter are these. As far back as 1897 the Dominion Government recognized that the value of land in the northern States of the Union was increasing so fast that many farmers with families to settle out would probably be glad to acquire land as cheap and good as that to be obtained in Canada, selling their American farms and buying much bigger ones in the Northwest. No sooner was this recognized than a propaganda was set on foot throughout the States near the frontier. A large staff of Government agents to lecture on the advantages which the Dominion offers was set to work, and a big scheme of advertising was begun which to-day embraces no fewer than seven thousand American journals. Simultaneously deputations of Americans were organized to spy out the land and bring back reports to intending settlers. Almost at once this well-organized movement began to bear fruit. Many residents in these American States are Canadian settlers who left the Dominion in the seventies and eighties because they believed that at that time the United States offered a

better opening. Many of these are of British origin and others are French Canadians, and the crowds of naturalized Americans now entering Canada are leavened with a proportion of these people who have close sympathy with Canadian institutions and very quickly adapt themselves to the new conditions of life. Moreover they have the additional merit in the eyes of the Canadian Government that nearly all of them are capitalists who bring not only their families, but considerable sums of money, gained from the sale of their old farms. The movement has attracted the attention of business men in the States, and syndicates have recently been formed to assist in the work of advertising the virtues of Canada. These associations acquire large tracts of land on the condition that they do not hold it, but split it up into small farms, and by selling it at a slightly increased value they net a profit. In the present year—down to the beginning of October—no fewer than 27,000 Americans have crossed the border and settled in the Dominion, leaving land ranging in price from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre and taking up much larger farms for which they pay five dollars an acre, more or less, according to situation. Reporting on this movement, Mr. W. J. White, the inspector of the agencies in the United States, to which reference has been made, remarks:—

"It is no longer the man with limited capital who comes to Canada, but the one who has, in many cases, a large bank account to his credit. It is he who is now establishing himself in the western prairies, and with him also his friend and neighbor. It is no uncommon thing to see colonists (sometimes filling a large train with their effects) going to Canada and settling in districts by themselves, quickly surrounding themselves with every social comfort, and making not only their own settlement attractive, but adding value to the lands which surround it. It need scarcely be pointed out, it being a fact pretty well known by this time, that the American settler quickly adapts himself to Canadian ways and methods, and brings with him an experience which makes it very easy for him to soon get a return from the land which he is occupying; the usual difficulties of pioneering proving no obstacle to him. His experience is also valuable to those from other countries who have not had the oppodtunity of a training in Western life.

"A visit to the districts in which Americans have settled, the well-finished houses and barns which they immediately erect, gives every assurance that they have removed to Canada intending to make it their permanent abode. They at once have schools established, churches erected, and cause villages to spring up very quickly. Hundreds of letters in the hands of our agents from American settlers show that they have written back to their friends assuring them that Canada and Canada's laws are good enough for them, that they are satisfied with the new conditions and anxious to have more people follow. It is scarcely necessary to emphasise the fact that of the thousands of Americans who have made their homes in Canada during the past five years all have proved to be good citizens."

As has been stated, most of these settlers on the rich lands of Western Canada are bringing with them realized capital, and it is on this phase of the invasion that the Canadian Government are indulging in the most natural congratulation—they want settlers, and if they happen to have well-lined pockets so much the better. The poorest of these families has, as a rule, about $500, many have sums ranging from $2,500 to $5,000, while individuals have entered Canada with as large a capital as $45,000 and $50,000. These substantial farmers gather round them families, which are often large, and in company frequently with a party of neighbors similarly situated trek over the border to begin life anew in freer conditions where the population is less thick. Land being far cheaper they can have larger farms and use the labor at their disposal to better advantage. All observers agree in their estimates of the type of farmer who is making his home in Western Canada. In the words of one official, "they are thrifty, industrious, and energetic men and women, who are anxious and determined to succeed." It is not surprising that the Canadian Government should be according a hearty welcome to these settlers, many of whom are becoming naturalized British subjects in order that they may take their share in the government of the districts in which they live. Of the 127,891 people from the States who had come into the Dominion by last Christmas 84,493 have already been naturalized. They find that Canada is an even freer country than the liberty-loving States and that their actions are less fettered by central authority, while they enjoy equal security of life and property.

The unoccupied thousands of acres of land in Canada, "the granary of the British Empire," to quote the words on the arch in Whitehall during the coronation festivities, are being peopled, but not by a due proportion of British people. One of the facts revealed by the census returns is that "the immigration from the United Kingdom does not suffice to supply the loss by death among the British born in the country, especially among the immigrants of Irish and Scottish birth." The figures in the returns of the census fully confirm this falling off in British and Irish immigration. Canada is being increasingly peopled by foreigners, many of whom take the oath of allegiance for advantages that it confers rather than because they have any special love for the mother country. The country today, however, contains 128,207 aliens, subjects of other States. The subjoined statement is a summary of the birthplaces of the population of Canada at the time of the last three countings of the people,

showing also the nationality of the immigrants in each centennial period:—

	1901.	1891.	1881.
Canada	4,671,805	4,185,877	3,715,492
British Islands and possessions.	405,853	490,252	478,235
Foreign countries	278,804	157,110	131,083
Not specified	14,583	—	—
	5,371,051	4,833,239	4,324,810

Further particulars of the cosmopolitan population of the Dominion are supplied in a more detailed statement of the place of birth of the residents of British and foreign birth. The figures reveal very clearly the great increase in the numbers of foreigners, particularly citizens of the United States, Russians, Scandinavians and Italians, and in a smaller degree French, which has taken place, while the flow from "other foreign countries"—Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Iceland, Norway and Sweden, and Roumania more particularly—has been considerable. These comparative figures of the places of birth of the British and foreign population are as follows:—

	1901.	1891.	1881.
British Islands	390,016	477,735	470,906
British possessions	15,837	12,517	7,329
China	17,043	9,129	—
France	7,936	5,381	4,389
Germany	27,302	27,752	25,328
Italy	6,832	2,795	777
Russia	31,226	9,917	6,376
Scandinavia	18,390	7,827	2,076
United States	127,891	80,915	77,753
Other foreign countries	42,184	13,394	14,384

No more conclusive testimony could be furnished to show the increasing number of foriegners who are flocking to Canada, and the falling off in the flow of emigrants from the United Kingdom is further revealed by the following analysis of the British and Irish-born residents at the time of the last four enumerations; it has been prepared by Mr. Archibald Blue, the Special Census Commissioner, to support his contention that immigration from the United Kingdom is not supplying the losses by death among the British people in Canada. The falling off is most perceptible in the case of Ireland and Scotland:—

	1901.	1891.	1881.	1871.
England	203,803	219,688	169,504	144,999
Ireland	101,628	149,184	185,526	219,451
Scotland	83,631	107,584	115,062	121,074
Totals	389,062	476,456	470,092	485,524

In other words, there are fewer *British and Irish-born* people in Canada to-day by nearly 100,000 than there were thirty years ago. Though there has been a great increase in the number of persons of *British descent*—offspring of original settlers—it has been less than that among the French Canadians.

The result of this foreign movement to Canada in loosening the ties which bind the Old Country to this great territory of wonderful capacity is inevitable even were other influences not at work. But another serious cause of anxiety is the fact that Canada receives practically no cable news of the British Empire except through American agencies. In the States the good rule of the best English newspaper offices of printing the news in an unvarnished form in one column and the comment elsewhere is not respected. Every Canadian journalist of British birth laments the fact that only such news of Great Britain and Ireland comes to Canada by cable as is required by the reader in the United States, and, moreover, it is frequently tinged to suit the American palate, which differs widely from that of a British subject. On many important issues the bias which is given to the news is conspicuous. There seems to be no way out of the difficulty unless the State step in. Canadian papers, it is averred, cannot afford to institute a full and independent service of news from the mother country, which would render them independent of the supply from the States. It would be difficult, on the other hand, for the Canadian Government to take any action. French Canadians would oppose any subsidy strongly. They do not want British news, and they can point with pride to the undoubted fact that in this British colony the newspaper with the largest circulation is printed entirely in French.

Is there no remedy for the movement which is gradually driving the English out of the province of Quebec and is swamping the British-born settler in other parts of Canada? The Dominion Government for years past has devoted large sums to the promotion of immigration, and of late they have got the worst results from Great Britain and Ireland, not because there are fewer persons leaving these islands to seek new homes, but for quite other causes. It has

been calculated that every European immigrant costs the Dominion two dollars and sixty-five cents, and the American settler, largely because the movement is still young, costs as much as seven dollars and ninety-six cents, while the British settler entails an expenditure of no less than nine dollars and fifty-eight cents. Another fact bearing on this problem of immigration, which cannot be overlooked by the Canadian authorities, is that a British-born subject can enter Canada with no capital, and many do so, while in the case of a foreigner some resources are usually essential, and, as has been already stated, nearly all the families coming from the United States bring with them considerable capital, and use it in developing the land they take up. Consequently, from a purely economic point of view, the American settler is the more desirable, but British people cannot fail to ask what influence this influx of foreigners will have on the future relations of Canada towards the mother country. The newcomers from America and Europe may make good enough Canadians, but will they become loyal subjects of the British Empire? The two terms are not synonymous.

Canada is a country worth retaining. It has possibilities of commercial and agricultural development comparable with those of the United States. It has mineral deposits which represent fabulous wealth, and it is capable of becoming the granary of the British Empire. But the climate, it is said, is against it. Let it be remembered, however, that Canada is a part of the same continent as the United States. The climate of Buffalo is the climate of the district of which Toronto is the centre, and other similar analogies might be drawn. The best proof that the conditions of life are not what they are painted is to be found in the movement of Americans into Western Canada. Men of means do not leave their homes in prosperous American States to assist in opening up a new and adjacent country, the climatic conditions of which they know well, unless they are satisfied that the climate to which they are going is good. Other evidence against the impression prevalent in England may be obtained from Canadian residents. There is still room for British settlers, though the best land is being rapidly taken up. There is room for all, but early comers get the best sites. The mind can hardly grasp the meaning of such figures as the following, which are mentioned by the Minister of the Interior in his last report, but they serve to emphasize Canada's greatest need—more settlers:—

"It should be considered that the total area of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, including Athabasca, is about 384,000,000 acres, of which about 71,000,000 acres have been disposed of as homesteads and by transfer to coloni-

zation societies and the railway companies, leaving a balance of about 311,000,000 acres. After deducting 50,000,000 acres of land which may be covered with water or otherwise unsuited for agriculture, there would still remain 260,000,000 acres. Last year was possibly the largest with regard to sales of land and in homestead entries, and less than 2,000,000 of acres were disposed of. If the settlement continues at this rate, it will be seen that one hundred years from now will not see the Northwest country settled and the lands being developed to their fullest capacity, and even at the same rate of increase the population would not exceed 5,000,000 of people at that time."

The Dominion is developing with great rapidity. Canada has just gathered in the best harvest she has ever had, the successor of four or five other harvests which have enriched the farmers. The total exports and imports have risen since 1891 from $218,384,934 to $386,903,157 in 1901. In the first year the excess of imports over exports was $21,550,000, while in 1901 the exports exceeded the imports by $6,072,107; 62.66 per cent. of these imports came from the United States and only 22.67 from Great Britain, while Great Britain took 53.61 of the exports and the United States only 36.84. These figures are significant. We are not getting adequate return from the Dominion because Englishmen will not understand its possibilities. It is being developed increasingly by foreign labor and foreign capital, while Great Britain stands by with folded hands.

What of the future relations between Canada and the mother country? Will not the present feeble separatist movement gather strength when the time is ripe—when the Dominion has increased in prosperity and the population has been further swollen by foreign peoples, and particularly by Americans, who are never weary of pointing to the progress of the United States as an independent power? Is not this separatist movement already growing? Alone among the self-governing colonies Canada refuses to make any contribution towards the cost of the Empire's fleet. The isolation of Canada is noteworthy. But it may be said that evidence of her attachment to the Empire is to be found in the preference that she gives to British goods. This fallacy was exposed at the Colonial Conference. In the words of the Colonial Secretary, "Foreign produce at the present time has still a lower average tariff than British produce." All that the preference has done is to check the rapid decline in British imports. Canadians, it may be, looked for a better result for the simple reason that we are their best customers, taking more than half of the surplus produce of the Dominion, and send out in return less than a quarter of the imports into Canada. Altogether, apart from questions of attachment, it is desirable to adjust the balance on economic grounds. To quote the Colonial Secretary again:—

"What return has been made to them (the Canadians) by the foreigner for the advantage which the foreigner has derived from their tariff? The exports from Canada to foreigners have decreased 40 per cent., while the exports from foreigners to Canada have largely increased. On the other hand, in spite of the tariff, in spite of everything in the natural course of trade and communication, the exports to the United Kingdom have increased 85 per cent. in fifteen years, and the net result, which I desire to imprss upon you, is that in spite of the preference which Canada has given us, their tariff has pressed, and still presses, with the greatest severity, upon its best customer, and has favored the foreigner who is constantly doing his best to shut out her goods."

Must we sit by and watch one of the most promising daughter-lands of the mother country being peopled by settlers of alien blood, witness the development of a policy which, if not anti-British, is seemingly not pro-British, and risk the political complications which may occur, in spite of all the sanguine hopes of the Dominion immigration officials? They naturally view the foreign invasion merely from a Canadian standpoint—they want labor, and must get it where they can. But the matter has a broader imperial bearing, and if we would hold the colony in time of storm and stress, if we would be sure of its fealty, it were well that educated opinion in this country were directed to sweeping away the misrepresentations which are keeping British settlers and British capital from entering the Dominion.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

MILITARY FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A VETERAN.

WHEN the United Service Club, of Boston Mass., was organized, in 1865, Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant was made president; Bvt. Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, first vice-president; and Admiral D. G. Farragut, second vice-president; the writer of this article being made secretary. Each officer elect was notified by me of the fact, and in due time letters of acceptance came from all except Gen. Scott. Under date of Elizabeth, N. J., Nov. 4, 1865, bearing his postal frank on the envelope, he wrote a characteristic letter. After roundly abusing us for our ignorance in regard to his military rank, and the discourtesy shown him by our action in giving him a second place in our list of officers, he flatly and discourteously declined the position. Out of respect to the old warrior the club voted to destroy all of the letter except the envelope addressed to me and bearing his frank, and the following sentence from the letter: "I claim to be first in rank and precedence in the Army of the United States. In support of this claim Congress, being aware of the vulgar prejudice against the brevet rank, in the act authorizing the appointment of a second lieutenant general, without my agency or knowledge, expressly '*Provided,* That nothing in this act contained shall be construed, in any way, to affect the rank, pay, or allowance of Winfield Scott, lieutenant general, by brevet, now on the retired list of the Army.' "

There are two errors prevalent in regard to Gen. Robert E. Lee, of the Confederate Army, that are constantly being revived, and that, too, by distinguished writers who ought to be better informed. One error relates to the tender of his sword at Appomattox to Gen. Grant, which tender was declined. This error was early corrected by Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee, and yet it is current to-day. Gen. Lee did not hand his sword to Gen. Grant, therefore the latter could not have declined it. The other error, a double one, makes Gen. Lee a lieutenant colonel and a member of Gen. Winfield Scott's staff, in Washington, when the Civil War broke out. Gen. Lee had been a lieutenant colonel of the Second United States Cavalry, but on March 16, 1861, was promoted to be colonel of the First Cavalry. As to

Gen. Scott's staff, he was not then, nor had he ever been, a member of Gen. Scott's military family. Incidentally, during the Mexican War, he served as an engineer officer near Gen. Scott, but not as a member of his staff. Even his own nephew, Gen. Fitz Lee, fell into this error in his publication about his distinguished uncle. In a letter to me, dated Lexington, Va., June 19, 1870, Gen. R. E. Lee himself settled the question: "I never belonged to the military family of Gen. Scott, or served near his person, except when in Mexico, where I was attached to the general staff of the army in that country." Gen. Lee was on leave of absence during the winter of 1860-61, and, being a good deal in Washington, it is possible the error grew out of this fact.

The stirring poem in the November issue of THE UNITED SERVICE entitled "The Maryland Line," calls to mind the patriotic and heroic career of Gen. Mordecai Gist, who commenced his brilliant military career as captain of the Baltimore Independent Company, the first command raised in Maryland for the Revolutionary War. He was a son of Capt. Thomas Gist, and displayed such fine military qualities that he was promoted to be major a year later, and in another year was colonel. Two years more saw him a brigadier general, and a regular "Stonewall" Jackson in battle, for Gen. Henry Lee said of him: "Rawdon could not bring the brigade of Gist to recede; bold was the pressure of the foe; firm as a rock the resistance of Gist." In this battle Baron DeKalb fell mortally wounded, and in his dying hour sent his thanks to Gist for his heroic conduct, which Congress also recognized by a vote of thanks. When Gen. Greene came South the "Light Corps" was placed in command of Gen. Gist, and was in the last battle, in which the gallant Laurens was killed. In Trumbull's great historical painting of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, which hangs in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, the commanding, soldierly figure of Gen. Gist can be seen between those of Gen. Wayne and Gen. Clinton. After the war Gen. Gist settled down to a quiet life on his plantation, near Charleston, S. C., his death occurring in 1792. He had two sons, the first born during the dark days of the Revolution, and he named him Independent, for the company he first commanded. The other son he called States, in honor of the successful termination of the war. But the name States was not original with Gen. Gist, as the Hon. Lewis Morris, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, from New York, had a brother named Staats Lewis in the British Army. There was a Brig. Gen. States Rights Gist, from South Carolina, in the Confederate Army killed at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., who

was, I think, a grandson of Gen. Mordecai Gist. One thing is certain, he possessed the heroic daring and soldierly qualities that made the Maryland Gist famous in the Revolutionary struggle. The poem in THE UNITED SERVICE truly states that "half died of the Maryland Line." I cannot more appropriately close this brief sketch than by giving again to the readers of this monthly the verse referring to Gen. Gist by name:

Young Gist, our company's captain,
  Led us into the thick of the fray;
A forlorn hope of fine fellows,
  To bear the brunt that day.
"Good God!" cried the chief of the Army,
  As he noticed our muskets shine;
"What brave and devoted heroes
  Must I lose of the Maryland Line!"

S. HERBERT LANCEY.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD NAVY.

OUR FIRST CRUISE UNDER CANVAS, THE "PREBLE'S" AND MINE, 1840-43.

RETAINING vivid recollections of my early days in the navy, when ships were propelled by sails and ocean steamers an experiment in its incipiency, and while overhauling memory's log, much of an amusing nature appears and many choice bits of history rise to the surface, which, if collected and added to the written experiences of other officers of the olden time, may, perhaps, prove of interest not only to the present generation, but to those now unborn and existing when the romance surrounding navies under sail shall have been forgotten, and the glories achieved by "wooden walls" controlled by canvas will live only in the songs and chronicles of a people who have filled their allotted stations in the world's annals and yielded to an age of steam, steel, and electricity.

The incidents following, in their proper order as regards time, although innocent of battle's baptism of fire, will, I trust, yield sufficient interest to repay a perusal, if only as a comparison between the olden time and the new.

In the year 1838, the government having decided to increase its naval force to a limited extent, decreed the building of five so called experimental sloops-of-war of the third class, and among the professional gentlemen furnishing designs in this connection was John Lenthall, Esq., U.S.N., who produced a model after which it was decided to frame two of the vessels under consideration, viz., the "Preble," at Kittery, Maine, and the "Dale," at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The lines of these two ships, so it was stated, were intended to be identical, but in their construction they certainly diverged widely; for after completion there appeared little resemblance between them above water, neither did their performances on the ocean correspond. The "Preble," whose early fortunes we propose to follow, was by the board of navy commissioners, according to prevailing reports, intended to be one hundred and thirteen feet between perpendiculars; but the dimensions, etc., when completed were: Length, one hundred and seventeen

feet; beam, thirty-two feet; depth of hold, fifteen feet; capacity, five hundred tons, and when properly trimmed, drew thirteen feet forward, and fifteen feet aft. Although pierced for sixteen guns, she carried only fourteen, viz., twelve thirty-two-pounder carronades, and two long twelves as bow-chasers.

In her day the "Preble" was considered one of the most beautiful ships afloat; her lines below water bore a closer resemblance to those of a porpoise (the fleetest of old ocean's finny tribes) than any vessel I ever beheld, while her upper works were fashioned in a manner most pleasing to the eye; but at the present time, when long, narrow vessels greet us at every turn, were she lying dismantled before us in the stream, the chances are greatly in favor of her being compard to a scow or a wash-tub rather than to a faultless man-of-war.

In the seamanship room of the Annapolis Naval Academy there is an object purporting to be a model of this ship; from whence it came I know not, but it no more resembles the symmetrical vessel in question than does a "Dismal Swamp dug-out" the finest clipper of modern times.

The "Preble" was launched in 1839, and by March, 1840, was ready for her crew, her total cost when ready for commission being, I believe, about one hundred and twelve thousand dollars. Two months previous to that time I had received an appointment as midshipman, and, conforming to the usages of that wonderful class of naval officers, put myself without delay inside of a single-breasted jacket ornamented with nine gilt anchor buttons in front, three under the side pocket flaps, three on each cuff, the object of the latter being, according to steerage legends, to prevent the substitution of the sleeve for a pocket handkerchief, and two enormous white anchors embroidered on the collar, the whole being topped with a blue cloth cap encircled by a gold lace band two inches wide.

I have no means of ascertaining the sensations of a young lady arrayed in her first ball costume; they may be, and probably are, the quintessence of sublimity, but I do know that few emotions can exceed those of a youngster donning his first uniform (which, in his oplnion, outshines all the glories of a Solomon), and strutting erect upon the streets for the delectation of the girls and the envy of his schoolmates. In his conceit no grander object ever appeared upon earth. Nelson, Bonaparte, Alexander, Hannibal, all the heroes of the past, were but pigmies in comparison. He was grandeur itself until he had passed over the side of a man-of-war and stood before a first lieutenant upon a quarter-deck; and when the welcoming words of that officer greeted his ears, uttered with all the concentrated zeal garnered up during

long years of experience in a noble service, of "Who the devil are you, sir?" "Here's another d——d young cub for me to lick into shape, a sucking Nelson for me to nurse," "Get off the quarter-deck and touch your hat, sir, and don't stand gaping at me!" his greatness vanished with the celerity of escaping gas from a toy balloon when violently compressed between the hands, and he felt that no hole, however small, could be too minute for him to creep into. The awakening was sharp and sudden, the fall a tremendous one, and instead of feeling, as he did a moment before, that he was nature's grandest nobleman, he realized that among nature's atoms he was the smallest. The reader will bear in mind that I am writing of midshipmen existing more than forty years ago. The 26th of March, 1840, brought me orders to "proceed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. and report to Commodore Crane for duty on board the United States sloop-of-war 'Preble.'"

A few days later found my trunks packed, and me bidding hasty farewells to all friends, impatient to be at my post, lest the country's interests should suffer in my absence; and to reach my destination (being arrayed in an undress uniform with sword in hand), I entered a stage-coach where I found four gentlemen already seated, and who not appearing to be dazzled or in any way impressed by my presence, soon became objects unworthy of notice; and instead of cultivating them, as had been my intention, I turned my back and rode all the way to Portsmouth, filled with sovereign contempt fo rsuch insensible companions, whom the Rockingham House register proclaimed to be none other than the captain, first and third lieutenants, and the sailing master of the "Preble." Fortunately I had refrained from making a fool of myself before them.

On the morning of April 9th I presented my orders for the indorsement of Commodore William M. Crane, and on leaving his office seemed to realize that a midshipman was not the most important personage in the world; and returning to the hotel, seated myself by a comfortable firein the sitting-room, answering also for an office and a bar-room, and while ruminating upon life's kaleidoscope, a stranger, clad in gray trowsers and a bottle-green coat, with a cap carried well back upon the head, while the visor seemed to rest along the bridge of his nose, completely hiding the eyes, entered the apartment, and, advancing towards the clerk stationed behind the bar, inquired if any of the "Preble's" were stopping there. The latter motioned to where I was seated, wondering to what manner of people he belonged, when the gentleman turned and surprisd me with, "I am Midshipman A——, and as I am ordered to the 'Preble,' I presume we

shall be shipmates, if not messmates. I have just arrived from a cruise in the West Indies on the 'Vandalia' sloop-of-war, Commodore Levy; part of the time on five pints and hard tack, the water so offensive that one had to hold his nose to drink it, and the tack so full of bugs that if you put it on the table it would walk off by itself; and let me give you a piece of advice, youngster: those who go down to the sea in line-of-battle ships and frigates see the wonders of the Lord, but those who go down in sloops-of-war and schooners see hell!" I was too much astonished to reply. All that I had ever read in Marryatt's novels about oldsters flashed through my mind, and here I was face to face with one.

Unpromising as this officer's acquaintance appeared at this time, I will here state that Mr. A—— was the embodiment of good sense and fun, a brilliant officer and a correct, high-toned gentleman in every respect, and I have ever had cause to rejoice that the first eighteen months of my sea service was, in a great measure, passed under his guidance and instructions.

The next morning, A—— being desirous of reporting, I volunteered to show the way, and as the boat connecting Portsmouth with the yard had left, we were forced into a long and tedious walk. On our return to the hotel, A—— proposed that we refresh ourselves with wine or something stronger, which I declined on the ground of being unaccustomed to the use of spirits. "Well," he said, "I'll take a cocktail, and, as you are tired, would advise your having one also."

"What's a cocktail?" I inquired. "Is it one of those pink drinks I have seen Moses making? If so, I will try one to see what it is like." Now, on several occasions I had observed the bar-tender, with his legs braced wide apart and head erect, holding a glass in either hand, with both arms rigidly extended, gently swaying from side to side, and by some wonderful manipulation, the secret of which I was unable to divine, both tumblers appeared to be connected by a beautiful pink-colored liquid bow, very enticing in appearance, and which, I judged, must be extraordinarily palatable.

"Yes," replied A——, "that's it." Our orders were accordingly given, and as the man prepared for their manufacture, my companion, who happened to be looking through a window, exclaimed, "There comes Lieutenant J——. I'll go and invite him to join us," and left the room. I was resting with my back against the counter, watching the pink-colored liquid passing from one glass to the other, when the captain unexpectedly entered. Why he happened to be in the hotel at that hour and not at the yard I never could fathom; however, instinct or some other agent warned me that perhaps it was not the proper em-

ployment for a midshipman to be eying a cocktail in the presence of his commanding officer; so, springing to an erect position, I touched my cap, and bowing, said, "Good-morning, sir." "Good-morning," he snapped in return, looking very fierce while his eyes were taking in the situation. With the utmost celerity I put the door between that gentleman and myself. Why I did so, I never could explain, and I do not exactly remember how I got into the passage; but I knew I did without loss of time, and on reaching it neither A—— nor the lieutenant were visible. Apparently, for some reason unknown to me, there had been a stampede; possibly the captain may have had something to do with it; be that as it may, I at once ascended to A——'s room, where I found that officer stretched upon his bed, and, as I entered, he greeted me with—"Well, youngster, you are in a devil of a mess, aren't you? Let me tell you, it's not exactly the thing for a reefer just entered to be watching a cocktail right under the captain's nose. You'll catch an inkling of the service you never dreamed of." "If I was wrong," I inquired, "why didn't you tell me he was coming?" "I did not see him," he replied, "until I was outside, when he was bearing down on me so rapidly I had hardly time to luff athwart his hawse, and haul my wind out of his way." "Well," I returned, after a moment's reflection, "if we are in for it on account of the cocktails, they might as well be in us; so I'll ring your bell, and Moses, taking the hint, will probably bring them up; when I'll drink mine and go down, and the skipper will probably think they were made for some one else." Moses soon appeared bearing the delectable beverage, when I seized a glass and swallowed the contents without stopping to inquire into its merits, and to this day I know not whether it was palatable or not; and immediately descending the stairs, was unconcernedly passing the office door when the captain, espying me, and undeceived by my innocent demeanor, called out, "See here, sir; I want to speak to you!" and taking me into the vestibule, where the noonday sun's fierce rays poured without mitigation from either shade or moving air, commenced a reprehensive speech which apparently was never to end. I remember little that was said on that occasion. I could only pray that he might finish and let me go, for the sun and cocktail combined soon commenced their work, and corporeal dissolution seemed not far away.

I first felt flushed, then faint and ill, with an occasional death-like sensation near the heart; my eyes filled and became glassy, my head appeared swarming with bees whose intolerable buzzing, united with an occasional "I'll try you by a court-martial!" "Disgrace to the service!" "Drunken midshipman," etc., etc., fairly drove me wild; my knees grew weak and shaky, and I was rapidly verging into a state

not pleasant to contemplate, when fortunately he concluded with the following words, which for some inexplicable reason I chanced to understand and remember: "Look at you now, you are so tight you can scarcely see or stand; let this occur again, sir, and I'll break you out of the service! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Go, sir!" And partially conscious that he had the whole argument on his side, I went staggering into the street, believing something unusual had happened, and while not quite clear as to its true nature, I finally succeeded in working myself out from under the lee of the house, where a cool northwest breeze was stirring, and brought up against a wall, utterly wretched and wishing I had never been born. After half an hour's exposure to the fresh air I partially recovered and went my way, a sadder but a wiser midshipman. I had had my first experiences with a gin cocktail and the bristles of a captain in the navy, and neither had proved satisfactory.

A few weeks later I was invited to dine in the cabin, and on the soup being removed, the captain affably requested the pleasure of a glass of wine with me. Vividly remembering the cocktail and its results, I politely replied, "Please excuse me, as I do not indulge in wine, sir." Considerably astonished, he returned, "When one gentleman invites another to join him in a glass of wine, it is customary to accept." Oh, yes, I thought, that's all very well; but if you have forgotten the sequel of that cocktail I haven't, and you may be a very clever captain, but you can't inveigle me a second time into any such tomfoolery; so I answered, "I am aware of that, sir; but you really must excuse me, as wines and liquors do not agree with me." The captain did not further press the point, and I never would drink wine at his table. What he thought of me afterwards I do not know; but I do remember what I thought of him at the time, and his efforts to entrap a midshipman in such an underhand manner did not raise him in my estimation.

The Portsmouth, New Hampshire, or Kittery, Maine, navy yard in 1840 not possessing a receiving-ship, a vessel fitting for sea was dependent upon either New York or Boston for a crew. One evening about sundown, some two weeks after the officers had reported, and while the midshipmen were waiting for the "Millerite" churches to open, they having decided to attend the services with, I fear, no very laudable object in view, Mr. Oliver, the yard messenger, surprised us with the information of our crew having just arrived in a schooner from New York, and "the commandant wanted all the officers to repair on board immediately to receive and care for the men." Half an hour later, instead of raiding a church, we found ourselves, without

beds, food or fires, on board a cold, damp ship, groping our way about decks in the dark with dim lanterns, getting the crew into their hammocks, establishing watches, and in providing against desertion. While life continues the horrors of that first night on the "Preble" can never be forgotten. I was assigned to the mid-watch, and owing to the novelty of my position, the cold, want of bed, and the ceaseless tramp, tramp of the officers on deck, the first watch passed wearily away, while I found it impossible to close my eyes. Soon after relieving the deck at midnight exhausted nature succumbed and an overpowering drowsiness seized me, but believing that "sleeping upon watch" would insure a speedy death to the offender, as declared by the "Articles of War," I dared not yield to its influence. No one, unless subjected to a similar experience, can imagine the miseries I suffered during that watch of four hours. I would gladly have given ten years of my life for one half-hour's sleep. The quarter-deck promenade was only twelve easy paces long, and standing at the main fife-rail, I'd kick the ring bolts till I fairly danced with pain; then walking rapidly to keep my eyes open, would, ere I could accomplish half the distance aft, stumble, sound asleep, over a gun or shot-box, or else pitch headforemost into the capstan or over a hatchway, frequently knocking the breath entirely out of my body. It was of no use, sleep I would in spite of all. After an elapse of ages, it appeared to me, four o'clock came, and strange to say, now when I possessed the right to sleep as soundly as I pleased, the drowsy god would not be wooed, and at daylight when the crew were turned up to be mustered and stationed I turned out also; and as I watched the men passing round the capstan on that cloudy April morning, with my very blood apparently congealing with the cold, I became thoroughly convinced that all those who had ever written about the pleasures of life on ship-board, or the glories of a "life on the ocean wave," were the most unmitigated liars existing from Adam's time down to that moment.

At eight o'clock, Sunday, April 19, the colors were hoisted and the "Preble" had received her first commission under Commander Samuel L. Breese, U.S.N., with the following officers attached, viz.: Lieutenants, William D. Newman, Charles H. Jackson, Edward M. Yard; Passed Midshipman Roger Perry, Acting Master; Passed Midshipman Strong B. Thompson; Purser, Joseph Wilson; Surgeon, William S. Reynolds; Assistant Surgeon, John O'Connor Barclay; Midshipmen, Daniel Ammen, Tennent McLannahan, Thomas S. Phelps, John Madigan, Edward C. Stout; Boatswain, Charles Johnson; Carpenter, William D. Jenkins; Gunner, James B. Cooper; Sail-

maker, John Burdine; Clerk, Charles Francis; Mate, James G. Davis. The men received from New York, together with nine from Boston, including marines, numbered one hundred and forty-five souls, with a heavy percentage of the worst characters it has ever been my misfortune to sail with; many had come from the "Rio fish-market gang" (a congregation of the vile from every country), having been enlisted on the United States razee "Independence," while flag-ship of the Brazil Station, with a promise of being discharged on the expiration of the cruise, which agreement was set aside by the Navy Department on the ground of its being contrary to law, and also the scarcity of men; consequently, some sixty or seventy of these worthies were drafted to the "Preble," comprising some excellent men, with a good proportion of ex-galley slaves, convicts, murderers, deserters from the British army, slavers and pirates; and, chafing under what they considered the grossest injustice, they determined upon making matters lively on board ship and in deserting whenever they could, and I remember they cleverly succeeded in their intentions.

Provisions, water, wood, and stores were hurried on board, the ship hauled to, her anchors in the stream, the sails bent and preparations made for sea, and finally the time came to drop to the lower harbor, in order to receive the powder from a magazine located in that vicinity. One morning a pilot came on board, and, accompanied by the captain and first lieutenant, ascended to the poop-deck, when the latter, with trumpet in hand, ordered the boatswain to "call all hands, up anchor," and instantly, the entire crew, officers and all, came hurrying on deck to their stations.

Being ambitious to instruct myself in my profession, for no one else would assist me, I saw in this movement an opportunity to make rapid strides in that direction; so I determined that nothing should escape my observation, and I would stow orders and all away in my memory for future use.

"Pass the messenger!" "Ship the bars!" "Reeve the swifter!" shouted the first lieutenant at short intervals, and in a moment eight or ten men, headed by the gunner, came rushing aft dragging a huge rope with an eye spliced in either end, and passed it three times around a monster spool erected on the quarter-deck, which some one said was a capstan; and, after lashing the two eyes together, six men coolly seated themselves on deck, two of the number armed with wooden paddles, while the other four grasped the rope and held on as if they expected it to run away, at which I greatly wondered.

A dozen or more massive bars were now thrust into square holes cut in the capstan head, and a small rope passed over grooves gouged

in their ends and secured, which a captain of after-guard informed me was a swifter. In a few minutes I had learned the names and uses of three important things. At this rate I would soon conquer all the intricacies of handling a ship and be no longer "green."

"Heave round!" "Hold back on the messenger!" "Hold fast the nippers, clap on a selvagee!" now pealed out the trumpet. Great heavens! I ejaculated, what is all this he is saying? "Bend your backs!" "Heave and be d——d to you!" "Young gentlemen, make the men move!" "See the cat all clear!" "Surge the messenger!" "Jamb that nipper, I tell you!" I began to lose my head; the whole world appeared to be in a chaotic state; officers were shouting all sorts of nonsensical words, and in the general confusion I managed to distinguish, "Short stay speak!" "Paul the capstan!" "Loft sail loosers!" and I saw men, like spiders, scrambling up the rigging; the boatswain's mates piped as if they would burst their cheeks; soon there came the sharp "swish" of falling sails; then there was something said about "tacks and sheets," and, look as hard as I would, for the life of me I could discover neither sheets nor blankets, nor any tacks nor hammers to drive them with. Then I became completely lost. Somebody told somebody else to "Sheet home;" then the first lieutenant ordered some one to sharpen the after-yards, and to put the head-yards in a box. Bodies of men would rush aft. Then there was a shout of "broken ground," when "young gentlemen" were told to clap men on ropes, of which there appeared to be a million. The second lieutenant, on the forecastle, was ordered to "let the cat and fish have the anchor." I was run over and nearly knocked down a dozen times, and crawling under the poop ladder out of the way, became conscious that I knew nothing of what was transpiring, and, in my opinion, neither did any one else.

All hands seemed to have gone crazy, and I felt that if this was sailoring, a whole lifetime would be required to gain a knowledge of it. Presently I was told to get out of that and go to my station, when I was surprised to find the ship to be moving and both officers and men sobering down. The former had ceased their ceaseless shouting, and the latter no longer ran races with ropes in their hands, but stopped and coiled them away. Jack Savage, the signal quartermaster, told me this was getting the ship under way and making sail. I was glad to know it.

I heard the pilot say something about "pull and be d——d," and remember thinking him very profane, and also wondering why the captain, who was a great churchman, permitted such language in his

presence, and finally concluded that he was a deuced sight stiffer on cocktails than on swearing.

After passing a channel through which the water rushed like a mill-race, where the pilot frequently shouted "Starboard!" "Port!" "Steady!" and the quartermaster, "Dice no higher!" and after another scene of inexplicable confusion, during which there was much said about braces, letting go the sheets, and a great deal in regard to "clewing up," "standing by an anchor," and streaming a buoy, the first lieutenant yelled, "Let go the anchor!" and while I was wondering if any midshipman had hold of it,—for he would scarcely have addressed a commissioned officer in that tone,—I heard a tremendous splash as if something had fallen overboard, then a terrible rattling of chain till it suddenly stopped with a heavy thud, jarring the ship fore and aft, when the officer forward announced the ship at anchor with forty-five fathoms out, and I knew less about "getting under way and coming to an anchor" than I did before I had witnessed those evolutions.

After receiving the powder, which on being brought on board and rolled across the deck left small rows of black granules behind,—a matter satisfactorily explaining why all lights and fires, save one in the "light-room," were always extinguished whenever this explosive material was openly handled,—our attention was called to "watering ship." The spring or well from which water was procured being at the head of an estuary back of the light-house, was admirably located to facilitate the escape of deserting men, and several midshipmen came to grief on this account.

From time immemorial a custom originating in the English service and incorporated in our own has existed requiring all boats leaving a ship to be in charge of a midshipman, and it is one, as a rule, both proper and necessary, as it initiates the "young gentlemen" into the mysteries of commanding and handling men, and, conducted properly, is highly beneficial to both officers and crew, and therefore to the service.

Forty years ago, whenever a boat was called away, the officer was almost invariably charged to "keep the men in the boat, and under no circumstances to let them have grog." Any violation of this mandate resulted in an abusive reprimand, to which was frequently added one or more months' "quarantine," or else suspension from duty, while a rigid adherence produced anger, hatred and contempt on the part of the crew, together with desertions whenever the men could find an opportunity to "jump and run;" in which case the unfortunate midshipman would be soundly rated by the officer of the deck, the first lieutenant, and by the captain in a most accomplished blackguard man-

ner, and probably suspended or quarantined from one to three months, and afterwards hazed throughout the cruise.

It was by no means a rare occurrence for a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, just from home and ignorant of both men and the service, to be sent in charge of a boat manned by from five to sixteen desperate men of the worst type, some of them assassins and convicts, to await hours at a city landing for a captain or commissioned officers until it suited his or their pleasure to go on board. I have known boats to wait thus from 8 p. m. till four or five o'clock in the morning, with the crew in a mutinous state, chafing at the very idea of being controlled by a "greenhorn who had never seen a banyan day in the service, and didn't know his head from a shot-gun," cursing and damning the officers for preventing their having a run in town, and, worst of all, for being deprived of a glass of grog, using every device at their command to elude the midshipman's vigilance and desert, when probably they would have been quiet as lambs had a reasonable amount of liquor been allowed them, which the poor "reefer" dared not grant, preferring to risk his life rather than disobey a foolish order, and incur the odious abuse and unjust punishment sure to follow.

Another species of an abominable, outrageous duty to which the "young gentlemen" were subjected "in the old days" has, thank fortune, passed away, I trust forever, viz., sending midshipmen for liberty men. No one who has not experienced this service can conceive of the disgusting horror endured by young officers in its performance. Conceive a lad scarcely in his teens, fresh from the pure influences of a home and a mother's watchful care, rendered conspicuous by a uniform and a sword hanging at his side, searching for drunken, reckless men in all the low dens and slums of a large city, forcing his way into the vilest haunts of the most dissolute and abandoned human beings, opposed by the lowest and filthiest of both sexes, and overwhelmed by torrents of the most beastly obscenity that ever greeted mortal ears, risking his life with these infuriated demons, and for what? To insure an early return of intoxicated men on board, when a few dollars of their pay distributed among the police would have accomplished the object; and failing to bring them off, a furious reprimand was sure to meet him, and probably from one to three months' confinement, and taunted with being "a worthless hound, not worth his salt."

I have known a midshipman to be "quarantined" three months for not being on board at sunset when the boat bringing him off was only three lengths away at the moment of hauling the colors down, the permission of granting him leave requiring him "to be on board at sunset."

Such were some of the duties of a midshipman forty years ago; persecuted by those above, and hated by all below him, a veritable Ishmaelite was he,—"his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," taxing his brain to get even with his enemies, and in the long run he generally succeeded. In this condition he existed until an examination for advancement surprised him, when, like a snake in his season leaving his skin behind him, he stepped forth into the world a new man; a transition as novel as it was astonishing to a buoyant nature suddenly released from the effects of an oppression which six years' endurance had almost established as a second nature.

At seven o'clock on the morning of June 2, 1840, all hands were called "up anchor," and to the stirring tune of "The girl I left behind me," screeched through a fife, the ponderous anchor soon rested on the bow, catted and fished, while the ship's head paid rapidly off under the influence of the "head-yards aback," and when pointing seaward filled away on the port tack, and commenced working off shore against a stiff top-gallant breeze and a bobbing sea, and as we cleared the Isle of Shoals the inexperienced caught their first dose of Old Neptune's frolicsome mood, and he spared me least of all excepting the surgeon.

Sea-sickness! "What is sea-sickness like?" I have heard the uninitiated ask hundreds of times. I will tell them. It is simply the most deathly sick-headache that mortals ever experience, intensified to the utmost limits of human endurance; yet, strange to say, it rarely proves fatal.

Sea-sickness must be classed under two heads, viz., ordinary and real. Under the former the realizations of multitudes who, embarking upon the ocean, become nauseated, uncomfortable, ill, and after one or more successful efforts to eject the disturbing cause, in a few hours are restored to their normal condition, or, it may be, in from one to two days; and under the latter, that deathlike sensation which slowly yet irresistibly creeps through the system with alternate hot and cold chills, momentarily increasing in energy until a band of steel, pressed by invisible screws, appears to encircle the head, constantly tightening, gradually, yet surely, until one feels that the cranium must crumble under the agonizing strain, while the entire body becomes prostrate and nerveless; with the deadly nausea destroying all vitality to resist the encroaching horrors, and the stomach assailed with violent spasmodic strainings to dislodge the cursed demon within, the entire being appears rending asunder with the tremendous retchings from which there is no release. The vessel's every plunge, her every roll, adds to the agonizing miseries, to escape which death in any shape

would be a thousand times welcome; thus it continues for days, perhaps weeks, until the vile origin is removed, when the exhausted, prostrated, all but dead sufferer may wander back to life.

The popular belief regarding wines, liquors, and various decoctions as a release from the iron grip of this disease is only a "delusion and a snare to the unwary;" they only mitigate the trouble for a time, and the instant their temporary influences begin to pass away the evil returns with redoubled force.

Among the many articles I have read bearing upon this terrible malady, written by physicians and others, only one, or two at the most, as I remember, have ever comprehended its real cause or suspected the true remedy for its relief,—I will not say cure, as that rests with an entire recognition of the patient's system.

After an experience gained by wrestling with this prince "of all evils to which flesh is heir" for more than an ordinary lifetime, carefully watching its every variation from incipiency to culmination, both in my own case and in hundreds of others, and having experimented with almost every conceivable antidote under the sun, I believe that I may safely state, not as a theory but as a law, that the sole origin of sea-sickness lies in a superabundance of bile disturbed by an unaccustomed motion, affecting first the vision, next the stomach, and then the brain, frequently all three at the same instant, and the only relief from its baleful effect is to be found in a large dose of calomel administered a day or two before proceeding to sea. Not being a physician, it is, perhaps, somewhat out of my province to dilate upon these matters, but years of observation and my personal experience appear to bear me out in asserting that in many individuals nature generates a greater amount of that secretion called "bile" than is necessary for the proper functions of the system, and it is this excess which is the sole cause of that terrible scourge assailing "those who go down to the sea in ships."

To professional gentlemen desirous of investigating this subject I have pointed to the only true path for them to pursue in order to arrive at a correct solution of and to successfully meet this mysterious plague, and to follow any other will only lead to error and a waste of time and talents.

After seven days of fog and unpleasant weather generally the "Preble" anchored off Halifax, Nova Scotia, and on completing the business bringing the ship to this port and exchanging civilities with the governor, Sir Colin Campbell, she repaired to Portland, Maine, the depot established for our mails. On the passage while crossing a bank sixty miles south of Cape Sable, the ship was "hove to" for half an

hour to give the men an opportunity to try their luck at fishing in seventy fathoms of water. In less than twenty minutes five huge cod-fish were hanging under the forecastle, varying in length from four and a half to six feet. The weight of the largest fish I do not remember, but it was a monster cod, and the five furnished a meal for all hands.

The "Preble," on account of her name and in being the first warship to enter Portland harbor since the war of 1812, was warmly received, and the people made extraordinary preparations to celebrate the Fourth of July, in honor of the ship as well as the day; but receiving orders to cruise on the coasts of Labrador and Nova Scotia, our captain, fearing he might possibly be accused of subordinating duty to pleasure by remaining over the Fourth, decided to leave a day earlier, and accordingly we sailed on July 3.

The glorious Fourth proved to be a lowering, drizzling, foggy day, with much upheaval in the water, rendering everyone cheerless, and contemplating the missed fun on shore did not increase our comfort. As for me, I was dreadfully sea-sick, and to add to my misery I was obliged to write up my journal for the captain's inspection. Naturally, I made several glaring errors, which that officer soon discovered and ordered my immediate appearance before him. Hardly able to drag one foot before the other, and feeling as if my boots were about to issue from my mouth, I managed to reach the cabin and grasp the table for support. The terrible captain was steadying himself by the other side, while the ship's violent rolling and pitching caused us to make involuntary bows to one another, and, after fiercely eying me for a few moments, he pointed to my outspread journal, and demanded what I meant by such "outrageous carelessness." Glancing at the offending book, to my dismay I discovered that I had written over the upper half of the left-hand page, and instead of continuing to the bottom had transferred my pen to the middle line of the opposite page and finished out the sheet, leaving the alternate half pages entirely blank. I was too ill to think, and with exceeding difficulty could keep upon my feet, therefore I said nothing in extenuation of my offense. After abusing me to his heart's content, the captain peremptorily ordered me to leave his cabin, and while meditating upon the best method of accomplishing that difficult feat, I was suddenly startled by, "What's this, sir?" Looking towards him I found his finger pointing to the heading of that unfortunate journal, which read, "Journal of a Cruise on Board the United States Ship 'Preble,' Samuel L. Breeze, Esq., Commanding;" and mustering up sufficient strength, I said, "What, sir?" "What, sir!" he shouted in repetition. "Do you see that, sir? I'll

suspend you, sir! What do you mean by spelling my name in that manner? Look at that, sir; look at that! My name is Breeze, sir, and not Breeze! Do you hear, sir! My name is Breeze, I tell you, and not Breeze, sir!" To which I meekly responded that I saw no difference between the two Breezes. "You don't, hey?" he fairly yelled, "then I'll teach you! Get out of my cabin, sir!" Considering my condition, I made uncommonly quick time in "getting out," and had scarcely crawled below when the orderly informed me that I was in "watch and watch," which simply meant four hours on duty and four off during the twenty-four, and to continue during the captain's pleasure. I thought eternity was very near. Rallying a little, I managed to consult with Mr. Stout, the captain's nephew, relative to the true orthography of his uncle's name, when he informed me it was spelled with an "*s*" instead of a "*z*." I have never forgotten how to spell the name of "Breese." I thought I had discovered that my commander was very stiff on cocktails and spelling, but somewhat weak on profanity.

A few minutes subsequent to my returning below, Stout's presence was requested in the cabin relative to a mistake or two in his journal, and, after a handsome dose of "Hail Columbia," he joined me in the steerage with the information that he also was in "watch and watch." "Misery loves company," and I can't say I was sorry to have a companion in disgrace. Human nature is prone to selfishness. As none of the other midshipmen were troubled, I presumed our captain had atoned to his own conscience at least for sacrificing the pleasures of a Fourth of July on shore to the stern requirements of duty afloat. After this I only remember a disagreeable trip lasting many days, encountering fogs, blows, and very little clear weather, until one morning the fog lifted in season to prevent our running on Green Island, somewhere on the coast of Labrador. Escaping this mishap, the same afternoon we anchored in a harbor near Isle Bois, and called by fishermen "Nancy-go-long;" its true name I do not remember. Here we found a French settlement, and the crews of several French barks and brigs catching and preserving fish, and also a fog so thick that a boat placed a hundred feet from the ship would only by accident be able to find her way back. After a week's tarry at this place, solely on account of our inability to leave, the wind early one morning veered to northwest and cleared away the mist; taking advantage of this circumstance we were enabled to reach "Red Bay" by 2 p. m., where our enemy once more closed around us.

The pilot frequently declared the necessity while on this coast of being at anchor by 2 P. M., otherwise the fog was sure to catch and

keep us out. Three days later, before a strong "nor'wester," we were gingerly picking our way through a field of huge icebergs, setting with the current against the wind until two o'clock, when, luffing around a high headland to enter the harbor of Cape Charles, a furious squall threw the ship on her beam ends, and she ran probably a mile on her side before sail could be gathered in. After righting she continued to fly under bare poles till nearing the harbor's head, where, not having room to round to, both anchors were let go, and after dragging them half a mile she brought up with her stern only a few feet from the rocks.

This was Cape Charles Harbor, where we found two small fishing-smacks and countless billions of hungry mosquitoes, who soon routed our sportsmen from the most prolific trout streams I have ever found in any country, and drove them back on board, some to seek the sick-list in consequence of being so terribly stung by these insects.

On leaving this harbor before a light breeze, and while passing through the channel by which we had entered, the ship brought up on an unknown rock about midway between the two shores, and being near high water, with a rapidly falling tide, our situation became exceedingly critical by the time the latter was well down. The ship threatened to turn keel up; however, by strenuous exertions she was safely afloat at the P. M. high tide soon after sundown, and by working all night we were enabled to proceed to sea during the early hours of morning, where, encountering a gale and numerous icebergs, our position was far from a comfortable one; but with a favoring fortune we passed safely through our troubles, and after touching at Sydney, Cape Breton Island, proceeded to Pictou, where two troubled fishing-smacks detained the vessel for a week or more in attending to their cases. While at this point an incident occurred causing a radical change in my impressions of the service, and gave me my first serious reflection upon its duties, workings, and responsibilities. One day Captain Breese, on leaving for shore, ordered the gig to be sent for him at 8 P. M., and to await his return, and also mentioned my name for this duty. At the hour named the boat was at the wharf, clamorous for grog and a run in town, both of which requests, under my orders, I was forced to deny them; and my time was fully occupied in keeping liquor out of the boat and the men in and all the while under a running fire of oaths, curses, and threats of bodily harm until 1 A. M., when the captain appeared, and on reporting the men for their conduct, they were told that "they ought to be ashamed of themselves, and to do so no more."

The next morning at an early hour the captain, as he entered the

gig in order to visit the Pictou Coal-Mines, gave instructions to send his boat to the usual landing at two o'clock to wait his return, and to send me in charge. The gig was at the designated place on time, and for perhaps half an hour the men were quiet. Finally mutterings were heard, and one of their number demanded grog, soon another wanted to "go up in town," then others wanted both. My instructions were explained in order to show them my inability to comply with their requirements and to keep them quiet, but this only served to fan the flame, and the bowman in attempting to "bolt" necessitated my springing upon the wharf to thrust him back to his place.

The coxwain, a powerfully built man, who had remained passive, now assumed the leadership of the malcontents, and rising up and grasping a boat-hook, peremptorily demanded "grog and a run in town," and swore he would "have both in spite of the d—d lubber placed over him;" and after cursing me a few moments, I being powerless to stop him, he insolently asked, "Will you let ushave grog or not?" In reply to my "No, sit down and keep quiet!" he shouted, "Then, by G—d, I'll have it!" when out shot the gig from the wharf like an arrow from a bow (the crew unperceived by me having prepared for this moment), and only by a prodigious leap did I succeed in landing upon the bow grating, when stepping over the men who were intent upon a successful escape, I was in the stern sheets before they were conscious of my having left the wharf. The coxswain, still holding the boat-hook, on discovering my presence became livid with rage, and, with murder glistening in his eyes, made a furious lunge at me, which I fortunately parried, and ere he could attack a second time my sword flew from its scabbard, and drawing my arm back to give full power to the meditated thrust, I cried, "Stop! advance one step or move your hands, and I'll send this blade to the hilt through your body! Down with your hands, and drop that hook! or yours life is not worth a copper!" Sullenly he sank to his place on the thwarts, while the other men, surprised at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, appeared incapable of deciding what to do, and on my ordering them to man the oars obeyed, all excepting the coxswain; but they absolutely refused to pull, and before a light breeze off shore the boat slowly drifted seaward, with their leader, whose abusive language I was unable to check without killing him, now threatened me with murder, and called upon the crew "to knock me in the head, and assist him in taking the boat from the d—d hound," and addressing me, "What can you do," he said, "against six strong men? You G—d d—d sprawn, I'll massacre you!" "Massacre to your heart's content," I returned; "but I'll make sure of you, and am certain of one

or two more, now go ahead." My eyes had never left him for a moment; he was within easy striking distance, and the sword ready for its work. He dared not stir, neither did the other men, they fully comprehending the result of any movement on their part. Thus I held them for an hour or more, when the bowman exclaimed, "I can see the captain coming." "Get out your oars," I ordered; the men obeyed, and some ten minutes later I had received a sound rating for not being at the wharf as the captain had directed, and on his being made acquainted with the circumstances of my being in the stream in violation of his orders, he directed the coxswain to be confined in irons for one night and his grog stopped for three days, and the other five men to suffer the loss of one day's ration of liquor! After an hour's grave meditation during that night's midwatch, I became quite convinced that our captain was very stiff on hazing, and remarkably so on cocktails and spelling, but very, *very* weak on profanity and mutiny. Queer thoughts were engendered, and well was it for both that coxswain and myself that no more boat scenes of a similar nature were enacted during that cruise.

The bearing of captains and first lieutenants in those good old days towards midshipmen always reminded me of the man who, on getting "gloriously tight," said "He would go home, and if his wife hadn't supper ready, he'd lick her; and if she had supper ready, he'd lick her —lick her he would, anyhow." So it was with these young officers,—they always had the wife's position,—do right or do wrong, they caught it anyway. One first lieutenant with whom I sailed would give me "a raking down" one day for not thinking, and something worse the next "for daring to think without orders." Midshipmen's lives did not always lie in pleasant places.

Commanding officers in the time of which I am writing were, as a rule, gallant gentlemen; but a captain on shore was one thing, and a captain on shipboard quite another; besides, "the cubs had to be licked into shape," and any "amiability" engendered by indigestion, bile, or "natural cussedness" had to be evaporated, and where so good a subject to aid in this object as those "d—d young scamps in the steerage"? On one occasion I was under a captain who, when off duty, was one of the most pleasant, agreeable gentlemen I ever knew; but on board ship—in all matters relating to midshipmen—had not his superior as a blatant, profane bully. It must not be supposed that our captain and first lieutenants were either martinets, tyrants, or monsters; on the contrary, they were both kind-hearted, accomplished gentlemen, excellent officers and ornaments to the service. They only followed the customs

of the times. They had been "licked into shape" themselves, and it was necessary for them to "lick others into shape."

Our captain, possessing a fatherly interest over our morals and especially our nautical education, placed us under the instruction of Jack Savage, the quartermaster, who was thoroughly competent to teach in the required branches, having graduated from the "Napoleon Dutch Normal School," and risen to the rank of first lieutenant in the French navy, where from some cause unknown he resigned his commission; and afterwards we find him engaged in various occupations, such as a sailing-master in the Columbian service under Commodore Daniels, a merchant captain, a slaver, a pirate in the West Indies, and finally a quartermaster in the United States navy. In six months Jack pronounced us capable of navigating a ship around the world.

On leaving Pictou we passed a fine, large English merchant ship, which had preceded us to sea by several hours, with the sails on the foremast furled, the main topsail loosened, the mizzen topsail mast-headed, jib trailing below the boom, spanker in the brails, and the ship having it all her own way. Everybody on board, from captain down, appeared to be drunk, and later we were not surprised to hear that she had gone on the rocks during the night, and became a total wreck.

The wind hauling to the eastward, the pilot became anxious to pass around the north end of Cape Breton Island, but the captain decided to try the Canso Passage against the former's remonstrances, who urged that no square-rigged ship ever built could beat through those straits, and the vessel would probably be weather-bound for two or three weeks." Nevertheless, the "Preble" "reached" into the western entrance at 4 P. M., and in three hours was at anchor half way through the straits; and at ten o'clock the next morning, after a four hours' "beat," our gallant little ship was on the Atlantic, rounding Cape Canso.

Touching at Portland for our mails, the captain not being a man to allow pleasure to interfere with duty, our course was next laid for St. John's, New Brunswick, where the ship anchored five days later, after battling with dense fogs throughout the passage. From this port, taking advantage of a northwest wind, we crossed the Bay of Fundy to Annapolis Basin, and anchored some three or four miles from the town of Digby, in forty fathoms of water.

Two days later Captain Breese, after communicating with the authorities, returned on board, and, the wind being strong from northeast, ordered the ship to be gotthen under way, and, aided by a powerful ebb tide, she fairly flew by the land, going over the bottom, with the

wind and current combined, about eighteen knots per hour. Annapolis Gut, as I remember it, lies nearly north and south, is about three miles long and from one to two wide, with high land on either side; and as we shot into the strait, the latter suddenly screening us from the wind, the ship drifted helplessly wherever the swirling waters chose to carry her, swinging round and round like a top, in trichoidal curves, rapidly drifting, first towards one shore and then towards the other. Once we dropped anchor to prevent caroming on a point of rocks; and continuing our circling for perhaps half an hour, the bay was reached, when the wind once more filling our sails enabled us to reach Eastport the same evening.

Sailing from this place one pleasant afternoon our old enemy the fog soon found us out, and enshrouded us in its impenetrable gloom. During the evening, as the ship was making four knots headway against a six-knot current, a large two-topsail schooner suddenly loomed through the mist, bearing down upon us before both wind and tide. Fortunately both vessels spied each other at the same instant, and by "porting" their helms avoided a collision of hulls, but she swung the yards on all three of our masts, and in a moment afterwards was out of sight and hearing. All we could distinguish in answer to our hail was, "from Lubeck."

After visiting Grand Menan and Halifax the ship returned to Portland, where orders were received for us to proceed to Boston, Massachusetts. The run from Portland to Boston was, on November 4, made in eleven hours, before a strong wind and a heavy sea; and on arriving off the Boston light some uncertainty was experienced regarding our ability to procure a pilot, the water being too rough for a skiff to live; but our minds were soon set at rest by a pilot-boat luffing close under our lee, when a rope with a running bow-line was thrown to a pilot, who quickly adjusting it around his body, sprang overboard, when a hearty pull landed him on deck, somewhat inconvenienced by a thorough drenching, with the thermometer a trifle above the freezing point. However, filling away, the "Preble" was, at 6 P. M., anchored before the capital city of Massachusetts, having completed seven months of her first cruise, and her "young gentlemen, who had been getting finely into shape, knew one end of the ship from the other and their heads from shot-guns," and were no longer green. They had become familiar with the ship and her movements; the ropes were no longer a confusing problem, "sea-legs" and a "feel of the ship" had been gained, seamanship had commenced slowly to unfold its mysteries,—those peculiar mysteries,—a knowledge of which can never be acquired from books nor from oral instruction, and to become proficient

one must possess an intuitive faculty for comprehension, an innate power for the correct, instantaneous, unerring application of mechanical forces, and for understanding their effect without reflection. Seamanship is a curious talent. An individual, uneducated and incompetent to write his name, or to add two and four together, may be a skillful seaman, while a learned mathematician of the highest order will be incapable of grasping its simplest principles. With years of practice a dunce may be able to handle a vessel, after a fashion, but unless the talent is inborn, no one, however brilliant he may be in other respects, can ever realize that exalting sense of commanding ability experienced by a seaman while holding perfect control over that huge fabric called a ship, and compelling her obedience to his every wish.

No! the young gentlemen were no longer green.

Orders now came to prepare for a cruise of three months off the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, to relieve distressed vessels approaching our shores during the winter season, leaving it optional with the officer to remain by the vessel or to be detached. The steerage and warrant officers chose the former, while the captain and those in the ward-room accepted the latter; and on the reporting of their reliefs, the ship was rapidly equipped and hauled out to a buoy preparatory to sailing in two days, when a dispatch came, remanding us to the yard to "fit ship" for the Mediterranean, greatly to the chagrin of those officers just detached, while the "young gentlemen" were correspondingly jubilant at having remained by the vessel.

Accordingly back to the dock the ship went, and as a preliminary measure, the old crew was gotten rid of, and a superior set of men substituted. The weather becoming very inclement, with a low thermometer and frequent heavy snow-storms, producing much sleet and ice, greatly militated against an early departure; but all hands working with a will, the vessel was ready earlier than we anticipated. Commander Ralph Voorhees, U. S. N., the successor of Commander Breese, was in every respect an admirable type of an American naval officer, possessing a fine personal appearance, was a thorough gentleman, "with a heart in him as large as a meeting-house," as the young gentlemen expressed it, quick to anger and as quickly over, a superior seaman, thoroughly understanding a ship, but troubled with an unfortunate impediment in his speech, which in moments of ordinary excitement became very apparent and exceedingly distressing; but let the ship be in danger, he would grasp the trumpet, and seldom have I heard a finer voice for command, or one that could enunciate better, or peal forth in clearer intonations. He was never troubled in an emergency.

Early in the new year the final sailing preparations drew to a close,

and the following-named gentlemen now filled the ship's roster as her complement of officers: Commander, Ralph Voorhees; Lieutenants, Albert E. Downes, E. Lloyd Handy, William C. Chaplin; Acting Master, J. Madison Frailey; Surgeon, J. Frederick Sickles; Purser, George F. Sawyer; Assistant Surgeon, John O'C. Barclay; Passed Midshipmen, William Ronkerdorff, S. D. Trenchard; Midshipmen, Daniel Ammen, Tennent McLanahan, Thomas S. Phelps, John Madigan, Edw. C. Stout; Boatswain, Charles Johnston; Gunner, James M. Cooper; Carpenter, W. D. Jenkins; Sailmaker, John Burdine; Mate, J. C. Davis; Captain's Clerk, Charles R. Ingersoll; Passengers, Lieutenant William Radford, Midshipmen N. C. Bryant, B. L. T. Van Hook.

The "Preble" being ready for sea, with the Hon. Edward Kavanaugh, appointed chargé d' affaires to Portugal, and three officers for the squadron on board, early on the 10th of January, 1841, at the termination of a three days' easterly gale, sail were made, and the ship stood down Boston Bay before a heavy "nor'wester;" and after clearing Cape Cod encountered strong winter gales which accompanied her nearly all the way across the Atlantic. Passing to the northward of the Western Islands, where an unsuccessful search was made for a reported rock, on the twenty-second day out the Cintra Mountains were descried, and a few hours later found us closing in with the coast of Portugal; but at nightfall were forced to haul off shore again, the breakers at the mouth of the Tagus being too heavy for the ship to enter the river. Two days previous to making land the first day of February appeared, when agreeable to orders our journals were sent in for the commanding officer's inspection. A few moments later an orderly summoned me to "the presence." What is the matter with that miserable journal now? I thought, and wondered if I had been tampering with my commander's name again, and was there any more "watch and watch" in store. Entering the cabin, sure enough there stood the captain with my open journal in his hand, and pointing to a page, accosted me with, "What's this, sir? Of what use is this checker-board?" Our journals were supposed to be exact copies of the ship's log, and the "checker-board" referred to was the "log-board" containing the hours, courses steered, rates of speed, direction and force of wind, character of weather, etc. On my replying that our late captain required us to faithfully copy the log-book, he returned, "Of what use will a checker-board be to you? I want you gentlemen to keep your eyes open, and every strange thing you witness at sea put it down in your log-book! When in port go round and see all you can, and describe it in your own language; ascertain when the place was foun-

ded, and by whom, and as far as possible its entire history. Describe its harbor, the approaches, the depth of water, position of shoals and rocks, anchorage capacity, the position and strength of fortifications, the number of guns capable of bearing on any one point, the facilities for procuring stores of every description, outfits and provisions, and enter them all in your journal, and you will treasure up useful knowledge, which in after-years may be of incalcuable benefit to you, especially in case of war. That's what I want, and no more checker-boards or parrot-copying of the log-book. Good-morning, sir!" My admiration for that captain was something quite different from anything I had hitherto experienced. He rigidly kept us "toeing the mark," but constantly exhibited a desire for our well being, improvement, and comfort.

After standing on and off the coast for ten days, the wind and sea moderated, and on the thirty-second morning out from Boston a pilot was procured, who came alongside without the usual salutation of these gentlemen when approaching an American ship, of "Lopa for de boat, lopa for de boat, porke de bean, porke de bean an a glass o' lum for de pi—lot," and under this gentleman's judicious care the "Preble" entered the Tagus, and after exchanging salutes with Belem Castle cast anchor in front of Lisbon. We arrived in the midst of the carnival season, and in time to witness the last three days of that delectable festival, which, conducted as it is in this good city, proves anything but agreeable to either citizens or strangers.

The ship had been turned over to Captain Voorhees as a very crank one, and to meet this defect in preparing for a winter passage across the Atlantic both sheet-anchors were secured to the deck amidships beneath the booms, the battery housed, and all unnecessary weights sent down from aloft; and on our arrival at Lisbon the captain at once ordered everything back to its place, remarking that "instead of being crank she was one of the stiffest ships he had ever seen, and he was perfectly satisfied with her."

Our chargé, the Hon. Mr. Kavanaugh, having been duly installed, and our captain and several of his officers presented to the queen, besides enjoying the hospitalities of Count Forabo, while the "young gentlemen" were seeing all they could of the town in order to procure material for their journals (?), the anchor was "cat-headed," and three days later saw the ship moored in Gibraltar Bay. Here we found the "Thunderer" and "Formidable," two English 80's, and two or three frigates.

The *entente cordiale* between England and the United States not being entirely satisfactory, Captain Voorhees was anxious to join the

commander-in-chief at Mahon; consequently our tarry here was of short duration,—not sufficiently long for the midshipmen to acquire much useful information,—and one beautiful morning the sails were spread and the ship speeding over the placid waters of the Mediterranean, but not placid long, for twelve hours after passing Cabo de Gata gave us a rough touch of the so-called Gulf of Lyons; nevertheless, on the seventh morning Mount Toro was sighted, and before sundown the ship rode snugly at anchor in the harbor of Port Mahon, where were the "Ohio," an 84, flag-ship of Commodore Isaac Hull (considered the finest line-of-battle ship in the world), and the "Brandywine," a 50-gun frigate, Captain William C. Bolton,—the three ships comprising the American squadron in these waters.

After repairing trifling damages sustained during our stormy passage out and reprovisioned the ship, Commodore Hull dispatched the "Preble" to Toulon, where she arrived in season to witness the departure of the Duke d'Aumale to command the French forces in Algiers, and also to participate in the honors consequent upon his embarkation.

Pulling in his barge through the fleet, consisting of two "three-deckers," twenty-five ships-of-the-line, and twenty or thirty frigates and corvettes, all with manned yards and decorated with flags, while their broadsides thundered their salvos to the prince, *en route* to a steam-frigate awaiting his reception in the offing, was a scene of grandeur seldom witnessed; and to lend additional enchantment to the occasion, the morning was remarkably fine, with just enough air stirring to waft the smoke lazily to leeward, while through its thick folds bright flashes, like gems, dazzled the eyes, and above fluttered brilliant flags, arching the yards manned by thousands of sailors. Few people would be apt to forget a magnificent pageant like this, much less a youngster viewing it for the first time.

Three or four days subsequent to our arrival news was received from Paris that owing to an unfortunate termination of the "McLeod" affair war had been declared between England and the United States, and it was currently reported and believed that an officer bearing dispatches to that effect had passed through Toulon on his way to Malta, where the English admiral happened to be, with most of his fleet. After consulting the American consul, the principal Americans in town, and the prominent French officials, all of whom agreed that war undoubtedly existed, Captain Voorhees hurriedly left for Mahon, and in twenty-four hours the commander-in-chief was in possession of all the information our captain was able to glean.

Orders were immediately issued for the squadron to prepare with

all dispatch for sea upon a war footing, and, by working day and night, in forty-eight hours the three ships were outside, fully equipped, and their commanding officers under instructions to disguise their vessels, endeavor to pass the Straits and rendezvous off Lisbon, and, failing to meet the flag-ship by a certain date, to make their way to the United States.

During the night the squadron lay becalmed off Cape Malta, and at eight o'clock the next morning the "Preble" was riding about a mile ahead of the "Ohio" and two from the "Brandywine," the latter being nearly a mile astern of the flag-ship, when a smart royal breeze sprung up from the northwest, and, under all drawing sail, the ships, with their courses laid for the Straits of Gibraltar, commenced an exciting race. The "Preble" soon distanced her consorts, and at 4 P. M. they were both under the horizon astern, indistinguishable from the top-gallant masthead. The same night the wind hauled in a stiff gale ahead, and during the two succeeding days our little ship, buffeted against some very uncomfortable billows, worked her way well over to the Spanish coast, near Cape Palos, where the morning of the third day found her, with a moderate breeze, a smooth sea, and with all sail on, beating along the land. At 3 P. M., the entire horizon being clear of vessels, we beat to quarters to exercise the people in handling powder and shot, and accustom them to firing loaded guns, and, while maneuvering as in battle, several broadsides were discharged.

At four o'clock, after securing the battery and sounding the retreat, all hands were greatly astonished to discover two heavy ships, carrying clouds of canvas, standing out from under the land and heading for us. Having a steady breeze and great confidence in the ship, Captain Voorhees, before running away, proposed to know more about the hostile appearing strangers, and jogging slowly under easy sail toward the supposed enemies, in an hour or more their displayed hulls revealed the fact of their being our friends, the "Ohio" and "Brandywine," the former carrying a French ensign with an American broad pennant, the latter an English red flag, and our own vessel, for want of a better, showing the cross of St. George, or the British white.

Our consorts had heard our heavy guns, and presuming us to be in trouble crowded sail to our assistance, but the display made of foreign bunting rendered their identity somewhat confusing until their hulls were fully exposed above the water, when their American build could not be mistaken for that of foreign construction.

The weather now becoming fine, the squadron, in company, worked

along the coast to the westward until the next evening, when they found themselves becalmed under the lee of Cape de Salt, with ten or more vessels of various nationalities in sight.

The following day proving a calm one, we could only remain impatiently quiet. During the afternoon Lieutenant Richard Forrest and Midshipman Leonard Paulding were transferred from the flagship to our vessel.

At sunset, a westerly breeze springing up, the commodore made signal for the "Preble" to come within hail, when he directed Captain Voorhees to make his way to Malaga, communicate with our consul, ascertain all possible information regarding existing hostilities, and await his arrival off that port. Filling away, we quickly shot out clear of the cape, where, encountering a "whole topsail breeze," our companions were soon lost sight of as our ship worked rapidly along the Spanish shore. At midnight, upon discovering a bright red light apparantly coming from Gibraltar and directly towards us, the ship was cleared for action and the men stood to their guns, trained for the enemy should she prove to be one. In a few minutes the outlines of a large steamer loomed through the darkness, and followed by our gun muzzles steadily trained upon her as she passed to leeward, she was soon lost sight of in the distance, when the battery was secured, the retreat beaten, and all became quiet save the throbbing hearts of the "young gentlemen," which long continued to beat with deep chagrin in contemplating their lost opportunity for gaining a step on the ladder of their profession.

On the forenoon of the second day subsequent to parting from the squadron, and after a hard beat against wind and current, the "Preble" lay snugly moored behind the mole at Malaga, when the consul informed us of the "McLeod" case having been amicably settled, and the "war clouds swept away by the sun of peace."

On the third morning after our anchoring at Malaga, the "Ohio" appeared in the offing, where the "Preble" immediately joined her, and the commodore, on learning the pacific state of affairs, made signal to follow his movements, and both ships squared away "for up the Mediterranean." From the "Ohio's" officers we received intelligence that at early dawn the same morning they discovered a line-of-battle ship from the westward bearing down upon them, and presuming her to be either the "Formidable" or the "Thunderer," the ship was immediately cleared for action and every preparation made to give her battle; but as the responses to the "Ohio's" hail were made in French, the two ships amicably separated. Fortunate it was for the Frenchman that no accident capable of a hostile construction occurred

while passing the American's broadside, for forty-six heavy guns were kept trained upon her as she glided slowly by, and Commodore Hull, firmly believing in the existence of hostilities and remembering the experiences of 1812, was quite anxious to renew them, and our French friends would have had an opportunity of testing the qualities of a "Yankee show-box," as they at this time styled the American ships in derision, or perhaps on account of jealousy, for the "Ohio's" symmetrical model, ornamentation, neat rig and appearance forced the naval men of all nations to concede the fact of her being the most efficient ship-of-the-line afloat. A terrible "show-box" she would have proved for any one-hundred-gun ship in the world.

Turning to the third ship of our squadron, it appeared from the statements afterwards rendered by her officers, that during the preceding night the "Brandywine" had accidently become separated from the flag-ship, and not finding her in the morning, she had made her way to the Atlantic, and while passing through the straits Captain Bolton ordered the large American ensign to be hoisted at the peak, disdaining to fly any other in the presence of an enemy, and defiantly carried it in full view of the heavy English naval force at anchor in Gibraltar Bay. After remaining at the rendezvous off the coast of Portugal a reasonable time, and not meeting with the "Ohio," Captain Bolton laid his course to intercept, if possible, a powerful "crack frigate" which a friendly letter had informed him was fitting out in England, with a picked set of officers and men, for the coast of the United States, expressly for the purpose of trying their hands with any of our frigates they might happen to fall in with.

Captain Bolton was an Englishman by birth, and I believed belonged to a baronial family of that name, but for some unknown cause was never favorably disposed towards the British nation. Had war existed and an engagement taken place between these two vessels, a battle worthy of recording would undoubtedly have resulted.

The "Brandywine" at this period mounted fifty heavy guns, manned by five hundred powerful, reckless men, fully up to the uses of, and perfectly capable of handling, this splendid battery; and, led by their proud, determined commander, and brave, reliable officers, under the ordinary chances of a battle there could have been little doubt as to its termination. A short half-hour's hostile company with that American frigate would have proved a sorry time for any ship of an equal class and rate floating upon the ocean, irrespective of her nationality. This magnificent frigate had always been desig-

nated as the "Roaring Brandywine," and at no period of her history did she better deserve that appellation expressive of her powers.

After cruising some two or three weeks over the sailing tracks between Europe and America without meeting an enemy, the "Brandywine" returned to the United States, where her commander was subjected to a court-martial, charged, as I was informed, with returning home in violation of orders, and, it was said, for "Cowardice!" However, this, one of the bravest men the navy ever possessed, was honorably acquitted.

During the autumn the "Brandywine" returned to her station under Captain David Geisinger, the last survivor of the "Wasp," lost off the European coast during the war of 1812.

While running to the eastward with favoring breezes we had an opportunity of trying our sailing qualities with the "Ohio," she having a high reputation for speed, and soon realized that "dead before the wind" we could hardly keep our station, and at night, with half the men in their hammocks, she was too much for us; but let the wind haul sufficiently to require bracing the yards from half a point to "sharp up," that moment, to remain in our station, it became necessary to either shiver the mizzen topsail, brace it aback, or else to shorten sail, according to the strength of the wind and condition of the sea. On passing Cape Palos the "Ohio" bore away from the coast of France, while we hauled our wind for Mahon, and after filling the ship with stores and provisions joined the flag-ship at Toulon, where in the past several unfortunate accidents had happened, causing great annoyance to our people and considerable bitterness on the part of the French citizens.

As a prelude to the above-mentioned accidents, and strongly militating against an amicable acceptance of the real facts by the French populace, may be mentioned a tragic affair happening in Mahon, some time about 1830 or 1831, wherein a French lieutenant, son of the then port admiral at Toulon, lost his life in a "sailor's row." As related to me by a participant, an American frigate, the "Java," I believe, was overhauling at the navy yard, when a French frigate and corvette appeared in the lower harbor, near Georgetown, and a dozen or more of their liberty men on visiting the shore met with about an equal number of American sailors, and according to custom a fight necessarily took place, resulting in a sound thrashing to the former, and also in their being driven on board their vessels; when one hundred and ten men, headed by a lieutenant and a midshipman, were landed from the French ships, and marching to Mahon they soon found

ded to take summary vengeance on the victorious Ameri-
. News regarding the change in affairs on shore and of our men's
comfiture quickly reached the "Java," when nearly every man
capable of swimming sprang into the water, made for the opposite
shore, and a few minutes later one hundred and ten badly beaten
Frenchmen were flying towards Georgetown, followed by some four
hundred angry American sailors. During the melee the lieutenant,
while stoutly urging his men on, was unfortunately killed, as was sup-
posed, by a slug-shot,

(*To be continued.*)

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

An analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the more important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

This subject, so far as our own Army is concerned, is treated at some length at this time of year, because of the appearance of the annual reports of the heads of the various bureaus.

The following articles on *our* Army may be referred to as of special importance:

1. Report of the Secretary of War.—*Army and Navy Register,* December 6.
2. Report of the Adjutant General.—*Army and Navy Journal,* November 8.
3. General Staff for the Army.—*Same.*
4. Report of the Secretary of the Navy.—*Army and Navy Register,* November 29.

The most noteworthy point in the Report of the Secretary of War is the advocacy of the *General Staff* for the Army, and his remarks on the subject. The organization of this most necessary branch of the Army would be a fitting climax to the work already accomplished by the Secretary.

The entire report is of great interest in all its details, but we must content ourselves with an extract on the arguments in favor of a General Staff, since that is the subject of greatest moment to the present and the future of the Army:

GENERAL STAFF.

The most important thing to be done now for the Regular Army is the creation of a general staff. I beg to call attention to the remarks made upon this subject under the head of "Improvement of Army Organization" in the report for 1899 and under the head of "General Staff" in the report for 1901. Since the report for 1899 was made many of the important measures then recommended for the greater efficiency of the Army have been accomplished or are in course of accomplishment under authority conferred by legislation.

Our military system is, however, still exceedingly defective at the top. We have a personnel unsurpassed anywhere, and a population ready to respond to calls for the increase of the personnel in case of need, up to the full limit at which it is possible to transport and subsist an army. We have wealth and a present willingness to expend it reasonably for the procurement of supplies and material of war as plentiful and as good as can be found in any country. We have the different branches of the military service well organized, each within itself, for the performance of its duties. Our administrative staff and supply departments, as a rule, have at their heads good and competent men, faithful to their duties, each attending assiduously to the business of his department.

But when we come to the co-ordination and direction of all these means and agencies of warfare, so that all parts of the machine shall work together, we are weak. Our system makes no adequate provision for the directing brain which every army must have, to work successfully. Common experience has shown that this can not be furnished by any single man without assistants, and that it requires a body of officers working together under the direction of a chief and entirely separate from and independent of the administrative staff of an army (such as the adjutants, quartermasters, commissaries, etc., each of whom is engrossed in the duties of his own special department). This body of officers, in distinction from the administrative staff, has come to be called a general staff.

It was the lack of such a body of men doing that kind of work which led to the confusion attending the Santiago expedition in the summer of 1898. The confusion at Tampa and elsewhere was the necessary result of having a large number of men, each of them doing his own special work the best he could, but without any adequate force of officers engaged in seeing that they pulled together according to detailed plans made beforehand. Such a body of men doing general staff duty is just as necessary to prepare an army properly for war in time of peace as it is in time of war. It is not an executive body; it is not an administrative body; it acts only through the authority of others. It makes intelligent command possible by procuring and arranging information and working out plans in detail, and it makes intelligent and effective execution of commands possible by keeping all the separate agents advised of the part they are to play in the general scheme.

The Report of the Adjutant General, besides the usual valuable statistics, contains some interesting and important remarks on the Military Academy, a portion of which is here quoted:

General Corbin says: "The necessity for preparing the graduates for all branches of the service is even greater now than ever before, owing to the method of filling appointments to the staff corps by detail from the line. In connection with the relative employment of the entire time of a cadet while at the Academy, it is pertinent to remark that the length of the academic year at West Point, together with the small number of holidays, makes the course of four years almost as long in actual working time as five years of the ordinary college course of thirty weeks. The academic year at the sister Academy at Annapolis is also several weeks shorter than ours."

The Adjutant General also recommends a *General Staff*, and joins the Secretary in recommending a continuance of *maneuvers* like the joint army and navy maneuvers of last summer. He also makes a strong plea for the restoration of the Post Exchange, as it was before the sale of beer was prohibited; and it is hoped that Congress will take some action in this matter very soon.

The third article above referred to is an article on General Carter's contribution to the *North American Review* on the need of a General Staff, and on General Ludlow's recommendations as to necessary army legislation.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy is brief, but clear and to the point; and the following extract contains what is of greatest moment to the country and of most general interest to all.

THE FUTURE OF THE NAVY.

Among the most important lessons learned in the war with Spain was that a modern navy can not be improvised during a war or upon the threshold of a war. Much money was then expended in the purchase of ships. Many of them served useful auxiliary purposes, but it may well be doubted whether they added materially to the fighting efficiency of our fleet. The time best suited to the development and perfection of our Navy is the time when there is neither war nor threat of war. Happily the present is such a time, and it permits a dispassionate consideration of the future.

The country approves, with hardly a dissenting voice, the policy of strengthening our power upon the sea. What would have been an adequate navy some years ago is totally inadequate for the performance of the duties growing out of our new possessions in the Pacific and Atlantic and the determination of Congress to construct a canal across the Isthmus.

If, then, the policy of strengthening our power upon the sea to the point where it can respond to the national needs be not abandoned, the Navy has manifold needs. There must be additional naval and coaling stations; more ships, fighting and auxiliary; and an increase of officers and men. In all of these respects, Congress in the past has dealt with the Navy wisely and generously, and I doubt not that in the future it will as accurately register the will of the people.

The most imperative need of the Navy to-day is of additional officers. I can not overstate this need. It invites the instant attention of Congress. The administration of the department is embarrassed almost daily by the lack of officers below command rank. This condition has been approaching for some years, and was clearly apprehended and stated by my predecessor in office. It is acute to-day, and, when the ships already authorized are completed, it will be desperate unless there is early action.

Present deficiency	577
Needed for new ships	623
Needed to fill vacancies	160
Total deficiency	1,360

I am informed that under existing conditions 355 graduates of the Naval Academy may be expected during these four years. There is no other source of supply except a number, not exceeding six per annum, which may be obtained by the promotion of enlisted men. Unless, therefore, the above computation can be shown to be erroneous, we shall have in the near future something more than a thousand officers less than the proper complement.

The officers we need can be obtained from three sources only—by appointment from civil life, by promotion from the ranks, or by education and training at the Naval Academy. The first source has been so uniformly rejected by the opinions of all, that I will not discuss it. Congress has indicated its opinion by abandoning this method in the Marine Corps, and would not, it is assumed, adopt it for the line of the Navy. The law already allows promotion from the ranks of not exceeding six enlisted men per annum.

But the main source of our supply of officers must be from the Naval Academy. The duties of the modern naval office are so varied and complex that they demand a rigorous and protracted education and training. This training and education can best be obtained at the national school at Annapolis. That school produces officers the equal of any in the world. When the best are obtainable, we need not content ourselves with anything less than the best. The nation has devoted many millions of dollars to the upbuilding of this school, instituted and maintained for the single purpose of producing naval officers of the highest type.

With the utmost wisdom, Congress has prescribed that the students shall be selected in uniform proportions from all sections of our country, and, in practice, all classes of our people are represented there. Naval officers do not constitute a caste; our system of selection brings to our service each generation the new blood of our democracy. It admits none by favor; it excludes all except those of the highest mental and physical vigor. Thus selected, thus educated, inspired by our naval traditions, we may be assured that these young men will reach and maintain the highest standard of efficiency.

I therefore earnestly recommend that without a year's delay the number of midshipmen at the academy be increased sufficiently to meet present and prospective needs of the service.

The other articles on organization and administration in general are:

1. The Von Löbell annual reports on the changes and progress in military matters in 1901.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* October.

2. Complexity in Army Accounts.—*Same.*

3. The most practicable organization for the Medical Department of the United States Army in Active Service.—*Journal of the Military Surgeons,* November.

4. The Nurse Corps of the Army.—*Same.*

5. Lessons Drawn from Practical Professional Experience with Trained Women Nurses in Military Service.—*Same.*

The first of these is a résumé of the contents of the excellent German annual on changes in the armies of the world. The second relates to the complexity in army accounts in the British Army, and shows us that they have troubles similar to our own. The third is a continuation of the excellent and well-digested article of Captain Frederick P. Reynolds, Medical Dept., U. S. Army, which we discussed in a previous number. The present Part II. is beautifully illustrated, and constitutes a valuable contribution on the subject.

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

The following articles relate to this subject:

1. The Royal Military Academy.—*Military Mail,* December 5.
2. The *Ecole Normale de gymnastique et d'escrime.—Revue du Cercle Militaire,* December 6.
3. Preparation for the French Staff College.—*Same.*
4. Suggested Improvements in Military Riding and Breaking.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* October.
5. The Naval War Game.—*Scientific American Supplement,* December 20.
6. The German Maneuvers of 1902.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* October 25.
7. The Swiss Maneuvers of 1902.—*Same,* November 22.
8. The French Maneuvers of 1902.—*Same,* December 6, 13; *Journal Royal United Service Institution,* December.

The first of these is an illustrated popular article on the great British Military Academy at Woolwich, founded in 1741. The second is an outline of the new course for the school in gymnastics and fencing, the object of which is to have a uniform system for all officers as instructors, and to form masters in the art of fencing. The third article is merely an exercise in languages, such as is required in preparing for the Staff College. The fourth is a most interesting discussion on the subject of horse breaking and riding.

The fifth article is a unique one. It is a report of a mimic war (played with Jane's naval war game apparatus) between the United States and Germany, now being played at Portsmouth, England, and is worth careful study.

The last three articles relate to foreign army and navy maneuvers, the most important of them being the last, on the French Naval Maneuvers.

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

On this subject we have the followng articles, to which no further remarks will be necessary here:

1. General Chaffee's Annual Report.—*Army and Navy Journal*, November 15.

2. The Duke of Wellington and the Punjaub Campaign.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution*, November.

3. Auerstaedt.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire*, October 25.

4. Tactical Problems.—*Same*, October 25 to December 13, inclusive.

Changes in tactics are also discussed in Von Löbell's Annual Reports, a résumé of which is given in the article already referred to in the *Journal Royal United Service Institution*, November.

WARSHIPS.

The world's new warships are discussed and illustrated in the following articles:

1. *Prinz Heinrich.—Journal Royal United Service Institution*, October.

2. *Kaiser Barbarossa.—Same*, November.

3. Two New Warships for Chili.—*Scientific American*, November 22.

4. New Vessels for the French Navy.—*Same, Supplement*, December 20.

5. The New Monitor *Wyoming.—Scientific American*, December 6.

6. Official Trials of Submarine Boats.—*Same*, November 29.

7. Submarine Boat *Protector.—Same*, November 29.

MILITARY GEOGRAPHY.

The only noteworthy paper on this general subject is a very readable one on:

The Present and Future of Arabia.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution*, November.

The proximity of this country to the Suez Canal, and its strategic position with reference to India, are the main military features discussed in this essay.

MILITARY HYGIENE.

Two important articles under this head must be noticed:

1. Remarks on the effect of the Luger and Colt's Automatic Pistols.—*Journal of the Military Surgeons,* November.

2. Points of Special Interest in the Report of the Surgeon General of the Army.—*Same.*

The first, by Major Lagarde, is illustrated by nine skiagraphs. The author concludes, that when striking vital parts or the long bones, these weapons have sufficient stopping power, but doubts their efficiency when the ball happens to penetrate joint ends of bones, the lungs or the soft parts of the body.

ARTILLERY MATERIAL AND FORTITICATIONS.

The two annual reports relating to the subject are:

1. Report of the Chief of Ordnance.—*Army and Navy Journal,* November 15; *Army and Navy Register,* same.

2. Report of the Chief of Engineers.—*Army and Navy Journal,* November 8.

The points of greatest importance referred to in the former are the new infantry rifle, the model 1901 disappearing sea-coast carriages, and the application of electricity in travering and elevating or depressing these pieces, and the supply of sub-caliber tubes for the field and siege guns in service. The lesson of the joint army and navy maneuvers are also presented.

The second article has much matter of interest to all. We quote but a small portion:

Projects for the defenses for Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, Manila, and Subig Bay have been approved, and actual construction should begin thereon at an early day. It is believed that the time has come when it will be no longer possible to ignore the question of insular defenses. The Navy Department is properly insistent that all its important coaling stations should receive proper defensive protection to keep off predatory attacks from possible hostile fleets. Appropriations are asked by the Navy Department for the ports of Manila, Pearl Harbor, and Honolulu, and for the lake ports and the St. Lawrence River; the degree of defense they require should be determined by a tribunal similar to the Endicott Board. With the development of the rapid-firing gun and the increase in the resisting powers of armor a material change has taken place in ship construction, necessitating corresponding changes in the detail of coast defenses.

The seacoast defenses of the United States are now somewhat more than 50 per cent. completed; twenty-five of the principal harbors of the United

States have a sufficient number of heavy guns and mortars mounted to permit an effective defense against naval attack, and during the past two years, considerable progress has been made in the installation of an adequate rapid-fire armament, now the matter of first importance.

Since the act of May 25, 1900, the wording of the Fortification Acts has not permitted the construction of any mortar batteries. The mortar possesses the advantage that it can be directed to hit any point within its limits of range. Intervening high or wooded land does not affect its searching fire if outlying range-finding stations are so provided as to permit the water areas to be seen. If an advanced gun battery is captured it can be instantly made untenable by mortar fire from any point within range. At most of the harbors all the mortars that are needed have been emplaced, but at a few localities additional mortar batteries are still essential.

During the year, satisfactory progress has been made in systematizing the whole matter of fire control. The utmost harmony has existed between the Chief of Engineers, the Chief of Ordnance, the Chief Signal Officer, and the Chief of Artillery, all of whose departments are involved in the work. Where the stations are located on naturally high ground there has been no delay in the completion of the engineer work, but where high steel towers are called for, the condition of the steel market has been such as to prevent rapid work. In most cases, the towers have to be erected at inaccessible localities, and the total cost of each is so small that smaller firms cannot secure the rolled steel shapes from the mills without long delays. At the present time, nine fire commanders' and forty-five battery commanders' stations have been completed and turned over to the troops for use and care; twelve fire commanders' and thirty battery commanders' stations are under construction.

A very extensive experimental system of position-finding, using long horizontal bases, is now being installed at Pensacola by this department and the Signal Corps, in accordance with the plans of Major G. N. Whistler. As a result of these tests, it may prove unnecessary to construct such a large number of high steel towers as was originally provided.

A number of sites still remain to be acquired and an estimate of $2,000,000 is submitted to continue the work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following articles are gathered together here:

1. New Infantry Range Finder.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* November.
2. De Bradsky Airship.—*Scientific American,* November 15.
3. The Langley Aerodrome.—*Scientific American Supplement,* November 29, December 6.
4. The Santos-Dumont No. 9.—*Scientific American,* December 20.
5. Popp-Branly Aerial Telegraphy.—*Same,* November 22.
6. Automobile Ambulance.—*Same.*

The first article is an account of the inventor's (Prof. Forbes)

experiences in South Africa with his new infantry range-finder, with a full description of the instrument, illustrated by diagrams.

The next three articles relate to balloons or air-ships, the last being a description of Santos-Dumont's latest form.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.—*Monthly, 22 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London, S. W. Per year 24s.*

Army and Navy Gazette.—*Weekly, 3 York Street, Covent Garden, London. Per year £1 12s. 6d.*

Military Mail.—*Weekly, 2 Amen Corner, E. C., London, England. Per year 8s. 8d.*

Notes on Naval Progress.—*Occasional, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.*

Journal of the Military Service Institution.—*Bi-monthly, Governor's Island, New York City. Per year* $4.00.

Journal of the U. S. Cavalry Association.—*Quarterly, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Per year* $2.00.

Army and Navy Journal.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $6.00.

Army and Navy Magazine.—*Monthly, Washington, D. C. Per year* $3.00.

Army and Navy Register.—*Weekly, Washington, D. C. Per year* $3.00.

American Shipbuilder.—*Weekly, 7 Coenties Slip, Water Street, New York City. Per year* $2.00.

Journal of the Association of Military Surgeons.—*Monthly, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Per year* $5.00.

Revue du Cercle Militaire.—*Weekly, 37 Rue de Bellechasse, Paris. Per year 27 fr.*

Scientific American.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $3.00.

The Literary Digest.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $3.00.

The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News.—*Fortnightly, Calcutta, India. Price per year 15s.*

Our Naval Apprentice.—*Monthly, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I. Price per year* $1.50.

JOHN P. WISSER,
Major U. S. Army.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

A RIDE THROUGH THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

On a bright, balmy morning in the spring of 1872 the regular "thorough-brace" went swinging out of a border town in Texas, bound for Muscogee, the then terminus of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad. The four high-spirited horses tugged at their bits, but the masterly way in which the driver handled "the ribbons" gave evidence that he was thoroughly acquainted with his business; nor was he unmindful of the admiring glances bestowed upon him by the village maidens and the small boys who always watch the arrival and departure of the stage with ever-increasing interest.

The railroad had not, as yet, penetrated far into this beautiful country, nor the iron horse with its shrill whistle driven the herds of deer and antelope from their native pastures; the prairie chicken, plover, and quail nested fearlessly in the grass by the roadside, and flocks of wild turkeys preened their bronzed wings in the mellow sunlight, as they roosted secure from the rifle in the large pecan-trees that bordered the river banks.

The occupants of the coach were Captain and Mrs. Brown, bound for the East on a six months' leave of absence, two native Texans, and two gentlemen from the East who had been traveling through Texas in the interest of some land scheme, sheep-farms, etc. They were wide-awake, intelligent men, full of questions on all subjects pertaining to the agricultural advantages of the country, and enthusiastic over all they had seen.

The stage bowled along with a delightful swinging motion over the road, smooth as a park driveway, through lovely woods, across streams, cold and clear as crystal, into which the horses would plunge their foaming mouths and paw the water over their heated bodies till the drops sparkled like diamonds in their long manes, then away up the gravelly banks with loud snorts of satisfaction.

On stopping for dinner and a change of horses, another passenger entered the coach and took the vacant seat in front of Mrs. Brown. A tall figure with swarthy complexion and stern face. He was dressed in a suit of black cloth, a broad-brimmed hat, and a gray blanket over his shoulders.

"An Indian," whispered Mrs. Brown, as she instinctively drew near her husband, who occupied with her the rear seat of the coach. An affirmative nod was his only reply.

Soon the gentleman from the East, eager for information, began plying the new-comer with questions. The answers came slowly with that precision of pronunciation which shows

a not thorough knowledge of the language, and soon every ear was intent upon catching what the Indian had to tell of his people, till the afternoon wore away and night came on, bringing with it heavy clouds and quick flashes of lightning, indications of a storm, which soon broke in fury upon them. The windows of the coach were closed to keep out the driving rain, and the darkness inside was relieved only by the lightning, which came at longer intervals, until the rain settled down into a quiet drizzle which promised to last all night.

The conversation had ceased when the rain began, and one by one the passengers fell asleep. The snores from the corner occupied by the gentleman from the East gave proof that he was in the land of dreams, where sheep grow upon cactus-bushes and buffaloes become milch-cows.

Mrs. Brown, however, was not asleep. She opened the window and looked out. The long thin rays of light, thrown forward on the road by the lanterns on the front of the stage, made the darkness blacker in the rear, and she shuddered as she withdrew her head, afraid of she knew not what. Her husband was sound asleep by her side. Soon she discovered that another passenger was awake,—the Indian. She could not see his face in the darkness, but her quick ear discerned the difference in the breathing of the men asleep and the Indian in front of her. During the afternoon she had watched him with interest, and had not failed to note the size of his wrists, which to her seemed enormous, though his hands were rather small and shapely. She had wondered how many scalps he had taken, and how long since he had discarded the head-dress of feathers for the broad-brimmed hat, the breech-cloth for the suit of clothes, and had ceased to paint his face. In imagination she now felt his hands about to seize her throat, these hands which had torn off so many scalps. Her breath came quick and short. She drew nearer her husband, put her arm through his, hoping the movement would waken him, but he slept on as soundly as ever. The coach at this moment came to a stop; voices were heard outside, and a light flashed through the window full on the face of Mrs. Brown. She uttered a low cry.

"Don't be frightened, madam," said the Indian, in a low voice, "it's only the down coach. It must be near daybreak."

Mrs. Brown made no reply, and the stage rumbled on again in the darkness, which now seemed all the blacker. Not a sound was heard save the steady drip, drip, drip of the rain. Occasionally the shrill bark of the coyote would be heard away in the distance, or the voice of the driver admonishing the horses for getting out of the track, now soft and full of deep ruts, which would give the stage a lurch, almost unseating the sleeping occupants.

Slowly the night wore away, and not until the signs of dawn were in the east did Mrs. Brown relinquish her vigils, and slept until the stage stopped for breakfast at a large stone house, modern in style, with nicely-kept grounds. Vines covered the low piazza; an air of comfort and refinement pervaded the entire place. The parlor was neat and comfortably furnished,—a cabinet organ, bookcase filled with books, fancy-work here and there in the shape of tidies, home-made rugs, etc.

No one was visible about the house save the proprietor, who came in a few moments to announce a splendid breakfast of broiled chicken, eggs, potatoes, nice coffee, and delicious bread and butter. While waiting on the

piazza after breakfast, one of the gentlemen from the East approached the proprietor and asked,—

"Where are all the Indians in this part of the country? I haven't seen any yet, except the half-breed we have in the stage with us."

The proprietor smiled rather significantly as he replied,—

"*I* am an Indian, sir."

"*Is that so!*" replied the gentleman; "and do *you* own this place?"

"This is my house, and I have here a large farm. White people are usually surprised in passing through the territory not to see Indians with tomahawks and war paint; but white people know very little about the Indian, sir."

The country through which the stage now passed was dotted here and there with comfortable dwellings, beautiful farms, and fine woodlands. Occasionally a small village, with streets, neat and clean, cottages, stores, and carpenter-shops, would be passed, and it was hard for the travelers to realize they were among Indians, who really lived in homes like civilized people.

Late in the afternoon the stage entered a village, and stopped for a change of horses. A bevy of Indian girls in picturesque dresses of bright colors gathered around the coach. One, a beautiful woman, with dark, starry eyes, hair as black and glossy as a raven's wing, with bright beads woven among the braids artistically coiled about the shapely head, came forward with a plate of small cakes, which she gave the Indian passenger, and stood talking to him in a low, musical voice until the stage started on again. The Indian watched her as she stood looking after the coach until a turn in the road hid the village from view. Then turning to Mrs. Brown and offering her a cake, he said,—

"That woman was my wife two years ago, but we could not live happily together; so the governor said we could live apart. Now she lives here, and my home is at Muskogee."

"Yet you must be friends, as she makes these cakes for you."

"Oh, yes, we are good friends, and she always has cakes for me when I pass this way; but we couldn't live quietly together!" he answered in a voice full of sadness, and Mrs. Brown considerately looked away as he hastily drew his hand across his eyes.

The stage was due at Muskogee at two o'clock the next morning, but the gentlemen from the East and the Texans decided to take the construction train at the next stopping-place, and reach Muskogee before night-fall. Captain and Mrs. Brown, however, preferred to continue the journey in the stage, and soon they were left alone with the Indian.

When Captain Brown made inquiries of the driver regarding the accommodations he would get at Muskogee, the Indian said,—

"If you will trust me, sir, I can take you to a nice place, where you will be well cared for."

"All right," replied the captain. "You tell the driver where to go."

The Indian took a seat with the driver, riding so for some time, and when another stop was made he resumed his place inside the coach. He talked to them of his youth, told many interesting legends of his tribe (he was a Cherokee), and finally asked Mrs. Brown to sing for him.

Not wishing to appear ungrateful, and afraid, too, of offending him, she thought again of his powerful wrists, and concluded to comply with his request. So she sang of the Indian maiden who once roamed the banks of a beautiful river, or guided her canoe over its swift waters.

The moon shone brightly; the stage

rumbled on. When the song was ended the Indian simply said, "I thank you. I love to hear singing."

At two o'clock the stage entered Muskogee and stopped at a rude shanty. The Indian got out, thanked Mrs. Brown again for singing, and saying "good-night," disappeared.

"Is this where we stop?" asked the captain.

"No, sir; further on," was the reply.

In front of a long, low building the stage soon halted. The driver took the trunks from the "boot," said good-night, and drove off, leaving the travelers standing in the moonlight.

The house was constructed of boards with canvas roof. The captain knocked on the door. No response. He then tried the knob, which turned easily, and the door swung open, disclosing one long room. In the farther end was a table on which a flickering candle sputtered and blinked in the draught caused by the open door. On either side of the room were arranged two tiers of berths, and seemingly from every berth came simultaneously a head with shaggy hair and long, unkempt beard, to gaze at the new-comers. Mrs. Brown grasped her husband's arm as she saw them, and her first thought was of the Indian. He had brought them here to be murdered!

Soon a man appeared at the farther end of the building whom they rightly supposed to be the proprietor of the establishment. As he approach, the captain asked him if he could give them lodgings for the night.

"Yes," he replied. "I have a vacant berth here I believe," pointing to a place about midway the room.

"No, sir." replied the captain; "we will go elsewhere unless you can do better for us than that." And he turned towards the door.

"Just wait, sir. I will give you *my* room," and he disappeared, taking the candle with him.

The travelers stepped into the moonlight again, and, seated on their trunks, waited. Mrs. Brown was crying nervously by this time, while her husband confessed to feeling rather "spotted."

The man soon appeared again and led the way through the long room to a sort of box arrangement, divided from the main room by the sides only, with barely room for the bed and one chair, and opening into the kitchen part of the building.

Tired and worn as they were, the travelers soon slept in spite of their fears; but Mrs. Brown dreamed of men with grizzled beards climbing over the rude partitions, and woke in the morning rather surprised to find she had not been strangled by them during the night.

Cheery voices were heard in the kitchen in the early morning, and the savory odors of breakfast greeted the nostrils of the travelers, who were soon dressed. Mrs. Brown was not long in making the acquaintance of the female members of the family, and learned that they had lost all their possessions in the great Chicago fire, and had come to this far away place to begin life over again.

When Mrs. Brown told of her fears and apprehensions the night before, the good man of the house said to her, "I can't blame you, madam, for feeling afraid. We do look rough, mighty rough now, but in a few years, God willing, we will be living like Christians again."

On their way to the depot they met the Indian, and as Mrs. Brown gave him her hand in bidding him good-bye she looked into his honest face and wondered how she could have had such wicked thoughts of him.

EMILY THURSTON.

"PORT" AND "STARBOARD."

SINCE the 1st of July, 1891, the old words of command for altering the helm—viz., "starboard" or "port"—have been given up on board the ships of the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Line, and the order "right" or "left" substituted.

It is difficult to break with old customs, and seamen in especial are conservative; it is, therefore not a matter of wonder that many old sailors look with great disfavor upon this latest innovation. On board the steamers of the two great lines mentioned above, however, the change has been made obligatory, and, according to a report forwarded to the directors by one of their oldest captains, who was himself opposed to the idea, has been attended with the happiest results.

As soon as the order "right" is given, the telegraph is moved to the right, the wheel is revolved to the right, the ship turns to the right, the rudder-indicator points right, the rudder itself moves right, and the steering-mark on the compass as well; and so *vice versa* when the order "left" is given. Nothing can be simpler, and no possibility of mistake can arise.

The objection has been raised that the new words of command are not international and are therefore illegal; this statement, however, will not hold good, as both English and American pilots, in whom every one has confidence, have made no difficulties in using the new words of command when piloting the ships of the two before-mentioned companies.

Such special words of command as "luff" and "keep away" will naturally be retained when ships are under sail; but otherwise it is pretty certain that before long, in the whole German merchant service, "right" and "left" will be substituted for "starboard" and "port," as has already been done in the German navy; and the men returning from the latter to the merchant service will no longer have to unlearn what they have been taught on board the men-of-war.—*Nautical Magazine.*

I AM CONTENT.

(*From the Roumanian, in the Fortnightly Review.*)

As he lay a-dying, the soldier spake:
"I am content!
Let my mother be told, in the village there,
And my bride in the hut be told,
That they must pray with folded hands,
With folded hands for me."

The soldier is dead,—and with folded hands
His bride and his mother pray.
On the field of battle they dug his grave,
And red with his life-blood the earth was dyed,
The earth they laid him in.
The sun looked down on him there and spake:
"I am content."
And flowers bloomed thickly upon his grave,
And were glad they blossomed there.

And when the wind in the tree-tops roared,
The soldier asked from the deep, dark grave:
"Did the banner flutter then?"
"Not so, my hero," the wind replied,
"The fight is done, but the battle is won.
Thy comrades of old have borne it hence,
Have borne it in triumph hence."
Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave:
"I am content."

And again he heard the shepherds pass,
And the flocks go wandering by,
And the soldier asked: "Is the sound I hear

The sound of the battle's roar?"
And they all replied: "My hero, nay!
Thou art dead, and the fight is o'er,
Our country joyful and free."
Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave:
"I am content."

Then he heareth the lovers laughing pass,
And the soldier asks once more:
"Are these not the voices of them that love,
That love—and remember me?"
"Not so, my hero," the lovers say,
"We are those that remember not;
For the spring has come and the earth has smiled,
And the dead must be forgot."
Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave:
"I am content."

FREDERICK HARRISON.

BALLADS OF BATTLES.

(*From the New York Sun.*)

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.
No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle cry—
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Yes, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand they standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

IT is well known in Scotland that most of the Highland corps are composed of Irishmen, and a good story is told of Sir Hope Grant, commander of the Madras army, who, at a dinner given in his honor, noticed the martial pipers playing, as is usual, behind the chair of the guest of the evening, and Sir Hope, delighted at the inspiring national airs, turned round to the stalwart minstrel and exclaimed, "It warms my heart to listen to the bonnie lilt! What part of Scotland do ye come frae, my mon?"

"Connemara, yer honor," replied the bard, expanding his chest with a conscious pride, while a roar of laughter echoed everywhere, in which Sir Hope heartily joined.

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ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT.

I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city
Behind the dark church tower.

And far in the hazy distance
On that cold November night,
I looked toward Brooklyn city,
But not a car in sight.

Along that stretch of car tracks
The wavering shadows lay,
I'd sworn to myself—yes, often,
I would never come this way.

Then suddenly from the darkness
A light gleamed from afar,
I heard the clang of the car bell,
I hoped it would be my car.

Ah, yes, I could read on the window,
Printed plainly the name of my street,
I made a bold dash through the people
To capture my favorite seat.

How often—Oh, how often,
On the nights that had gone by,
I had stood on that Bridge at midnight,
Filled with joy when my car I'd spy.

How often—Oh, how often,
I had wished when I crossed the street,
That the crowd would all go by it,
And leave me my favorite seat.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
But to stand up in a street car
Was more than I could bear.

But now it does not concern me,
The long, long wait for cars;
I sit me down by the fireside.
I am through with business wars.

Yet, whenever I cross the river,
On the Bridge with the great stone piers;
Like a friend I have long forgotten,
Comes the thought of earlier years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his package or bundle,
Have crossed that Bridge since then.

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the Bridge has trolleys,
As long as life has woes;

Complaints and hard-luck stories—
We shall hear the kickers relate,
How they stood on the Bridge at midnight,
With their car ten minutes late.

S. J. FISHER, Jr.
N. Y. Sun.

FROST-BITTEN.

O vagrant winds! be kind to the chilled leaves
That cling so lightly to the sheltering bough
So soon to lose their clasp; breathe low, breathe low,
Thy every breath the parent bough bereaves.

They knew the Spring—the wood-thrush played the flute
That called them forth to battle with the storm.
They laughed at danger, cared not for alarm,
Fearless in tempest, in the calm so mute.

Among these leaves the bird with fiery breast
Swung a safe cradle for her noisy young.
Among these leaves their wedding bells were rung,
And these were given to hide a robin's nest.

O winds of time! be kind to us, we cling
Unto life's bough chilled by the early cold,
Trodden so soon into the earth's dark mold,
Waiting the Summer—the awakening.

—Nelly Hart Woodworth
in the Boston Journal.

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THIRD SERIES.

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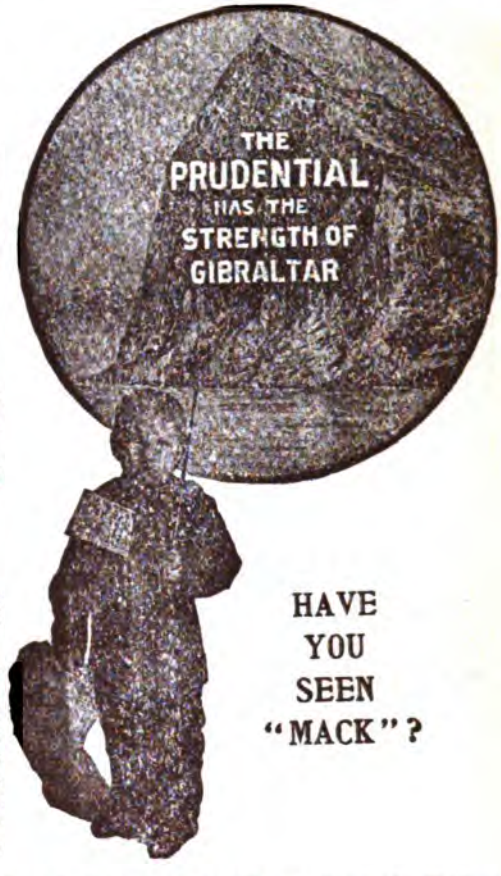

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THE

UNITED SERVICE

EDITED BY L. R. HAMERSLY.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

THE ORGANIZED MILITIA—ITS PAST AND FUTURE.

AT brief intervals ever since the passage of the Act of 1792, which established the old and very defective militia system, efforts have been made to secure legislation with a view to making our citizen soldiery efficient. For considerably more than half a century the militia system was typified in the periodical jollifications known as "muster days," marvelous military occasions which amused the average citizen, but developed more serious thoughts in the minds of public men. At a very early period it was discovered that little or no dependence could be placed upon the militia organizations for serious service, yet this was the system by which the authors of the Constitution expected to quell insurrection and repel invasion. The refusal of several states to obey the call for the militia in the war of 1812 caused men to pause and consider whether we were not indulging false hopes regarding the defense of our liberties.

To trace the controversies which have arisen over the use of militia, as authorized by the Constitution, would necessitate volumes. Suffice it to say, that, notwithstanding its continued failure to meet the legitimate expectations of patriotic men who desired and hoped that the constitutional bulwark of our liberties might be made effective, Congress and the states have never in the past been able to agree upon a harmonious scheme of reorganization. In the beginning of our national existence it was but natural that the states should develop an agressive jealousy regarding their rights to control, yet all reason-

able men recognize that the Revolution was near to failure on more than one occasion because of ineffective militia. The organization of the "Continentals" marked for all time the kind of citizen soldiery upon which the Republic should base its military system for war. The experience of the Revolution was what dictated the assembling of the board composed of Washington, Knox and Hamilton, in Philadelphia, in 1799, to select experienced officers for the force to be raised for the impending war with France.

No one now contends that in calling forth the militia the President is limited in any way by state lines. Nevertheless, there is so serious a question as to the interpretation of the Constitution regarding the use of militia to repel invasion, that it is unlikely that any war will ever be entered upon without immediate action by Congress in the shape of legislation authorizing volunteers.

The marked distinction between "militia" and "volunteer" armies is that the former may not be used beyond the limits of our borders while the latter are in every sense identical with regulars so far as liability to service is concerned. This is a serious matter in case of invasion, for, as a military problem it might be the easier repelled by crossing the border and attacking immediately, instead of allowing the enemy to complete his organization and select his points of attack on our own frontiers, which, under such conditions, would have to be guarded throughout.

The Mexican War was, of course, fought by armies composed of regulars and volunteers. The same thing obtained in the Civil War, and although the contingent of regulars was insignificant as compared to the two millions of volunteers, there is much to the credit of the little army whose professional ability was fully recognized before the end of the conflict by the advancement to high command of many of its officers. The long array of Army, Department and Corps commanders at the close of the Civil War consisted almost of a duplication of the regular army register. It was from these experienced soldiers that the best advice has come regarding the conduct of war in this country, and all that is now required is to apply the modifications which a lapse of forty years and subsequent experience suggest in order to make our present system adapted to our needs.

The limitations of the militia for active service are recognized, but its value and usefulness under the constitutional restrictions can be vastly increased. At the outbreak of the war with Spain, no law existed for utilizing the experienced officers and men of the organized militia, for no progress in legislation has been made to that end in a hundred years of discussion. Legislation was enacted so as to

bring into the volunteers the National Guard organizations, some of which had achieved national reputation in a field of limited action. The variegated character of the militia system, however, caused the entire force which volunteered in bodies at that time to be judged by the weakest and most inefficient organizations. This was unjust to many excellent regiments, but the penalty paid by them for the association may be considered very light, if the knowledge gained by the country at large eventuates in the honest reformation of the whole system and the placing of the organized militia upon a basis of self-respecting efficiency. Under the most favorable legislation it will require a long time to perfect the details of the system which is intended to put the organized militia on a footing of preparedness for immediate and efficient service at the outbreak of war.

After many years of discussion it became apparent that Congress would never be able to determine upon the legislation necessary to put the state organizations upon a footing of efficiency unless all the various interests concerned could themselves agree. With forty-five states involved, adjustment of disputed points by mail was a slow and unsatisfactory method. It was not until last year that the members of the National Guard Association at their meeting in Washington came to a full realization that while all were apparently working to a common purpose there was a wide divergence of opinion as to the best means of accomplishing the result. While the Secretary of War was heartily in sympathy with the movement having for its object the betterment of the militia proper, his experience had convinced him of the great desirability of legislation, which would enable the government to count upon the services of officers and men in civil life with previous training in the regular and volunteer armies and the militia The adjustment of this idea in the scheme of militia improvement required some unwilling compromises, but it was regarded by the Secretary of War as a matter of the greatest importance that experienced men should not be lost sight of. In the exercise of their discretion a few Senators antagonized that portion of the measure relating to the National Volunteer Reserve, and the Secretary of War consented to a withdrawal of the section which provided for the enrollment of 100,000 men with previous training, the section relating to the selection of officers for such a force being retained. This action was taken to prevent the active National Guard from losing the benefits which should accrue to them through the passage of the measure which otherwise would probably have been debated to the end of the Congress, and militia reform delayed for years to come.

Without repeating the entire measure, as originally sent to Congress, it may be briefly stated that when the plans are carried to maturity the militia will be divided into the National Guard and Reserve Militia. The National Guard will be organized, armed and equipped in the same manner as regular troops and subject to nine months active service on the call of the President made pursuant to the Constitution. This makes this force available within the limits of the United States to repel invasion or quell insurrection. A failure to obey the call of the President will subject a member of this force to trial by court martial composed of military officers. The Reserve Militia is merely a military myth, composed of all citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. The Constitution says this body constitutes the militia and so this meaningless term is retained in the new law.

In event of a war of magnitude many National Guard organizations would volunteer under the Act of April 22nd, 1898, which provides particularly for such a contingency. The serious defect of this act is that it provides for volunteer enlistments for two years, as opposed to enlistments for three years in the regular army. The sacred and lasting teachings of the Civil War are that all enlistments should be for three years or the war and no new organizations should be mustered in unless required in addition to those already in service, filled to the maximum. This to prevent the raising of new regiments just for the patronage afforded through the appointment of new officers.

Provision is made for annual encampments and joint maneuvers. The experience of the past year has convinced the War Department that the benefit derived by the regular army and the national guard during the maneuvers along the coast of New England and at Fort Riley, Kansas, justifies a continuance of the practice.

The time has arrived when the national guard will have a fair opportunity to establish itself on an efficient basis. All honor is due to a few states that have persevered in building up their organizations through liberal appropriations and appreciative encouragement. The majority of states are decidedly not in this category. It is something for the country to know that troops, batteries and companies of the national guard and regulars are provided with the same kind of arms, clothing and camp equipage, but by inspections it should be made certain that each and every organization is able to take the field at a moment's notice, with everything complete for a campaign, except perishable rations and medical stores.

There is a wide and important field open for earnest national

guardsmen which is of more consequence in war than perfection of drill; that is a knowledge of the supply and transport systems of the regular army. Through a long course of piece-meal legislation, treasury decisions and general orders intended to cover weak points as they were discovered from time to time, army administrative methods are entirely at variance with those in vogue in the ordinary business affairs of life. It is, therefore, necessary that officers of the staff and supply departments should have special training if we are to avoid the mistakes of 1898. Under the new order of things, there is no reason why every staff officer of either an administrative or supply department of the national guard, including those of the regiments and brigades, should not familiarize himself with the duties which would fall to him when called into active service. This would do much toward securing recognition to qualified officers of the national guard and render unpopular the appointment of officers in time of war who bring to the performance of their duties no training or experience. Patriotism, ability and earnestness of purpose will fit an officer for his duties eventually, but what is wanted is a body of competent staff officers ready for emergencies, so that the men in the ranks may pin their faith to those appointed with a feeling that they will not be made to suffer through ignorance.

The people of the country expect and respect efficiency in militia matters as well as everything else. To see the governor of a state which makes no appropriation for its national guard surround himself with a large staff of generals and colonels makes him ridiculous and discredits the military arm of his state government. It would be wise for every state to pattern after the general government, not only in the organization of its troops, batteries and companies, but in its military system as a whole. The President, although Commander-in-Chief, does not surround himself with a staff, because he does not take the field and they would be useless for any other purpose. The governor of a state is not of necessity a military man, and there is little more reason for his taking actual command of the national guard than there would be for his accompanying a sheriff's posse. In any event, he would not be called into the service of the United States, as the commander of his national guard, even though all of it should be summoned to repel invasion. It would be wise for all states to carefully consider their statutes and amend them where necessary to put the national guard upon an economical business basis. The governors might well set a good example by dispensing with a useless array of high ranking aides, and establish a general rule that there shall be no military title or office under state govern-

ment, which does not carry with it obligation of military service which would have practical application in repelling invasion, quelling insurrection or riot and protection of life and property. This will serve to eliminate from the public mind the prevailing idea that national guard duty is "playing soldier."

National guard service is not popular in many localities and is much discouraged in others. Then there is a large element, which would comprise the best untrained volunteers for war to be found in the world, but who, in peace, because of financial sacrifice involved or personal disinclination will not attach themselves to militia organizations. This last mentioned class is the one which should be reasoned with and induced to take an interest in state military affairs. Many excellent lawyers, railroad men, grocers or men in other lines of business could, with little pressure, be induced to undertake a short enlistment in the ranks if assured advancement to the grades of quartermasters, commissaries, judge advocates and other staff positions in which their life training would find direct application.

Much individual and combined effort is necessary to put the national guard on a proper military basis. The mere passage of an Act of Congress and the granting of money and stores will not accomplish it. It remains now for the National Guard Association to transfer the scene of its activities from Congress to the state legislatures.

WILLIAM H. CARTER,
Brigadier General U. S. Army.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD NAVY.

OUR FIRST CRUISE UNDER CANVAS, THE "PREBLE'S" AND MINE, 1840-43.

(Concluded from page 771.)

THE excitement in Toulon caused by this untoward event was exceedingly intense, and ere it had become allayed the frigate "United States" entered that port, and at meridian, while saluting the national flag of France, produced great consternation among the Frenchmen by firing three shotted guns. The first one, striking a round fort on a point eastward from the anchorage, caused the soldiers to come tearing out like bees from a hive; the second shot, entering a port-hole on the 80-gun ship "Genereuse," demolished the galley at a time when the cooks were drawing their soup, killing and wounding a dozen or more people; while the third passed over a brig outward bound, causing her to "heave to" for explanations. An officer was immediately dispatched to the French ship to offer apologies and regrets, and was met on the quarter-deck by a lieutenant, who insultingly remarked, "This is a second Mahon affair!" to which the American responded, "I am here to offer apologies to your commanding officer for an unfortunate occurrence; when that duty is completed I am at your service, sir!" As the dead and wounded reached the quay the rage of the populace became inflamed beyond all control; and several American officers on shore were hastily collected by the consul and hurried into a close carriage, when, by pursuing an unfrequented route to abreast the ship, that gentleman succeeded in safely placing them on board. As no one appeared to be in condition to listen to explanations in the excitement animating the entire population of Toulon, the American captain deemed it advisable to withdraw from the port, and immediately weighed anchor and stood to sea, followed by a French 74, and, when well clear of Cape Sepet, shortened sail and backed the main-topsail to await the action of the French captain, who, on observing these demonstrations, put his helm up and ran back to his anchorage. The matter was afterwards satisfactorily settled by the United States government pensioning the wounded and the widows of those who were slain. Several years later the "Cyane," while saluting in the same harbor, managed to shoot away all her tompkins,

and subsequently a sentry on the "Preble" in discharging his ball-loaded musket at daylight, sent the bullet whizzing by a sentinel stationed on a French corvette anchored near her. Apologies in the last two cases made ample amends.

Remaining only two days in Toulon harbor, we bade a final adieu to the "Ohio," then on the eve of returning home, and on reaching Leghorn moored inside the mole, in order to superintend the shipment of Greenough's statue of Washington, now quietly facing the east front of our nation's capitol. In three weeks, by easy stages of two miles a day, the statue arrived from Florence and was safely landed in the hold of an American ship called the "Sea," of about fifteen hundred tons, chartered to carry it to Washington. After removing the ballast our people had warped this vessel to the inner harbor, where she received the statue from the quay near the marble image of Ferdinand I. and the four bronze pirates. A week later, after seeing that vessel well off shore, the "Preble" steered for the coast of Spain, and, visiting Barcelona and Alecarite, returned to Mahon, where we found the United States sloop-of-war "Fairfield," of twenty guns, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Charles W. Morgan, just arrived from the United States.

The "Preble" was immediately dispatched to Gibraltar on important service, when, after its execution, and meeting with the "Brandywine," just returned from the United States under Captain Geisinger, both ships stood to the eastward in company, touching at Malaga; and before reaching Cape Palos the vessels separated, the frigate going to Port Mahon and our ship to Cartagena.

Beyond its entrance I can say very little of this port, as a midshipman's prank, causing my first and, I believe, my only quarantine in the service, prevented my visiting the shore.

The head owned by Midshipman Stout being thickly covered with fiery red hair,—usually cut close and the stumps standing out like a porcupine's quills,—proved, unfortunately, a continual provocation for the young gentlemen to rub it, and any unusual exercise gave this officer's complexion a very vivid tinge, when, the blood mounting to the eyes and nose, produced in these organs a peculiar pinkish color, causing much amusement to an observer, and incited the person engaged in rubbing to expend a greater amount of labor upon that head than he otherwise would have done. Well, on the afternoon of our anchoring, the ship at the time being unusually quiet, Stout and myself were seated in the steerage-country, engaged in reading, with our backs resting against the wardrobe bulkhead, behind which, it appeared, the first lieutenant was endeavoring to write a letter. After

half an hour or so, and while making vain efforts to annihilate a troublesome fly, I happened to glance towards my companion, when that head proved too much for me; and without considering consequences, my left arm quickly encircled the neck and held that head as in a vise, and instinctively the knuckles of my right hand began a rapid journey over the entire cranium in order to loosen the scalp and enable the hair to grow. In the frantic efforts made by Stout to free himself, and mine to hold him fast, our elbows and camp-stools beat a "devil's tatoo" against the partition; and when my prisoner was in his rosiest condition, the wardroom door flew open, and Mr. Downes stood before us, trembling with rage at the impudence of two "d——d young whelps" in making such a racket; and as he thundered forth, as only an angry man can, "What is the meaning of all this? how dare you!" the arm slackened its clasp, while the head recovered its normal position, and catching sight of the latter, now in all its radiant glory, the first lieutenant could only ejaculate, "You are both quarantined for a month!" ere he found it necessary to spring back into his apartments and slam the door after him, to prevent two disgraced midshipmen from witnessing an outburst of laughter which he was unable to control.

A quarantine under any circumstances was bad enough, but in this instance it proved to be pretty rough on us, as we had not been able to see Cartagena and her docks; besides, the ship was to touch at several ports in Spain we were desirous of visiting,—an opportunity never again offered us. On arriving at Mahon three weeks of our "quarantine" had expired, and the first lieutenant receiving his detachment from the ship to return home, removed the remaining week's confinement, not caring to return over any one undergoing punishment to his successor, Lieutenant James J. Boyle, from the "Fairfield."

Lieutenant Albert E. Downes was an excellent, efficient, upright kind-hearted, genial officer and gentleman, and his loss off Charleston, South Carolina, on the schooner "Grampus," in March, 1843, was a serious loss to both the service and country.

In connection with the above it appears somewhat singular that Mr. Downes' predecessor, Lieutenant William D. Newman, should also have been drowned nineteen months later (October 9, 1844) in the harbor of Montevideo, while commanding the United States brig "Bainbridge."

Early in September the squadron, consisting of the "Brandywine," "Fairfield," and "Preble," weighed for the coast of Syria; but, encountering a "Levanter" in the Sicilian passage, it was detained nearly two weeks in the vicinity of Malta without being able to advance a

foot to the eastward; and, the season becoming late for the proposed cruise, the commodore bore away for Syracuse. The British fleet being absent at this time, our presence created great consternation with the people of Malta, who forwarded dispatches to Gibraltar, representing the island as under blockade by the American squadron, and praying for a force to be sent either to capture or drive it away; and it is a fact that the officers and crews of two ships of the line and a frigate then at the Rock labored two days and a night in preparing their vessels for that object, and, when ready to sail, countermanding orders prevented its leaving.

On anchoring in Syracuse harbor the authorities placed the squadron in quarantine for fifteen days, and, after consuming fourteen of them in wistful gazings at the scenes we could not visit, the commodore made signal to "weigh and follow his movements," when to sea once more we went, the "Preble" taking ground for a few minutes by stretching too far in shore, and that was all we ever saw of Syracuse.

Passing through the Strait of Messina and close to the ever-flaming isle, Stromboli, the squadron finally entered the bay of Naples at the commencement of an ugly southwesterly gale, and moored with open hawse to the northward and westward. On the third day of the storm a tremendous sea from the southwest rolled into the bay, far exceeding in dimensions any waves I ever beheld in an open roadstead, and very seldom on the ocean. The three ships rode by their port chains, the "Brandywine" half a mile away on our port bow, and the "Fairfield," a quarter of a mile astern, and standing erect on the "Preble's" poop-deck, when the vessels descended together between the billows, the broad pennant of the flag-ship could be seen just above the wave-crests, while the "Fairfield's" mast-heads disappeared entirely from view. While the tempest was at its height an English brig came in, and her anchors were no sooner down than both chains snapped, and, assistance being utterly impossible, she drifted helplessly towards the beach, and was soon lost sight of behind the monster waves and clouds of spray, and was finally thrown on shore, broadside to, eastward from the old mole, with the keel resting not three feet from the carriage-rut in the street leading to Portice.

Remaining three weeks at Naples, the squadron returned to Mahon for the winter. One day during this cruise the commodore made signal for the "Preble" to lead, thus giving Captain Voorhees an opportunity of testing his ship's trim and sailing qualities. The shot-racks, shot-boxes and crew were first sent forward into "the eyes of her," producing a result about equal to backing the mizzen-topsail and hauling up the mainsail. Both vessels rapidly left us. Restoring the

racks and boxes to their places, the crew was sent aft to the poop- and quarter-decks, when the little ship appeared to spring through the water like an unleached hound after a deer, and in an hour's time our consorts were quite three miles astern, when a signal recalled us to our station on the flagship's quarter.

The "Preble" was taken to the yard, and while undergoing a thorough overhauling, the captain had seven and one-half tons of ballast removed from forward and stowed in the spirit-room, two or three broken anchors from on shore cut up and placed in the chain-lockers, forward of where the mainmast stepped, and the three lower masts raked aft as far as the partners would allow, cutting away to give the mizzen a proper angle, thereby causing improvements which placed this ship upon the sea without a peer, as subsequent experience fully demonstrated.

By Spain's permission Port Mahon was for many years (some thirty odd, I believe) the naval depot for the American squadron in the Mediterranean, and, with its genial climate, isolated position, beautiful land-locked harbor, excellent market, and inexpensive living, a more satisfactory or suitable place could not have been found. "Jack" was happy and at home; he could not leave the island, therefore he could not "run"; take "French" he sometimes would, but, when his money was gone, the people were too poor to desire his company, and starve or return he must; while the officers, after their manner of life, were equall happy and contented; and, unless heavily in debt through "scratching the tiger," I doubt if ever officer or man left Port Mahon without serious regrets.

"Jack" is fond of liquor, as all the world knows, but all the world does not know under what apparently impossible and inconceivable conditions he will drink it, as the following actual occurrence will go far to show. It being necessary to send home the body of an officer dying in the squadron, the corpse, after having been hermetially sealed in a leaden coffin filled with whisky and afterwards incased in a wooden box, was deposited in a store-room to await transportation. During the winter the anxiety of certain sailors to work on the yard, together with their disinclination to take "French," became quite noticeable and also inexplicable after until the arrival of a storeship. While preparing the box containing the corpse for shipment, a small plugged gimlet hole was discovered on the under side, and an investigation demonstrated the fact of the coffin having been designedly tapped and all the liquor drank by these worthy sons of old ocean, whose willingness to work on the yard was now fully explained. Yes,

"Jack" loves grog! Forty and odd years ago Port Mahon may be considered as having been a paradise for naval people, caused in a great measure by its salubrious climate, hospitalities, drives, masquerades, suppers, monte-tables, date-fish, organ, pretty girls, and *supasadas.*

A partial release from the rigid discipline incident to "ship life" imparted a sense of comfort highly appreciated by all. Various games and other amusements were inaugurated, horse-back rides over excellent roads to Mount Toro and Ciudadela were of frequent occurrence, weekly dances were given by the officers to the citizens in a fine suite of rooms in town, masquerades were faithfully attended, and the gayeties continued until the Lenten season remorselessly closed the door to further pleasures until the squadron reassembled in the following December. Many pleasant hours were whiled away by the music-loving in listening to the strains from a grand old organ filling one end of a cathedral built upon a cliff, and overlooking the harbor. This organ was manufactured in Italy for St. Paul's in London, and while *in transitu* the vessel bearing it became wrecked on Minorca, and the instrument, comparatively uninjured, was purchased for a trifle and set up in the cathedral, where the Mahonese never tire of enjoying its glorious music, the organ itself being considered second only to the one at Milan. Of all the entertainments presented in Mahon the masquerades were more exciting and better patronized than any other; given in the theatre building in the evening, they were free to all maskers owning a *cuarto peso.* Assembling early in the evening, the "fun" usually proceeded smoothly for several hours, when almost invariably one or more Dagoe gentlemen, devoured with jealousy at the fervent attentions paid by the gentle Americans to the beautiful, happy and willing senoritas, would force a climax, generally resulting in the thoroughly whipped Mahonese being driven to the street, while the victorious Americans, surrounded by a bristling array of bayonets, would be marched to a calaboose, where they could meditate undisturbed until morning, when a few dollars invariably opened their prison doors. Frequently, however, they forced both citizens and soldiers to flee and leave them masters of the field.

The American officers being desirous of properly celebrating the 22d of February, persuaded the bishop to grant absolution to all desirous of attending a grand ball to be given in the theatre in honor of the day. The ladies were in ecstasies over the prospect of an evening's enjoyment with *los Americanos* in the midst of Lent; but, alas! two days previous to the 22d an old fellow conceived the idea of drowning himself in his cistern; an act which, perhaps, so far as he

was concerned, was well enough, but, unfortunately, he was related to nearly every family of note in Mahon, and when the guests assembled on the night of February 22, six ladies only were permitted to attend, and the grand ball proved a failure. With the Protestant gentlemen present serious doubts existed regarding a rapid transit for that old gentleman through purgatory; however that may be, six Spanish ladies for once in their lives were distinguished belles, and had all the dancing they wanted.

March 15, 1842, saw the "Preble" once more under way, bound to Gibraltar, and on clearing the Balearic Islands encountered steady head-winds (as was usually the case with this ship whenever ordered to the above-named port), obliging her to beat nearly all the way to the Rock. At six o'clock one fine morning, with the highlands of Mursea and Cape Palos in sight, and a fine "royal breeze" stirring from the westward, the mast-head lookout reported a sail "dead to windward," which a good spy-glass soon resolved into the royals, topgallant sails, and topsail yards of a full-rigged ship showing above the horizon, and, by the cut and color of her canvas, evidently an English man-of-war. "Now," thought Captain Voorhees, "I will give the stranger a trial, and with the new trim and stay of masts, ascertain what the 'Preble' is capable of doing;" and it was amusing to witness the confidence every one on board had in the little ship under them. Individually, as they appeared on deck, the invariable question was, "Anything in sight?" "Yes; the topsail yards of a ship to windward." "Oh, very well," would be the confident response, "we'll know what she's made of before night." With long "stretches," both on and off shore, throughout the day, both vessels drew steadily to the westward, and as steadily the stranger's sails drew, inch by inch, above the water, till finally her rails appeared in sight, and the red ensign at her peak proclaimed her a member of the British Mediterranean fleet. Nearer and nearer the two ships drew together until sunset, when close in with "Cape de Gutt" the "Preble" tacked a mile astern, and half an hour later was well to windward and drawing ahead of her friendly antagonist, which, a few days later, the "Formidable's" officers informed us, was "the fastest ship in her Majesty's service." Quickly this ship faded from sight to the eastward, and also the famous cape we had lately rounded, famous in song as the place where the midshipman "lost his hat and" afterwards "found it in Port Mahon, under a stove, with all the girls around it," and in history as the point off which angry admirals in the olden time sent their delinquent captains with their ships to cruise from one to six months, according to the magnitude of the offense

committed and the amount of spleen carried by the officer in command.

Arriving at Gibraltar, the American consul for Tangier met the ship, having, through serious difficulties with the Moorish authorities, thought it best to abandon his post until, with the assistance of a naval force, he could return and demand proper redress for his grievances and be reinstated with due *eclat* to his position. The matter proved to be of sufficient importance to require the "Preble's" detention in the neighborhood until Captain Voorhees could inform Commodore Morgan regarding the condition of affairs and receive his instructions, or else wait his appearance with the other ships of the squadron.

One morning during this detention I was called for the market-boat, and on returning at 7 A. M. was greatly surprised at finding every preparation made for our departure, and the ship waiting only for my return to be away.

As soon as the boat could be cleared and "run up" the capstan-bars were manned, and in a few minutes the "Preble," careening to a stiff "top-gallant" westerly wind, was standing to the southward, where bound no one save the captain appeared to know. Swiftly crossing to the African shore, near the base of Ape's Hill, when, with "helm a-lee," round the ship came, her sails fairly thundering in the breeze, and, shooting thrice her length to windward, filled on the other tack, when away she sped with "weather leaches all alive," dashing the white-capped waves in massive clouds from either bow, and, despite the four-knot current sweeping eastward through the strait, always "fetching" the point on the opposite shore "for which she looked" when steadied on the latest course. Rankly heeling to the strong Atlantic blasts, and in stretches from shore to shore, she tore through the opposing billows "like a thing of life," drawing rapidly westward all the while, until Spartel gazed pleasantly on her lee and grim "Old Sol," from his throne thirty degrees up in the sky, smiled his verdict of enough, when our commander, thrilling with delight and more than satisfied with his ship's proud record, reluctantly put the helm a-weather, and at eventide the "Preble" quietly rested on Algesiras' Bay, having "beaten" through Gibraltar's Strait against the full strength of that mighty stream, flowing ceaselessly past the Pillars of Hercules to the great inland sea of the ancients, an achievement never accomplished, I believe, by any other ship in maritime history.

At daylight, a few mornings later, discovering the "Brandywine" in the strait to the eastward, the "Preble" weighed and ran out and joined her, and we were surprised to learn that she was "homeward bound," and also that on her leaving Mahon the commodore had not

received our dispatches regarding the Tangier difficulty. After a consultation between the commanding officers, the "Preble" left to hunt up the commander-in-chief, Captain Geisinger deciding to await his arrival at Gibraltar. Disappointed in not finding Commodore Morgan at Minorca, the ship followed him to Marseilles, whither he had gone to conclude a matrimonial engagement contracted between himself and Miss Julia Rich, the daughter of our consul at Mahon. Immediately ordering the "Preble" back to the strait, he soon afterwards followed in the "Fairfield," and when united the squadron sailed for Tangier. Becoming separated in a strong "Levanter" encountered during the "first watch," at daylight, as we were heading in for anchorage at Tangier, our consorts were discovered under close reefs to leeward of Cape Spartel, necessitating, of course, our running down to join them; and, they being unequal to the task of working back, the squadron was forced to await a change of wind.

On the fourth day of our detention the flag-ship signaled the "Brandywine" to "part company," when that frigate immediately squared away for the United States, leaving the two sloops-of-war to finish the work in abeyance. After six days of "backing and filling" to leeward of Spartel, the "Fairfield" and "Preble," with tompkins out and men at the guns, stood into the roadstead before Tangiers, creating a great commotion among the Moors and Arabs, who were uncertain as to the views entertained by the infidels regarding the matter in hand. The flag-lieutenant, together with the consul, were immediately dispatched to Morocco, the capital, and during an interview granted by the emperor the trouble, whatever it may have been, was amicably settled, and on their return the "Preble" sailed to prosecute her summer's cruise to the eastward, limited in that direction by the coast of Asia Minor.

While at Tangier the Danish frigate "Thetis" arrived in port, having on board the heir to the throne of Denmark, his highness being on a visit to the principal countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

Touching at Gibraltar, we next proceeded to Mahon, where, during our absence, the French had established a hospital on the small island fronting Calafagara Bay, for the accommodation of their Algerine sick and wounded.

While receiving provisions and stores, six English ships of the line appeared off the island, and, after a tarry of two or three days, the "Monarch" anchored in the lower harbor, and, on communicating with the Spanish authorities, weighed and joined her constorts, when the squadron disappeared in the direction of Malta. The object of

this armed visit was disclosed some months later, and resulted in driving the foreigners, both French and Americans, away from Minorca. Our next stopping-place was Toulon, where, on leaving in half a gale of wind, the grandest exhibition of a ship's performance I have ever witnessed was achieved by the "Preble" under the able management of Lieutenant Junius J. Boyle.

Our ship was anchored inshore of forty odd closely moored heavy war-vessels, twenty-seven of them belonging to the line, and so situated that unavoidably, against the wind, she was obliged to work out through the elongated and most densely packed portion of the fleet; an experiment, to the astonishment of more than thirty thousand Frenchmen, she successfully accomplished, and, outside of her own bulwarks, not a soul of those wondering thousands watching her almost magical movements believed the "Preble," or any other square-rigged vessel ever borne upon the water, capable of beating unharmed against a heavy wind through that labyrinth of ships.

Whenever the service upon which the ship was engaged permitted, Captain Voorhees always made a point of remaining two whole days in every port he happened to anchor, in order to give both officers and men an opportunity of knowing something of the places visited. On the morning after our arrival one-half of all the people on board would be sent to the shore, followed on the second day by the other half, while the third day morning would once more see the ship under way.

Sailing from Toulon, and after touching at Leghorn, the course was laid along the coast of Italy, through the Strait of Messina, past the Adriatic to the Grecian Archipelago, and procuring a pilot at Milo, we made for Syria, when a strong northeast wind forced us to leeward, and under "whole topsails with lee muzzles under," while beating up for the harbor, we discovered a long "whaleback" rock close aboard under our lee, when the wind suddenly lulled, leaving the ship tossing helplessly on a short cross-sea, and "drifting" directly upon the danger, from which no efforts on our part could force her, and when only a few feet intervened between the vessel and utter destruction, a puff of wind momentarily filled the sails and sent her clear. A few minutes later a squall, the pioneer of a strong gale, struck the ship, forcing her to bear away under shortened sail for Naousa, a harbor located in the north end of Paros, an island twenty miles leeward. Detained here weather-bound for more than a week, parties visited the celebrated marble quarries, the famous grotto of Antiparos, and other places of interest mentioned in ancient history. The northwestern side of this harbor is formed by a narrow neck of land rising gradually from the water's edge to a ridge, where

it terminates suddenly in a overhanging precipice, whose crest, several hundred feet above the sea, affords a fascinating view of the "wild waves" dashing against its base, and was to me a favorite place of resort.

One morning while straying in my usual haunt, and spying a boulder somewhat larger than one's head, an insane impulse seized me to watch that boulder splash into the water. Taking it in my hands and stepping upon a rock projecting several feet beyond the cliff, I raised it high in the air, and while in the act of throwing felt the earth sinking beneath me, when instinct, I presume, came to the rescue (as I had no time for deliberation), and I threw all my strength against the boulder. My body, yielding to the force thus generated, fell heavily to the ground, several feet in the rear, while the entire ledge went crashing into the frightful abyss below, leaving my nether extremities dangling in the space vacated by the rock an instant before. Presently I slued myself around, and after gazing a while into that yawning gulf of horrors from which a power little less than a miracle had snatched me, I rolled to a safe distance, and, rising, went my way, forever cured of all desire to hurl boulders over precipices of any height whatever.

After a detention of eight or ten days, we finally succeeded in reaching Syra, and three days later sailed for Smyrna, and on passing the channel formed by the islands of Tinos and Myconos, the wind, hauling to the northward, forced the ship to leeward of Scio, and necessitated our beating through the strait bearing that name. The next morning, at eight o'clock, while stretching into this channel, some twelve or fourteen vessels were discovered to windward, all working to the northward, the most distant sail in sight being a ship's main-royal barely showing above the horizon. The wind remaining steady, at 4 P. M. the "Preble" had passed the strait and was heading up for the Gulf of Smyrna, while the vessels observed in the morning were all well under our lee, many of them out of sight, and the one showing the royal fully three miles to leeward. I mention this circumstance as another exhibition of the extraordinary weatherly qualities of this "Pride of the Seas," as her crew usually called her, and no ship ever more worthily deserved that appellation than did the "Preble" while under the command of Captain Voorhees.

The next evening we "came to" off Smyrna, where were at anchor a French squadron, a Turkish rear-admiral's ship, and the Danish frigate "Thetis." Many places of interest were visited, including Turk-town, Jew-town, Armenian-town, and Frank-town, all possessing novel attractions to a stranger. The site of ancient Smyrna, as I re-

member it, lies a mile or more southward from the new town of that name, and was at that time represented by a few scattered ruins, remains of cisterns in fair preservation, several rods of the city inclosure, and the four walls of a marble edifice where, according to popular tradition, St. John the Divine, more than eighteen centuries ago, proclaimed to a pagan world the marvelous story of the lowly Man of Bethlehem. Interesting as this plact may have appeared, all visitors were unfortunately excluded in consequence of a desperate band of robbers possessing it in numbers sufficient to overawe the military force of Smyrna, and no body of Turks in that vicinity, however strong, dared attempt their removal. Unaware of this important fact, Midshipman Stout and myself one pleasant afternoon strolled to this locality without meeting a soul on the grounds, and after viewing the ruins and cisterns and procuring mementos from the church walls, returned to Smyrna to horrify our citizen friends with a recital of our adventure, they believing it impossible for us to have gone to Old Smyrna and return alive. The secret of our escape transpired a few hours later, when it became known that at the time of our visit the entire band was twenty odd miles away sacking a town of three hundred inhabitants. On the evening of July 23, at the solicitation of the French and American consuls, Captain Voorhees attended the opera, returning on board by 11 P. M., and the next morning feeling somewhat indisposed, he directed Lieutenant Boyle to proceed to Voula with the vessel, "water ship," and return. About nine o'clock on the second morning after reaching the watering-place, and as the launch was being called away to bring the last load necessary to fill our casks, the surgeon came from the cabin and requested the first lieutenant to return at once to Smyrna, as the captain's disease had suddenly developed very alarming symptoms, and a consultation was imperative. The anchor was immediately weighed, and four hours later the French surgeons in port were assembled on board with the object indicated above, and that body not considering the case a dangerous one, we all rested easier, under the impression that with his powerful constitution our captain would pull safely through, until 11.20 A. M., July 27, 1842, when Surgeon Frederick J. Sickles, emerging from the cabin, announced to the astonished people on the "Preble" that "Commander Ralph Voorhees had that moment ceased to breathe." At this astounding intelligence every man on board appeared dazed, nor did they seem capable of realizing that their honored captain who, only four days previously, had appeared among them the embodiment of health and strength, was then lying in the cabin forever powerless to again battle with the storms of life and nature. Cut down in the day

of his greatest usefulness by that terrible scourge the Greek fever, and almost without warning, he had gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," leaving those lately under his command to mourn the absence of a friend whose place could never be filled to them on this side of that shadowy land to which his noble spirit had fled. Escorted by all who could be spared from the ship, by the officers from the foreign ships in port, the Frankish citizens on shore, and led by the "Thetis's" band, we carefully bore to the Christian cemetery and gently laid to rest in that far-off land, beneath the Moslem rule, the body of our late commander, and as the parting volleys awoke the neighboring echoes with their unusual sound, we bade farewell to one who had gone from us, leaving only the memory of a noble nature, a kind, upright gentleman, and an officer whose superior I have never found in our own or any other service.

On returning to the ship the crew assembled on the quarter-deck, and, as the half-masted pennant ascended to the truck, Lieutenant James J. Boyle formally assumed the command so recently made vacant by the hand of death.

Bidding a sad adieu to Smyrna, we ran north of Scio and through the Doro Passage, formed by the islands of Negropont and Andros, greedily viewing the classic land of Attica as we sped along its verdant shores towards the Pyræus, where "the mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea." After short visits made by both officers and men to the ancient ruins of Athens, the anchor was again weighed, and after touching at Syra we proceeded to Tripoli, and (the American consul being absent) from thence immediately to Tunis, where, while Captain Boyle was attending to international matters, the officers were making the acquaintance of those belonging to an English war-schooner, said to be superior to any of her class in the British navy; and, owing to her superior sailing qualities, she had for several years been stationed on the lower African coast, and proved eminently successful in breaking up the slave-trade. One stormy, dirty-looking evening, with the wind blowing in heavy gusts from the westward, the schooner was observed to get under way and stand to the northward, when a few moments later the darkness completely hid her from view. The fact of her departure being reported to Captain Boyle, he immediately had all hands called to "up anchor," determined to "see what that fast British schooner was made of;" and like a fish loosed from the meshes of a net away dashed the "Preble," close-hauled under top-gallant-sails when double reefs would have been proper, throwing the spray in silvery sheets far and wide, drenching the decks and courses, and leaving a broad, fiery wake behind. On-

ward she flew, without discovering the vessel we were determined to master, until a narrow escape at midnight from colliding with a heavy brig crossing our track, warned our captain to shorten sail. Afterwards we jogged along quietly until daylight revealed our position to be a few miles south of Sardinia, near where the "Delaware," of 80 guns, was knocked down several years before while luffing through a heavy squall during a morning watch, and the "unauthorized letting go of the fore-sheet" alone saved her from going down with eleven hundred souls on board.

It was related of the first lieutenant, afterwards Commodore Thomas W. Wyman, that when the "Delaware" was thrown on her broadside, with difficult climbing he succeeded in reaching the quarter-deck, where, snatching the trumpet from the officer in charge, his first order, given in a voice heard distinctly fore and aft, was "*Keep clear of the paint-work!*" This command to hundreds of human beings packed in the lee-scuppers like sardines in a box instantly restored them to order, they naturally feeling that if at such a time, with a line-of-battle ship on her "beam ends," clean paint-work was of paramount importance, their condition could not be a serious one.

This unsurpassed exhibition of *sang-froid* on the part of Lieutenant Wyman, preventing any liability to a panic at a time of imminent peril, where a huge ship of the line was held upon her side by a furious wind, and with little prospect of righting, deserves to be recorded and handed down to coming generations as an example worthy of imitation by all seaman when suddenly overwhelmed by extraordinary danger.

A few days later found our ship anchored at the lazaretto near the entrance of Mahon harbor, with a thirty days' quarantine imposed as a penalty for visiting the Eastern Mediterranean. Before the town in Calafagara Bay, were the "Columbus," 74, and the frigate "Congress," recently from the United States, and awaiting our arrival was the relief of our late captain, Commander N——, who had reached Toulon four days after the "Preble's" departure, early in the summer. On the "Congress" as the executive was Lieutenant Edward G. Tilton, reputed to be the most tyrannical officer in the navy, a terror and a nightmare to all subjected to his sway. So black had his character been painted that I was unable to picture other than a monster of huge proportions with flaming eyes,—a sort of devouring demon, before whom no subordinate could stand without danger of annihilation; and one Sunday evening, when a shore-boat pulled near the quarter, bearing a remarkably handsome, slight-built, active-appearing, and pleasant-looking gentleman, I was simply incapable of comprehending that this officer could, by any possible means, be the Caligula of the

service; yet this was the terrible Lieutenant Tilton, who at this period was undergoing trial by court-martial for some difficulty between himself and his commanding officer, Captain Philip F. Voorhees; and on the "Preble's" release from quarantine he exchanged with Lieutenant Boyle, and, to our horror, this fiend in human shape was saddled upon us! The last person in the whole world six quiet, orderly midshipmen desired for a shipmate, especially in the capacity of first lieutenant. Soon after our new captain had taken charge of the ship, she was dispatched to Marseilles, where mooring within the inner mole, she remained two weeks, and on emerging therefrom, owing to the sewers of that city emptying into this basin, where there was neither ebb and flow of tide nor artificial means for carrying the débris to deep water, all the gilt-work became ruined, and the white paint-work turned to the color of brown mud, requiring a thorough repainting inboard and out. During our passage to and from Marseilles, Captain N—— appeared desirous of ascertaining the ship's best sailing trim, and against the evidence afforded by his own experiments, wherein the mere weight of the crew placed first forward and then aft gave in the latter case a speed of two and one-half knots greater than when in the former position, he had, on reaching port, all the ballast in the spirit-room transferred to the fore-peak, the mast uprighted, and other minor changes made, thus converting this splendid ship into as veritable a "tub" as ever floated on the ocean, destroying completely her unequaled weatherly and sailing qualities, and from that time to the day of her destruction at Pensacola she was never noted for anything beyond an ordinary vessel,—neither fast nor weatherly.

Mahon at this time presented an unusual appearance of activity. Besides the four American war-ships in port, French cruisers and transports were daily arriving and departing, and others undergoing repairs at the yard, while the hospitals were filled with sick, wounded, and convalescents, and during our absence five thousand insubordinate, desperate Spanish soldiers had been sent to the island and quartered on the people until fresh difficulties at home should demand their recall, and serious disturbances, together with the worst of crimes, frequently resulted from their presence in town. Gunner Arnold and a quarter-gunner belonging to the "Preble" were assaulted by a Spanish sergeant armed with a broad-bladed knife; the former receiving a serious wound in the arm, and the latter was run completely through the body. One of our wardroom boys was shot and killed by a soldier, and others attached to the squadron were either murdered or wounded, the offenders in every instance escaping punishment.

The term "Long Hill" was applied to a road of easy grade cut in the side of a precipice, and leading from the bay-shore at Calafagara Point to a plateau about forty feet above the bay-level, on which the eastern portion of the town was built, and "Short Hill" to a zigzag ascent near the cliff's center, and perhaps an eighth of a mile westward from the point. The former, at the summit, passed near a bluff about fifteen feet high, between whose base and the road was a "wash-out" three or four feet deep, furnishing an admirable place for concealment to any one bent upon mischief. About eleven o'clock on the night of October 28, 1842, Passed Midshipman John S. Patterson, attached to the "Congress," was foully murdered on the "Long Hill" while returning to his ship, and apparently without cause, as robbery was not attempted, and his recent arrival on the station rendered him a stranger to almost every one in town. A knife-blade had entered the breast three times, and penetrated the heart twice. Early in the evening Mr. Patterson had a trifling difficulty with a Spanish officer at "Johnny Cacheo's," but the affair had been amicably settled at the time, and good feeling prevailed when they separated, shortly afterwards. From the evidence procurable at the time, I was led to believe that the wrong person had probably suffered, the intended victim, in my opinion, being an officer on the "Preble" who had come from the "Ohio," and in consequence of being engaged to a young lady of great beauty, had excited the jealousy of a certain Spanish officer, who wanted the girl for himself; and on the night in question, which happened to be a very dark one, the former, on visiting his fiancée, was followed (as seen by a person in an adjoining building) by three men, who laid in wait until a movement within the house indicated the officer's departure, when the trio stealthily moved towards the "Long Hill." The officer, emerging from a bright light into darkness, was unable to see, and feeling his way to the wall overlooking the "Short Hill," and guided by it, descended by that route instead of the other, as he had intended, and before reaching the bottom, Mr. Patterson passed on his way to the "Long Hill," and when abreast of the "wash-out" he was heard by the watch on board the several vessels to exclaim, "What do you want? Go away from me! I am stabbed!" Then came the sound of a few rapid steps, ending with a heavy thud, as from a falling body. The corpse was found apparently about twelve paces from the place of attack, and a post-mortem examination revealed the wounds as before mentioned.

The "Preble" had a mainmast-man, one Charles Golden, a curious little antiquated Irishman, a genius in his way, and an expert swordsman, and while on liberty with five shipmates the little party was attacked and roughly handled by eight armed soldiers. During the

mêlée Charley managed to trip the heels of one, and, securing his sword, made short work of the other seven, disarming and driving them from the the field. But the glorious victory was suddenly changed to a disgraceful rout, caused by a half-drunken comrade inserting his head between Golden's legs, and, rising up, precipitated the hero head foremost upon the pavement, leaving him too much stunned for further action. The discomfited enemy, upon seeing their late conqueror *hors du combat,* returned to the charge, and the sailors, deprived of a leader, fled for their lives, hotly pursued by the enraged and vengeful Spaniards, one of whom, on recovering his cutlass, gave poor Charley his quietus by a well-directed blow, sufficiently powerful to have cleaved the head to the shoulders, but, diverted by a thick tarpaulin hat, which was nearly cut in twain, the skull escaped, but the side-face was laid open to the bone, and the man left for dead. Charley soon regained his consciousness and appeared on duty the ensuing day, as cheery as if he had attended a wake instead of looking grim death squarely in the face. Golden, being a self-constituted guardian and friend of all pigs received on board, never tired of caring for the comfort and happiness of these favorites, whom he ever regarded with a proud and watchful eye, and upon their beauty and perfections would discourse by the hour, only too well pleased to secure a patient listener; and they, responding to his affection, quickly learned to come at his call, jump upon his lap and shoulders, cunningly poke their noses into his face and root among the hair, playfully nip his ears and legs, and, under his instructions, readily acquired various amusing tricks. The cats, also, fell to Charley's care, and soon recognized him as their best friend, physician and playfellow. Previous to leaving port Golden always obtained a few hours' leave for the sole purpose of procuring "catnip" for his pets, which, wrapped in an eelskin, was carefully stowed at the bottom of a "ditty-bag," beneath sewing materials and other treasures, until Sunday mornings brought it forth, when two leaves of "nip" would be served to each cat as a preventative against fits, from which Charley averred it would certainly exempt them; and he was undoubtedly correct in his theory, as the cats on that ship always enjoyed exceptionally good health. On one occasion, being in a confidential mood, Charley disclosed the fact of his having at one period of his life made a disastrous failure in attempting to transfer his fortunes from shipboard to the shore—a circumstance in perfect keeping with the man. Golden, according to his statement, together with a companion mainmast-man named John Fause (another curious little old Irishman), on returning from a long

cruise in the Pacific, many years before, with about five hundred dollars due each, concluded they were tired of the sea, and as they had discovered a chance for a brilliant and successful speculation, with no risk whatever of a failure, they would forever abandon the dangers incident to their past lives and secure a comfortable home on the land, and immediately set about establishing a hotel in Norfolk, Virginia, for the accommodation of naval officers. Securing a dilapidated house in "Little Water Street," probably the most disreputable neighborhood in the whole city, they proceeded to furnish the premises with a small quantity of second-hand furniture, crockery, and knives, with two-pronged iron forks, substituting hammocks for beds, as they would afford greater attraction for the officers, and laying in as stores, a barrel each of whisky, brandy, rum, potatoes, molasses, onions, carrots, turnips, several gallons of gin and various wines, a basket of champagne, together with a quantity of salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, and tobacco, closing their purchases with a little black "female pig." Then procuring a sign bearing the inscription of "Hotel for Navy Officers, kept by Golden & Fause," painted in yellow to imitate gold, they considered themselves ready for business, but were at a loss regarding the correct way of opening the house to customers, as, in their judgment, success would greatly depend upon right commencement. In this dilemma they called in several old shipmates for consultation, and finally the council unanimously decided a "house-warming" to be the proper method of proceeding, as it would "advertise the business, make the place known, and give an éclat to the establishment." Accordingly, fiddlers were engaged, all the sailors in town, together with their friends and ladies, invited, and seven o'clock that evening found a motley crowd assembled, bent upon having a jolly good time and "making a night of it." At eight the dance was well under way, and by ten o'clock it was getting a little lively. At 1 A. M. the "warming" had resolved itself into a pandemonium of incarnate fiends, and by 2 A. M. the keepers and their leading friends were in prison, their guests scattered, the "house" undoubtedly "*advertised*," and its fortunes at their lowest ebb.

On their liberation from "durance vile" the proprietors found remaining of their "well-appointed hotel" one wooden sign and one black pig! and in the absence of both funds and credit, they decided that Fause should go to sea in order to procure means for continuing the business, while Golden remained to float the establishment until assistance from that source arrived. The "navy officers" not appearing to appreciate the accommodations opened for their comfort, and

with neither money nor custom, Charley found it up-hill work to subsist on a sign and one live pig, and depositing the latter with the city mayor, followed his partner, Fause, to sea. In relating this one brilliant episode in his life, Golden confidently assured me that he had at least five hundred pigs in the mayor's back-yard, and on returning to Norfolk he seriously thought of presenting that gentleman with at least two pigs, possibly three, for his trouble in caring for "that little black pig" while she was multiplying herself into five hundred.

The object of that British squadron of observation, previously mentioned, was now manifested by the Spanish government requiring the absence of both French and Americans from Minorca. England, by treaty, having a right to dictate in certain matters relative to the island, and becoming jealous of the French occupation, to get them away, while preserving an appearance of impartiality, it became necessary to have the Americans removed also; therefore preparations were made for leaving Mahon to seek winter-quarters elsewhere, and Genoa having been selected for that purpose, the squadron sailed about the 1st of December for that port.

Once more at sea and in squadron, instead of proceeding under reduced canvas to preserve our station as had hitherto been our custom, to our extreme mortification the other vessels were now forced to shorten sail to avoid leaving us behind, and our captain, who had decided that the "Preble" ought and should trim by the head, appeared satisfied with her performance, and did not seem to know the difference between a fast vessel and a dull one.

Arriving before the city of "Genoa the superb," the ships moored for the winter near the outer extremity of the eastern or inner mole, being secured to the latter by heavy chains from each quarter, while the bowers, well separated, were planted on either bow with seventy-five fathoms of cable between them and the "hawse-holes." On the approach of a gale additional quarter-fasts were made by doubling the hempen sheets and carrying their ends to strong ring-bolts imbedded in the structure. Commencing at the sea-wall's extremity, the ships were arranged in line according to the rank of their commanding officers, as follows: "Columbus," "Congress," "Preble," and "Fairfield," the former acting as a breakwater to the others, and all were considered to be well protected against the elements excepting, perhaps, the possibilities of a gale of extraordinary violence.

The two moles forming the harbor of Genoa, as I remember them, rose above the water apparently thirty feet or more, and were perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in width, composed of massive stone blocks secured together by iron fastenings, the new or western mole project-

ing in an east-southeast direction about two thousand two hundred feet and the old or eastern one in a westerly course something less than two thousand feet.

Anterior to 1842 United States men-of-war appear to have seldom visited the port of Genoa, and their brief tarry gave the inhabitants little opportunity for becoming acquainted with the character and customs of these strange beings from a new world, and, basing their opinions upon the writings of Botta, the historian, this community, regardless of rank or station, with rare exceptions, actually believed the "American people to be a race of half-savage, copper-colored beings, good for fighting, partially civilized, but utterly unfit to appear in the society of ladies," until our squadron arrived, when the presence of seventy officers at a soiree given by the grand duke forever dispelled their erroneous impressions, and during the day succeeding the entertainment several high-born ladies expressed to the United States minister's wife their astonishment at "finding the Americans white, civilized, educated, and accomplished;" and to a query from that lady regarding her own husband's condition, replied, they "had supposed them of English birth and education, and emigrants to America!"

On the "Columbus" were twenty midshipmen against whom Captain William A. Spencer appeared to wage an incessant war, or it may have been the midshipmen waged war against the captain. Anyway, a chronic war existed, and the latter, owing principally to his anxiety for their suppression, appeared to make but little headway against this turbulent element, acting like so many thorns in his side, and therefore constantly placed himself in positions from which he was forced to retreat whenever his enemies appealed to the commander-in-chief, which they were by no means tardy in doing on discovering an opportunity where success seemed possible. As time passed, matters grew from bad to worse, until a climax was reached on the occasion of a large party of nobility visiting the squadron; and when on the flagship, among other amusements for their entertainment the captain conceived the idea of exhibiting his midshipmen in the guise of boatmen, and immediately sent fifteen of their number, together with two seamen to act as stroke-oarsmen, into the "barge," with instructions to "pull around the harbor and let the ladies see what they could do." A few minutes after the guests had been escorted to the poop-deck, where they would have a better view, the "barge" appeared in sight pulled by the two seamen perched on the forward thwart, and elevated above the water to a degree that the oar-blades could with difficulty be made

to touch the surface, owing to those fifteen blessed midshipmen being stowed comfortably away in the stern-sheets and apparently enjoying their "pull." "An angry man ye may opine was Captain Spencer, and something more than wroth," when that aquatic party met his eyes, and, forgetful of the august party honoring him with their presence, he stamped the deck, pulled his hair, and made use of hearty expressions not found in prayer-books, and finally ordered the barge's recall to be made; but the conscientious young gentlemen continued their pleasure-voyage, unmindful of the bunting flying at the mizzen-truck, pulling first around one ship and then around another, giving an equal view to all, until exhaustion in the motive-power warned them to return to the ship, and to confinement under the "hatches," where, in an explanatory letter to accompany another reporting them for "disrespect to their commander and disobedience of orders," they modestly offered in excuse, that under the commodore's order "forbidding the barge to be used for any purpose whatever other than his own personal service," pulling in that particular boat would have contravened the positive order of their commander-in-chief and exhibited contempt for his office; therefore they preferred to excite their respected captain's ire rather than his. Captain Spencer, for prudence's sake, withheld both reports, and ere he could accomplish a satisfactory vengeance the death of a nephew, Midshipman Philip Spencer, executed on the United States brig "Somers," December 1, 1842, for mutiny, caused his retirement from the command, and on December 9, 1843, he resigned his commission and left the service. The vacancies created by the detachment of Captain Spencer, and subsequently of Lieutenant James J. Boyle from the "Congress," necessitated important changes among the higher officers in the squadron, Commander Abraham Bigelow being relieved by Commander N——; the former transferred from the "Fairfield" to the "Columbus," and Commander W—— from the latter ship to the "Preble," besides considerable shifting about among the officers of lesser grades.

Whatever the character of our new commander might prove to be, we were not sorry to lose one who, on departing, left us as an irritating legacy the memories of one who through incapacity and stubbornness had ruined the finest ship in the service; and, however much he may have become endeared to us through his unequaled ability in scientific researches regarding the proper length of a midshipman's hair, in addition to the noble ambition constantly displayed in his unremitting desire for the "young gentlemen" to exist on ship's rations and market from a "bumboat" for any luxuries they might crave, yet, strange as it may appear, it was a relief to receive in his stead "Bully W——,"

as he was called, with all his foul blasphemies and towering rages,—an accomplished officer, who possibly might have been appreciated in the fleet of Admiral Benbow during the seventeenth century, but was wholly out of place in the Mediterranean squadron in the nineteenth. By the changes made at this time our first lieutenant was unfortunately transferred to the flag-ship, and we lost one of the best officers it has ever been my fortune to sail with, being exact, rigid, and correct in his ideas of duty; keeping every one up to the mark; tempering discipline with kindness and consideration; supporting and encouraging the deserving and faithful; exacting the "pound of flesh" from the unworthy; thoroughly efficient in caring for and handling a ship; and, judging him from a midshipman's stand-point, Lieutenant Edward G. Tilton as an executive officer had not his equal in the navy; and his detachment at that period was a matter far from being desirable, however much we may have dreaded his coming to us.

Some time in January, 1843, if my memory serves me correctly, the coast of Italy was ravaged by a three days' storm, unprecedented in violence during the preceding half-century, and the "mountain rollers" brought in by a furious southerly gale broke in solid masses against the stone structures forming the harbor, forcing the spray a hundred feet higher than the inner light-house, and double that height above the outer one, deluging our ships and sweeping far across the bay. Anxiously, throughout those three dreary days, we watched the towering billows curl around the "mole-head," and, catching the flag-ship under the counter, force her stern on high as she lunged forward, bringing all of her enormous weight to bear upon the quarter-moorings, instantly rendered as straight and rigid as iron bars, and a moment later as the wave-crest passed onward to her bows, back she would come, threatening destruction to her cables, surging to and fro like some huge monster impatient of restraint, until the afternoon of the second day, when a gigantic sea raised her up like a toy, and, in a tremendous forward lurch, snapped both quarter-chains like flaxen threads, and with the next wave we expected to see her come crashing upon the "Congress," when the two leviathans would have been borne upon the "Preble," and the three in turn upon the "Fairfield," grinding and tearing each other like maddened tigers in deadly strife, when the four swinging among the merchant shipping, more than fifty vessels would have gone to the bottom on that fearful evening in Genoa harbor; but fortunately the hempen cables held, and the squadron rode the gale in safety. At sundown on the third day a procession led by the archbishop, bearing the great toe of St. Peter, appeared upon the shore end of the inner mole, and after sprinkling ashes upon the

troubled waters (whose angry waves drenched them without mercy), and reading a prayer or so to still the raging elements, the procession returned as it came and—the gale broke at midnight! The winter's storms usually last three days. The force of the sea battering against the outer mole appeared, on the storm's subsiding, to have been unexampled, as it had completely breached that structure for more than a hundred feet, tearing the heavy blocks of masonry from their beds and hurling them into the harbor, leaving the outer light-house an island. One day the commodore issued orders for the squadron to "prepare for receiving the queen-dowager of Prussia with becoming honors;" and while the young gentlemen on the "Columbus" were arranging themselves for the occasion, one of their number, Midshipman George H. Bier, assuming his cocked hat and stepping in front of Midshipman Albert S. Cook, pleasantly said, *"Como va, senor?"* and in bowing the projecting end of the hat struck the latter in the eye, who angrily told the other not to make a d—d fool of himself. "Who do you call a d—d fool?" queried Bier. "You," replied Cook. The word was scarcely uttered when bang went Bier's fist between the other's eyes, and while measuring his length upon the floor, Cook concluded that nothing less than blood could wash away the infamous stain, and, rising to his feet, challenged his antagonist to mortal combat. News of the affair soon reached the first lieutenant's ears, and that officer promptly placed the belligerents under strict confinement to the ship; but seconds were chosen, who, repairing to the shore, were not long in completing all arrangements necessary for satisfying the honor so fatally wounded, while the combatants, during the confusion incident upon receiving wood and water, managed, unperceived, to reach the shore, where waiting carriages quickly conveyed them beyond the walls to the open country, and on reaching a stretch of road devoid of people, ten paces were expeditiously measured, the principles placed in position, and at the word "Fire!" Bier tumbled over with a bullet lodging below the right knee. Both parties being satisfied and regaining their carriages, were driven to the mole landing, where shore-boats returned them to the ship long ere the authorities learned that the laws of Genoa had been seriously violated; but being American midshipmen, they let the matter drop.

The 1st of April found the ships once more at sea, bound to Mahon for stores and provisions preparatory to their summer crusing, and the "Preble's" people were now forced to endure the mortification of seeing the "Congress" advance without apparent effort two or three miles ahead of her consorts, then sag to leeward, fall astern three or four miles, and, luffing, pass easily to windward of all back to her sta-

tion; or, in other words, sail around the squadron whenever it suited her captain's fancy to do so, whole those on our little ship who, a year before, would have laughed the frigate to scorn, could only chew the bitter cud of defeat and renew their anathemas against the cause of their humiliation, who, by the way, nearly lost the "Fairfield" by bad management in a gale encountered during her passage to Minorca. One morning, soon after reaching Mahon, our people were greatly exercised on observing the "Delaware's" number floating at the mast-head of a ship of the line majestically entering the harbor; and why the flag-ship of the Brazil squadron, flying the broad pennant of Commodore Charles Morris, should be five thousand miles away from her cruising-ground proved too great a problem for solution, until informed that in future there was to be an interchange of squadrons between the Brazils and Mediterranean; a ship's cruise of three years to be equally divided between the two, and the "Delaware's" arrival to exchange with the "Columbus" was the initial movement in that direction. During the "Delaware's" commission of about two years Commodore Morris had been exceedingly active in exercising the vessels under his command in all the evolutions incident to sailing a squadron, and as the Mediterranean ships had never indulged in those pastimes, we all looked forward with great dread to the time when the new commander-in-chief should give us a trial. Finally, the vessels being ready for sea, one fine morning the flag-ship threw out the signal, "Under way to get," and following in ranking order, the squadron, composed of the "Delaware" and "Columbus," 80-gun ships; the frigate "Congress" of 48; "Fairfield," 20; and the "Preble," 14 guns, quickly found an offing, where the dreaded exercises commenced, and at 2 P. M. on the fourth day, while turning to windward under double-reefs, and after the "Delaware" had been thoroughly and badly beaten by all the other vessels composing the squadron in every evolution and exercise undertaken, signal was made to "chase to leeward under all sail," and at the instant of bearing away a French frigate, *en route* from Toulon to Algiers, appeared in sight from under the lee of Cape Mala, and her commander, astonished at seeing a heavy squadron close-hauled under reefs suddenly square away and crowd sail for him, pluckily prepared to receive the charge by quickly rounding to, shortening canvas, backing the main-topsail, beating to quarters, and then coolly awaiting further demonstrations; and as our ships tore past with the usual friendly salutation, the French captain, comprehending the situation, filled and made sail again on his course, while our commander-in-chief, now fully satisfied that his two years of exercise had resulted in utter defeat, signalized "part company," when the "Preble" bore

away for Tunis, having on board J. Howard Payne, Esq., the author of "Home, Sweet Home," our instructions being to see him duly installed as consul and then to visit Tripoli, Tangier, Gibraltar, Malaga, and return to Mahon. On Mr. Payne's reaching his destination and witnessing the squadron of Tunis, he appeared to be the most homesick gentleman I ever beheld, and earnest persuasion became necessary to prevent him from throwing up his commission and re-embarking. Subsequently I heard of his becoming not only contented, but highly pleased with both position and place.

At Gibraltar we met the "Columbus" on her way to Brazil, now commanded by Captain B. C——, recently arrived on the station, and of whom it was related by his officers that, on assuming the command, he addressed the following memorable words to the assembled officers and crew, consisting of more than a thousand souls, producing an impression never to be forgotten, by those for whose benefit they were uttered. "My men," said he, "I have heard that you were a good set of men. I heard of you in the United States, and I have heard of you out here. Now, if you don't behave yourselves I'll lick you;" when, turning to some twenty midshipmen standing near him, concluded with, "And as for you, young gentlemen, look out for yourselves!" "Pipe down, sir!"

Harmony prevailing at Tangier, the "Preble" returned to Minorca, where were at anchor the "Delaware" and "Lexington," store-ship, just out from the United States. On the Fourth of July, Commodore Morris came on board, and assembling the men, informed them of his belief in the probability of the "Preble's" being on her way home inside of five months, but was unable to positively promise that such would be the case, and as she had been in commission more than three years, and they having remained voluntarily six months over their time, he could not consistently detain them longer, but would grant them the option of remaining with the vessel or to return on the store-ship. The crew (possessing no further interest in a small, loggy, unweatherly, dull-sailing ship, and as only six of the original officers remained), with few exceptions, exchanged into the "Lexington," the deficiencies in our complement being filled by short-time men and invalids from the flag-ship.

About the 10th of July the "Preble's" anchor for the last time left the sands of Calafagara, and, bidding a final farewell to Port Mahon, the cliffs of Del Torro soon disappeared below the horizon of the Mediterranean, while we bounded on our way to the coast of Spain. Touching at Barcelona and Alicante, we cast anchor off Malaga, where we remained a brief period. On weighing, our deck was stained

by the blood of James White, seaman, premeditatedly murdered by John Colligan, orderly sergeant, for an imaginary cause,—a crime deemed by the civil courts of Boston worthy of three years' incarceration in a State's prison. Both men were received from the "Delaware," and this was only the second death occurring among the crew during a protracted cruise of three years and a half, both the result of assassination. Proceeding with a light, fair wind, the only one experienced during our numerous trips westward along the Spanish shore, a few hours found the ship once more before the rock of Gibraltar, where, after tarrying a couple of days, the welcome cry of "All hands up anchor for home!" cheerily sung by the boatswain and his mates, greeted our ears, and ere the shades of night fell around us the heights of Spartel and Trafalgar were settling beneath the eastern horizon, and our good ship heading for Azores, where, five days, later, we communicated with Terceira, and proceeded on our way westward over the ocean. Sailing from Gibraltar July 26, pleasant weather accompanied us across the Atlantic, excepting twenty-four hours, while crossing the Newfoundland Banks, where the almost interminable mists rendered our passage a disagreeable one; and on the afternoon of August 31, while gently gliding over an unruffled sea, indulging in pleasant reveries on the prospect of beholding our native country again on the morrow's dawn, the cry of "Land ho! right ahead and on both bows," from the stentorian lungs of the mast-head lookout, quickly brought us to our feet, when eager eyes soon caught sight of Capes Cod and Ann, together with the shores and islands forming Boston Bay, and both land and light-houses as distinctly visible as if only a few miles away, instead of being from five to eighteen hundred feet below the horizon, and from thirty to fifty miles away.

The unequal refraction producing this phenomenon furnished one of the finest displays of mirage it has ever been my good fortune to witness, and throughout the night the lights continued plainly visible, until daylight extinguished them and revealed the fact that we had closed in with the land and were only a few miles from Nantucket. About 7 P. M., with the Highland light bearing not far from south-southwest, and perhaps thirty miles from us, while sounding, as we presumed in deep water, the lead unexpectedly brought up in ten fathoms, and, on repeating the casts, with similar results. Our captain, becoming alarmed, went about and stood to the eastward, but an hour or two later changed his mind and tacked again to westward, and by 11 P. M. the lead indicated our return to the bank, when, after sounding several times in from ten to fifteen fathoms, the ship passed over it into deep water. Nearly twenty years later, while on a coast

survey steamer, with only memory to guide, and a few hours to spare, I vainly sought for this shoal, believing it to be a famous fishing-ground known as the "Fifteen-acre Lot," about which the Cape Cod fishermen would dilate by the hour, but of whose position no amount of coaxing, persuasion, bribery, or a judicious administration of good whisky would induce them to disclose. Freely enough would they partake of the whisky, and appeared to enjoy it, especially in large quantities, but the moment I ventured to mention the "Fifteen-acre Lot" their mouths would close as tight as their own native clams, and my expenditure of whisky resulted only in mellowing the willing consumers into a happy and beatific condition, and unfortunately rendered them oblivious to any suggestions that possibly the steamer was not their permanent and proper abiding-place.

A morning of unsurpassed loveliness proved to be the first day of September, 1843, as the "Preble" stole softly among the emerald islands of Boston harbor towards the anchorage near the Charlestown Navy-Yard, from whence she had sped away thirty-two months previously, before the howling blasts of a northwest gale, and now she reappeared on a day so glorious and beautiful that nature herself seemed desirous of welcoming her return, although bearing within her wooden walls only eighteen souls of those she carried out upon the ocean on the 10th day of January, 1841. A few days sufficed to dismantle, land stores, and place the ship out of commission, and on the morning of September 11, 1843, I paid my respects to the commandant's office, where, after listening to a lecture on the duties of young officers, delivered by Commodore John B. Nicholson (I have often wondered at the senseless propensity of certain officers to lecture midshipmen), I received a detachment granting me "two months' leave of absence," and with the paper in my pocket, I made a last visit to my late home, the beautiful ship which had safely borne my varying fortunes during a period of forty-two months, and whose first cruise was now ended,—"the 'Preble's' and mine,"—little dreaming of the long years to intervene ere we should again meet on the broad waters of the Rio Parana, more than five hundred miles from the ocean.

By the late THOS. S. PHELPS,

Rear Admiral, U.S.N.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By HENRY ROMEYN, Brevet Major, U. S. A.

CHAPTER II.

NOT many days had passed after the sailing of the fleet, when, as *Mevrouw Van Vachte and her daughter were returning to their home after the service of the Sabbath morning, they were joined by a young man wearing the uniform of a sub-officer of infantry in the service of the State's General, and who, apologizing for thus addressing them, introduced himself as the son of a former friend of the mother, and a Portuguese colonel in Spanish service, who, having served in the Netherlands, had married one of the ladies of Amsterdam, and taken her to his home in Portugal, where she soon after died, leaving the son to the care of the father's family, in which he had grown to manhood, but had been, he said, sneered at and contemptuously used because of his mother's nationality and heretical belief, till, on reaching his majority, he had come to that mother's land to cast in his lot with its people and serve them to the best of his ability. His had been a military training, and after being presented to the Stadtholder he had been given a commission, and was on duty with his company in the city. The mevrouw had been pointed out to him as a friend of his mother, and he had, for that reason, decided to speak to her.

When first accosted, the mevrouw had wondered at his audacity, and was inclined to order him to leave them; but as he mentioned the name of his mother, memory brought back the face and form of the closest friend of her youth, and instead of dismissing him she said:

"I well remember thy mother. She was the closest friend of my childhood and youth. But I must tell thee that the steps thy father took to gain possession of her were not manly, but brutal, and but for his armed followers, and his hasty departure from Holland, would have cost him his life. I dislike to speak harshly of any in presence of kindred, but I cannot be silent when I think of her wrongs."

*Title given a married lady of the better class.

"They were great, and there can be no apology for their perpetration. He died absolved by the Church, but—"

"Papal absolution could not restore her to her friends, or give back her ruined life. If her brother, Jan Cornelis, could ever have found thy father, neither Emperor nor Pope could have saved him, nor would he have had time for priestly office."

"But," she said, as they reached her door, "enter with us. I would hear more concerning thy mother."

Fact and fancy mingled in the tale the stranger told—told so touchingly that tears stood in the eyes of both his listeners, and caused them to think of him as one who revered his mother's memory, and was disposed to make amends, if it could be done, for all she had suffered.

The impresion made upon the older of the two women was more favorable than was that made upon the younger. She was soon comparing him with her lover, and he had not gained in the comparison. Wearing similar uniforms, the likeness ended in the clothing. The lover was of light complexion and sturdy figure; the new acquaintance was almost Moorish in color, with hair of raven blackness; and he was tall and slight of physique. His accent told of his early training, and his manner was, though more polished than that of the absent one, seemingly less sincere. He did not hesitate to address the younger of his auditors in the stilted and high-flown terms common at that time in Southern lands, and allowed the young woman to see that he was much impressed by her appearance. But she could not free herself from the very unpleasant feelings excited by his first appearance, and that spontaneous antipathy which all have at some time experienced when meeting strangers, and which we can seldom analyze or account for, took possession of her mind, and was announced to her mother, when the caller had departed, after having been invited to repeat his visit.

"Why didst thou ask him to come again?" she asked. "We know nothing of him, he comes without letters, and to me his tones seem hollow and insincere. I have a feeling that his acquaintance will cause us harm, and mayhap of a very serious character."

"My freulie,* thou shouldst not give way to such feelings. Thou hast seen him but an hour, and canst know nothing of him in that time. His mother was my dearest companion, and I would learn more of her later life. He loves her memory, and because of those feelings, I invited him to come again; and surely no one wearing

*Daughter of the household.

Holland's uniform would ever wrong in any way the widow of my husband, or the daughter of thy father."

But the young woman was not to be won over; she did not like the stranger, and declined to meet him should he repeat his visit. This he did, not once only, but again and again. At first he did not ask for the daughter, but the conversation was chiefly devoted to memories of the dead friend, the visitor telling of circumstances which he said had attended her home life in Spain; but his story was told with the skill of the romancer, and was such as he thought would draw forth feelings of sympathy from his listener. In return he was told anecdotes of her school days, and (this with many tears) the tale of her abduction from her father's house by a band of Spanish soldiery, led by Colonel de Bra; of the scenes on board the Spanish vessel, where the fainting girl was forcibly held upon her feet while a priest mumbled through a marriage service; the successful flight of her maid, who had been seized with her, and who died mad, the result of what she had seen and had endured.

Later, and when he thought he had secured a footing in the regards of the mother, he ventured to ask for the daughter, and frequently met her in the comfortable parlor, or at the hospitable table, when invited to share their evening meal.

At length he ventured to ask the mother's consent to his paying court to the young woman.

"I have learned to love her," he said; "my circumstances are such that I can marry at any time. I have no near relatives who could have any voice in the matter; I have broken away from Portugal, and cast in my lot with my mother's land and people. Give thy consent to my trying to win thy daughter."

The mother sat aghast. Was this the trouble the daughter had intuitively feared? Was this young man, half Portuguese, of a like temper to his father, and ready to adopt *any* measures to attain the ends desired? What would the daughter say and do? She must temporize for her sake.

"We have known thee but a few weeks," she said, "too few for thee to make such a request, or for us to listen to it. Wait till we have known thee a year. Thou art yet young, and can afford to defer thy desire."

Why she did not at once declare the fact of her child's betrothal, even she could not then tell. It might have simplified matters very materially had she done so, or, on the other hand, it might have only confirmed the suspicions of the suitor, and caused him to hasten

the plan he had already made, to be used in case of a refusal of his suit.

For he had determined, by means fair or foul, to get possession of the prize. If she could be fairly won, 'twere better thus; if not, his father had set an example of winning an unwilling bride, and what had been done once could be done again. His Jesuitical training had taught him that "the end justifies the means," and in those troublous times means could be found for any scheme of fortune, rapine, or murder. He would first try fair means. But he met instant and determined rebuff. He had managed to spend some time with her, as the mother, busied with household cares, was called from the room. And so discreet had been his conduct that no exception could be taken regarding it, till, seated one evening beside a table on which the maiden was arranging some needlework, he ventured to seize her hand, as her movements brought it near his own. There was an angry flash of the steel-blue eyes, and a flush overspread her features, as it was quickly withdrawn. Attempting to recover it, he was told in no uncertain tones that his action was an insult, and must not be repeated. Then came his declaration:

"But, vrijster,* I love thee, and have asked permission of thy mother to visit thee, and she has not refused it. I am in a position to care for thee and for her, and can make thee happy, if thou wilt but give me opportunity."

"Did my mother know that thou didst intend to speak thus to me?"

"I have asked her permission."

"Thou dost not answer my question. Did my mother know that thou didst intend to speak thus to me? Answer me."

"Not at this time. I only seized the favorable opportunity."

"Thou hast had opportunity, 'tis true. But no opportunity can ever be favorable for thee to speak to me on such a subject. I am already betrothed, with my mother's full knowledge and consent, and will not receive any man as a suitor, with or without her favor, and I do not believe she meant for thee to mention this subject to me."

"I know now to whom thou art affianced, but he has gone beyond sea, and cannot return for years, if he return at all; and there are fair women in the colonies, those who will cause him to forget thee."

At this her anger and scorn blazed forth.

"Who and what art thou, that thou durst use such words to me? What guarantee, save thy own word, have we regarding thee? Thou sayest thou hast come to Holland as to the country of thy mother,

*Sweetheart.

and thou art wearing the uniform of an officer. Go, then, to duty, as another has done, even if it takes thee to other lands, and cease to talk of love to those who have not time or patience to listen to thee."

The taunt angered him. "I have told thee who I am. My word and my blood is as good as are those of any man in Holland, and I assure thee the time will come when thou wilt gladly listen to me."

"Never, while I have breath. Go now, before we have time to say more. I would part from thee in peace," and, calling a servant, she directed that the visitor be escorted to the street.

The young woman at once sought her mother.

"Didst thou give that young man permission to speak of love to me?" she demanded.

"He asked permission to pay court to thee, and I told him that he must wait till we had known him longer; for at least a year."

"Why didst thou not tell him of my betrothal? Then, if he be a man, he would not insult me by his offers. He has not only spoken of love, but he has made use of threats in case I refuse him. I would hear no more, and caused him to be conducted to the street."

"Thy betrothal has not been made public. Why, then, should I tell a comparative stranger of it? If he is a true man he will not again speak to thee of love; and what thou hast thought a threat is only the unconsidered utterance of an irritated, disappointed man. Cease to think of him and his words."

But, excited as she was, the daughter could not accept the situation with the optimism of the mother, and as the days passed she pondered over the words, "I assure thee the time will come when thou wilt gladly listen to me."

"What did he mean? Would he force her to bear his presence in her home? Had he knowledge of impending troubles, of which her mother was not informed? No Spanish troops were in Holland and the reign of their atrocities was at an end. What could he mean?

But though there were no Spanish forces in the country, the city swarmed with adventurers from every civilized clime, ready for any service which promised pay, plunder, or gratification of lust.

Two or three visits of the young officer to the house of Mevrouw Van Vechte had not advanced his cause in any way, and, disappointed and angered, he began to formulate other plans, and placed a watch over the house, to note the going and coming of its inmates. He soon learned that they supped regularly on Sabbath evenings at the house of Kaptein Gerritt Dekker and went home unattended, the distance not being great, and the quiet street apparently safe, even in the darkness of the earlier evening hours.

Within the deep archway of a large warehouse, situated on the street through which the widow and daughter would pass, half a dozen men were concealed, waiting for their prey. They had been carefully instructed by their leader, and well paid in advance for the dastardly deed they were expected to commit.

As the pair passed the gateway they were seized from the rear, their hands closely held behind their backs, balls of soft cloth thrust into their mouths, and over the head of each was thrown a thick cloak, completely muffling the figure. But two men took charge of the mother, while two more, with drawn swords, acted as guards for those who bore off the daughter in the opposite direction.

But, though surprised by the sudden attack, and expecting the worst, neither lost their presence of mind. The elder had been in earlier years an active participant in bloody scenes in the streets and on the walls of Dutch cities, and was still strong and active. As she was hurried, half carried, along the street, her elbow touched the handle of a poniard in the belt of the marauder on her right. With a mental prayer for succor, she suddenly wrested her hand from the grasp of the other, seized the weapon, and drove the blade into his body. As he fell groaning to the pavement, she threw the cloak from her head, and the second villain, seeing the naked blade and fearing his companion's fate, took to flight. It needed but a moment to free her mouth, and her cries for help soon filled the street with armed men. She was safe, but what of the daughter?

Born swiftly in the opposite direction from that taken by the captors of the mother, the young woman made frantic but useless efforts to free herself. She could make no outcry, neither could she free a hand or shake off the enveloping garment, which was so closely wrapped as to threaten suffocation if held long in place. She heard no voice, nor had any knowledge of direction, but as she heard no footsteps other than those of her captors, she imagined that her mother had been allowed to escape, and wondered why she had heard no outcry. Soon she found that she was being carried up a flight of steps; a rusty lock groaned as a key was applied, the hinges grated on the silence as a door was opened; she was placed on her feet on a tiled floor, the door closed and locked by the retreating brigands, and, tearing off the smothering wrap, she found herself in total darkness.

Her situation was appalling. She dared not move; a step might precipitate her into some trap or chasm, with fatal results. After listening intently for several moments without hearing a sound, her courage rose. Carefully pushing forward foot by foot, with extended

hands, she touched a blank, rough wall; and, feeling her way along it, she soon found a rough table, and a little farther a cot. Passing her hands over them in order to recognize them by touch if she found them again, she soon made the circuit of the large apartment, and, using the couch as a seat, tried to reason out the situation.

As she thought it over, she became satisfied that Liutenant de Bra had planned the kidnapping. She had no other enemy. "The time will come when thou wilt gladly listen to me." This spiriting away had, then, been long planned. What would be the end? Strong as she was in body and mind, the thought drove her frantic. But she had been carefully trained, had heard, from the days of her childhood, of miraculous escapes from Spanish fury, and, with these in mind, she knelt beside the couch and gave herself into the keeping of the God of the widow and the fatherless, to arise with faith and hope strengthened, to wait for coming day.

This night seemed endless. As the dawn appeared, the captive endeavored to gain some knowledge of the place of her imprisonment. She found herself in a large room, evidently intended for storage purposes, with rough, bare walls, its one window crossed by strong iron rods to keep out thieves, and closed nearly to the top by planks which prevented any outlook from the floor. By moving the table near it and placing upon it a low stool found near by, she managed to get a view of the plat of ground below, only to find that it was a deserted court, and that all windows opening into it were in a condition similar to her own. From this discouraging prospect she turned to examine the interior fittings of her prison. Besides the articles mentioned, she found a heavy chest, such as was commonly used by officers of sea-going vessels, and similar to that packed for her lover before he sailed. Attracted by this, she examined it more closely, and finding it unlocked, ventured to open it. It was filled with fine clothing, of Spanish make, and lying at the top of its contents was a superb stiletto, with belt and scabbard. These she at once secured, and carefully closing the receptacle, used the dagger to open a slit in her skirt, buckling the belt about her waist beneath her outer clothing, and where her hand could readily reach it. This done, she sat down to await developments.

An hour passed. Within another room there was the sound of feet shod in wooden schoon.

The key grated in the lock, and the door was opened widely enough to permit the passage of a tray with food. When she first heard the steps the prisoner had retreated to the most distant part of the room, and before she could reach it the door was closed and

locked. But, rapid as were the movements of the supplying party, she had noticed that it was a woman's hand which deposited the food within her reach, and though of appetite she had none, she ate heartily of it, planning meanwhile how she could communicate with its owner if she returned.

The day dragged wearily away and darkness fell without any return of her purveyor. As she lay down for this night there came into her mind the feeling that all would yet be well; that, in some way, she was being watched over by other than human guardianship. But she grieved for her mother. Had she, also, been abducted, and if so, what had been her fate? Surely, if violent hands had been laid upon her it was only to prevent alarm and rescue, and she would have been released as soon as the prize was out of sight; and, committing both to the care of the Infinite Father, she fell asleep, only to live over again in dreams the parting from her lover, the meeting with the stranger, together with all to which it had led; then to awake and listen for hours for any sign of life other than her own about her prison; later still, exhausted nature gave up so completely that when she awoke her room was light, and she found the morning meal had been placed inside the door.

(*To be continued.*)

DE WET'S LAST SUCCESS.*

GENERAL BOTHA, in a recent conversation with an ex-officer of Imperial Yeomanry, explained the simple but effective strategy of the Guerilla War. He, De la Rey, and De Wet, he said, had for nearly two years held the extreme points of a shifting triangle, which points they were always endeavoring to push outwards as far as possible. Whenever any one of the Commandants felt himself pressed by a concentration of Lord Kitchener's forces, he sent messengers to his allies, whose immediate activity in their own districts usually had the effect of relieving him.

De Wet's success at Tweefontein, however, on Christmas Day, 1901, drew too much attention to his district. Within less than a fortnight seven large columns—eventually 60,000 men—were centered upon him. And the drives around Harrismith, by obliterating one corner of the triangle, led to the real end of the war, which De Wet himself considers to have been reached on Majuba Day, February 27, 1902.

The sacrifice of Firman's Column was made up for by an overwhelming burst of energy in a part of the country which Lord Kitchener had up till then neglected. The Eastern Free State, containing the best and most indomitable section of the burghers, had never been systematically nor adequately handled after Prinsloo's surrender in the middle of 1900. Month after month, in 1901, we were tied to convoy work between Harrismith and Bethlehem, with one combined "sweeping" trek of six weeks to Standerton by Vrede and back through the Witkopjes to our center. These Witkopjes on the north, and the country beyond Witzies'-hook (a morning's ride from Harrismith) on the south, remained islands of hostile territory, citadels of De Wet's strength, and we always treated them with marked respect. His safety lay in keeping outside them, and ours in traversing them with rapidity and with care. He had no desire to be corralled: nor we, with a small force, to be "scuppered." But they were known in Harrismith as recruiting-grounds for his

*Reprinted by arrangement with the Leonard Scott Publication Co. of New York, the American Publishers of the Fortnightly Review.

homing followers, and Johannesberg paid no heed to our appeals for the means to deal with them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Firman, D. S. O., commanding the 11th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, was practically, though not officially, the Officer Commanding Mounted Troops in General Rundle's district. He was held, at all events, not only by those working under him, but by the artillery and other regular officers with whom from time to time we trekked, to be the one man in our part of the country who could handle mounted troops effectively. He had at last, towards the end of November, 1901, been ordered to form the handful of men at his disposal into a properly-organized mobile column, with its own artillery and mule transport. The details of preliminary organization were left mainly in the hands of a major of regular cavalry sent to us for the purpose. And a major of infantry, now dead (who had met with a disaster earlier in the war, and, being of a lethargic temperament, was not likely to interfere with his energetic subordinate), was given temporary command of what was now, for a few weeks, known as "Firman's Column," while the Colonel himself obtained leave from Lord Kitchener to go to Cape Town for a brief rest after his two years' continuous trekking. In his absence "Firman's Column" was suddenly taken into the field against De Wet. And on Christmas Day it was destroyed.

We (when I speak of "us" I necessarily mean our battalion, which with the artillery, two 15-pounders and a pom-pom, a machine-gun section, and some details of infantry for picket duty at night, made up the command) were, in mid-December, at our permanent movable base camp, as the organizing major called it, settling the mules in their new equipment; after a fashion, observing Witzies'-hook; and helping to guard the line of block-houses under construction. The uttermost block-house was, at this time, just outside of Eland's River Camp, beyond us, where lay two newly arrived regiments of Imperial Light Horse. The main features of the country, stretching athwart our well-beaten convoy tracks between Harrismith and Bethlehem, were (1) the Eland's River, and (2) the dip of the Tiger's-kloof Spruit, from beside Tweefontein Kop to Tiger's-kloof; after passing either of which last points we had the Longberg range over our left shoulder as we fared to the bridge at Bethlehem.

On December 15 we marched in a leisurely way to Eland's River, leaving our pack-mules to follow, and expecting to move out, perhaps, before long, with yet another convoy. On our arrival, of a sudden (through Karri Davies, at this time doing Intelligence), came

news of De Wet. We found ourselves ordered to start in an hour, with the Imperial Light Horse, under General Dartnell, and to rendezvous at once with several other columns which hoped to round up the guerillero near Kaffir Kop, on the other side of Bethlehem. The Colonials were sound men, and near 900 strong. General Dartnell had a reputation for slimness. It was good news; though the I. L. H. horses were tired, from recent night-raiding, and though no attempt was made to bring up our mules. The men's rations and the reserve ammunition were hastily dumped on some spare horses, with improvised saddles; and off we went at a walk-march which lasted till near dawn.

But it is time to hear De Wet's side of the story—for he dwells on the details of the next ten days, in his thirty-second and thirty-third chapters, with pardonable enthusiasm, though with an inaccuracy which forces one to suspect him of having, at this period, forgotten the interests of his future publishers.

During November, he says, he had concentrated seven hundred burghers in the Bethlehem district, the sub-divisions of the commando camping at the different farms over a large area from Witzies'-hook to Lindley, and covering half the Bethlehem-Harrismith-Verde-Heilbron quadrilateral—the real home of De Wet, the Wilge-River country. At the end of the month he marked down Colonel Remington, with a thousand mounted troops and three guns, apparently as a sure prey. But the Colonel "escaped" in the night. After this misfortune, the General-Who-Must-Not-be-Called-a-Guerilla rested for twelve days at the deserted town of Lindley, and sent two of his officers to the Cape Colony for recruits. On December 8 three columns of the enemy appeared from Kroonstad, on the railway line to the north-west. De Wet retired before them to Kaffir Kop, behind Bethlehem. Whereupon the columns in their turn retired—to Kroonstad. (And whether this was so I know not, but we never saw the columns at Kaffir Kop.) "The news then came that a column with a convoy was on the march from Harrismith to Bethlehem." (This means ourselves and the I. L. H., with no impedimenta but an ambulance.) "I was not in time to catch the enemy before they reached Bethlehem. When I saw this I decided to wait at a distance of some fifteen miles to the north-east of Bethlehem, for I expected that the column would return to Harrismith. The troops remained in Bethlehem till the morning of the 18th of December." (We did not. We went on to Kaffir Kop, a long night march; drew blank, and returned next evening to Bethlehem.)

"They then marched out towards Harrismith. I at once divided my commando into two parts, each consisting of 250 men." (Say 400. We counted over 700 riding down again from the Longberg, an hour after the fight.) "One of these divisions I posted behind the eastern end of the Longberg, about forty miles from Bethlehem." (*sic*, but this must be a misprint for four. It was about six miles. We were attacked say, an hour and a half after leaving Bethlehem Bridge)—"the other," hard by, in Tiger's-kloof Spruit, on the Harrismith road. "The enemy, I may mention, were about 600 or 700 men strong, and had two guns." (As the reader knows, we were fully twice 700 strong. But enough of interruptions.) "I, myself," with a pom-pom, "was now" concealed on a round kop overlooking the trap, waiting to give the signal. When the English scouts were within 1,200 paces of the burghers in the Tiger's-kloof, the pom-pom was fired, and De Wet galloped down to join in the charge. "It seemed to me," he says, "that nothing could save them!" But somehow "everything went wrong." "Only one-third of my burghers charged. The others were keeping under cover, and do what I would I could not drive them out." "When the burghers who were charging . . . discovered that the greater part of their comrades had remained, they turned round and retreated. But before this had happened, they had attacked the English at four different points. It had been a very short but a very hot engagement. . . . And so I thought it wisest to retreat, swallowing my disappointment as best I could. The burghers re-assembled to the south of the Longberg," and eventually found they had lost four killed and seven wounded. De Wet could not ascertain the British losses, but believed them to be heavy. He concealed his men "in the veldt round Tiger's-kloof," six miles or so from Tweefontein, and prepared to lure Colonel Firman out of "his fortress" at Eland's River. (Colonel Firman, as we know, was in Cape Town, and his battalion, which returned next day with Dartnell and the I. L. H. to Eland's River, stayed there less than forty-eight hours.)

This tale of December 18 reads like an unsuccessful swoop on a convoy, not like a skirmish with a mobile column which had been marching hot-foot, day and night, to hunt the narrator. The numbers and distances given are all inaccurate. But it is clear that De Wet misunderstood the position, miscalculated the force opposed to him, and was only right in reckoning, as he did with characteristic impudence, that he need fear no counter-blow from our commander.

Now for the true story. We started, as has been said, on the 15th

with about 1,400 men, two 15-pounders, and a pom-pom; slept for some hours at Mooimeisjesrust, the farm where Sir Leslie Rundle was afterwards camped at the time of our disaster; reached Bethlehem on the 16th, and so on through the night towards Kaffir Kop. Shortly before dawn we halted as we were, on the road, higgledy-piggledy, with the troops all mixed up with each other and with the guns. The men were allowed to sleep where they stopped, either holding their horses' bridles, or, in some few cases (the case of our squadron, for example) having "ringed" their horses by troops. The arrangement, as we were supposed to be close to the enemy—and some artillery ammunition mules had capsized their cart and bolted shortly before, making a great noise—did not satisfy Colonel Firman's officers. Advancing at dawn, we saw nothing of De Wet, nor, so far as I know, of the other columns, though from a kraal, where we breakfasted on Kaffir porridge, my men fired on some Boers driving off cattle. We returned, with some captured stock, to Bethlehem, and slept there that night in heavy rain. The men's coffee had been lost, most of the pack horses having broken away soon after leaving Eland's river. On the morning of the 18th, as we moved out on our return journey, a burgher belonging to the Bethlehem commando surrendered to General Dartnell, and informed him that De Wet was waiting to attack us as we passed under the Longberg.

It was expected by most of us that on this information General Dartnell would secure the co-operation of General Barrington Campbell (who held Bethlehem with a considerable force) and attempt to drive De Wet against Campbell's infantry. However, we moved on presently towards home, along the old road which had been our ordinary beat since May, with the difference that we had this time no convoy and were in three times our usual strength. Most of the troops were kept in hand, but flanks, advance and rear guards were, of course, thrown out about a mile, our squadron (East Kents) being in advance of the right flank.

We had nearly passed the Longberg when we came into touch with the enemy. We heard De Wet's pom-pom, and suddenly ran into collision with a small party of about eighty mounted Boers who, having been headed off by the advance guard, were riding unawares between us and our main body. We nearly caught this party. But they swerved outwards just in time, and dismounted behind a ridge. We at once found ourselves smartly engaged.

The position occupied by General Dartnell was now for some three

hours—during which the affair lasted—rather uncomfortable, though not, I venture to think, so precarious as the general himself supposed. The position tactically, that is, was bad, but the troops remained perfectly in hand, and could easily have been transferred to any of the neighboring ridges. We occupied the rim of a flattened kop, the rear-guard being separated from the advance by a wide basin. This depression, which was about two miles across, was bare of troops, and parts of its rim were, of course, very thinly occupied. If that part held by the rear-guard, which was several times charged by the enemy, had been lost, we should have been without cover for the remainder of the force, which, attacked in front and rear, would have had to withdraw to a more suitable position. But the Boers never got within eighty yards of the rear-guard, which consisted of the 1st I. L. H., reinforced by two successive squadrons of Yeomanry. In the end, De Wet was beaten off, and General Campbell, drawn by the sound of the firing, advanced for some four miles from the Bethlehem outposts, by the foot of the Longberg. The enemy's pom-pom, which was used as a single loader for want of belts, barked at us now and again during the afternoon, but we fancied that it was exposed chiefly with a view to tempting us into an attack on a position which, from former experience, we knew to be impracticable. As the Boers retired they scattered at first in all directions along the berg, and were soundly shrapnelled. After a time, however, we saw that the shrapnel was falling short, bursting in the air well this side of the farm buildings and rocks, which offered shelter to the fugitives. I was sent out with my troop about 2,000 yards, to look for some Boers who were supposed to be lying wounded in a mealie field. We found no trace of them, but we were able to see the enemy, further on, showing their contempt for artillery by sitting smoking in front of, instead of behind, the great boulders, as large as a house, with which the ground was strewn. We reported this to the gunners, but they were not able to advance, as their ammunition was nearly expended. The engagement had taken longer than we had realized, though I had noticed that the men grew thirsty. We were drinking, towards the end of the afternoon, muddy water brought up from a little cover, and the bullets coming over the ridge held by the rear-guard killed several horses, including my servant's and my own best charger. The Boers presently trooped down, in a seemingly endless procession, from the Longberg, just out of reach of our shell-fire, and disappeared for the night at the Lion's Den, or Eton's Den (another old camp of ours), about six miles off to the right front, and

the same distance from Tweefontein, the three points forming a triangle. We moved off, shortly before dusk, to Mooimeisjesrust, where we had slept on the 15th, and camped in a shocking bad position, most of the men lying down on so-called outpost duty, by squadrons, 250 yards from the horse-lines. Next morning we returned to Eland's River Bridge, having covered 120 miles since the 15th, and the I. L. H. being very disgusted, both at the condition of their horses and by General Dartnell's conduct of the engagement, in which we had lost thirteen killed and wounded, and behaved as though we had been a convoy.

Considerable friction had existed between the commanding officers of the two I. L. H. regiments and the general, even before we started, owing to the shortness of the notice given them; and the general, on his side, complained that the I. L. H. were not up to their usual standard of efficiency. This seemed to us to be without foundation, though no doubt many of them were time-expired men, who desired their discharge. At any rate, the general, immediately on his return, telegraphed to Lord Kitchener asking for a larger force if he was to continue to operate in a district in which De Wet could count on 2,000 men (a district, it is to be remarked, which Colonel Firman's force had traversed, almost without intermission, for many months).

If, General Dartnell went on, Lord Kitchener did not see his way to reinforce him he would, having no desire to terminate a long and honorable career by a disaster, place his resignation in Lord Kitchener's hands.

General Dartnell's resignation was accepted by wire; and on the 20th and 21st we were ordered out once more, this time without the I. L. H., to Tweefontein. De Wet's tale of the "ruse" of false information as to his movements, by which he "enticed" us out, is obviously nonsensical. On the one hand, we were not hunting him by ourselves. On the other, we knew where he was. But we had to go out, to cover the newest blockhouse. And we started, with the three efficient squadrons of Yeomanry, the West Kents, East Kents, and 34th Middlesex; the 35th squadron (which had never trekked with us till a few days before, and was not efficient; moreover, it only numbered thirty men on parade, as against our or the West Kents' 120); some East Yorkshire Infantry; one gun of the 79th Battery; a pom-pom; and the machine-gun section:—say 500 men altogether.

The whole country-side was infested with Boers. We had only a few miles to go; but before reaching Tweefontein my troop in the advance-guard picked up a disarmed and dismounted man, belong-

ing to another party which had been guarding the Engineers constructing the penultimate blockhouse. He had been captured by some burghers who, on our approach, had shot the Boer pony they had given him in exchange for his horse, and had made off behind some Kaffir kraals. A corporal and two men of the Engineers, when we came up, were lying down in the grass and shooting at large. We searched the kraals, but the Boers had left. At Tweefontein itself, again, we were received with a few shots from some snipers, whom Crawley galloped up. They got safely away, however, down the steep furthest end of the kop, up which De Wet afterwards came.

We knew the kop well, having camped there more than once. It overlooked one of the two closely-parallel roads to Bethlehem; and that one of the two which, in the earlier part of the year, we had usually followed. It was an isolated kopje, sloping quite gradually up from the veldt on the side from which we approached it, but descending much more steeply at the other extremity, facing Tiger's-kloof and the Boers. That end of the hill, indeed, was on the greater part of three sides nearly precipitous; though even here, as we have just seen, mounted men could lead their horses down it at several points. The bluff was an almost ideal artillery position for commanding the plain cut up by gullies and dongas which stretched between us and the Longberg; and as such we had generally used it, putting a gun on the top with our main outpost at night, and pitching our camp in the plain below to the north.

Your camp on the hill-top has its disadvantages. When on detachment duty I always selected, myself, on clear nights, positions giving the defense a sky-line, against which my sentries could see. At this very Tweefontein Kop, Lieutenant Wyatt Edgell, of our squadron, in the previous May, being sent at night to communicate with a neighboring column, had, while returning, ridden unobserved, owing to the "dead ground" on the convex hill-side, right into the picket of Manchester or South Stafford infantry on the summit. Edgell—wounded shortly afterwards near Standerton, when his troop killed Charles Botha—was the first of the East Kent officers to be hit. By this time we had lost three of our complement of five: one killed, and two wounded. The 100 per cent, or, including a fresh arrival, 120 per cent, was to be completed on Christmas Day.

At this point De Wet's story requires attention. His Hollander scribe has allowed himself to become confused. "On the 22d," he says, "Colonel Firman's brigade, * * * about 600 to 700 men

strong, marched * * * to Tweefontein." De Wet reinforced his commando, concealed about the Lion's Den, with the Witzie's-hook and Wilge-River burghers (old acquaintances of ours), and prepared for an attack on Christmas morning. His first intention had been to make it a day earlier, and accordingly he had reconnoitered the west, north, and east sides, with General Prinsloo and Commandant Olivier, on December 23. But "my plan," he is made to say, "* * * was somewhat spoilt by the fact that the English had already, on the 21st of December, quitted their camp on the mountain. They had thus had four days in which to entrench themselves." The dates are confused. It has just been stated on the same page (*Three Years' War*, p. 340) that we did not reach the kop till the 22d. But it is clear that our foraging party, sent on the 22d or 23d (*vide infra*) to the Tweefontein farmstead, was taken for a reconnaissance in force, and that it disarranged De Wet's plans. This, together with the reference on page 339 to the impregnable entrenchments at our previous camp, is enough to show that a continuance of Colonel Firman's policy of a well-chosen laager and constant activity around it—of beating up the enemy's country, in short, by continual reconnaissances and scouting raids—would in all probability have postponed or frustrated the attack altogether. We had never been troubled at night before, though we had lived in this neighborhood till we knew it as well, probably, as the burghers. Our squadron and subaltern officers freely expressed, at this time, amongst themselves, their uneasiness at the confinement of the whole force to camp. Most of them had learned common sense during the war. Crawley, for example, had been wounded, when with the I. L. H., so far back as Colenso. Many of them were men of wide experience. The West Kents were commanded by Captain Blackburne—now a D. S. O.—who was recognized as the best mounted-infantry captain in that part of South Africa. Blackburne (away since the beginning of the month on leave for England) had been a Klondike Government official. His second in command was another Klondiker; and of his three other officers two were English public-school boys who had been ranching in Texas, the third, and by no means the least canny of them, owning a rope-walk in a Midland manufacturing town. Hall, commanding the 34th, a veteran wanderer, was the most sagacious middle-aged man I have ever met. But though a good captain commanding four troops of mounted infantry should be treated in many ways as the tactical and moral equivalent of an infantry battalion-commander, the co-operation and advise of our squadron-leaders was neither desired

nor accepted, at this time, by headquarters. No scouting was undertaken or permitted during the next few days. The Boers turned their horses and cattle out to grass in full sight of us daily on the high lands around the Lion's Den, about 10,000 yards to the west, and often considerably closer. It was Crawley's practice in the morning to take me up with our field-glasses to observe them. The whole country between us and the Den, up to within two miles of the camp, was full of scattered Boers, who could always be seen moving about. To the south, just beyond the range of our 15-pounder, across a level plain, was a range of high kops, at the foot of which, facing us, lay Tweefontein homestead, a dilapidated collection of buildings which we had shelled and burnt during one of our treks earlier in the year. The Boers had never left the hills at the back, however, and were in occupation of the farm when we arrived. They were shelled out of it before we marched up to camp, but returned, and continually watched us from this quarter. Our northern front was usually clear, because, less than three miles away, out of sight over another line of kops parallel with the road, General Rundle was in camp, with 270 grenadier guards, sixty-six mounted infantry, and a gun, at Mooimeisjesrust—the farm already mentioned, at which we had slept on the 15th and 18th, during the Kaffir Kop expedition.

To say that we were absolutely confined to camp is, perhaps, too strong an expression. Crawley had asked leave to take some Cape-carts and three troops to Tweefontein Farm to get wood. As a result of his repeated representations, the major, on the day, or second day, after our arrival, decided to go himself with a strong force, leaving us behind. A wagon or two were escorted across by the West Kents, Hall's 34th, and some other troops, with, I think, the pom-pom. The West Kents became warmly engaged with the Boers on the hills behind the farm-steading, and the wagons returned with a plentiful supply of firewood and other plenishing. This was the "reconnaissance" which disconcerted De Wet's original plan of attack on the 24th. Again, an impromptu party of five officers rode out a couple of miles or so next day to our left front, and were duly rebuked by the adjutant on their return. My black boy, Aaron, who had been captured from the Boers, informed me on our arrival at Tweefontein that his father was the head man living in one of the kraals at the base of the kop. I visited the old chief, and asked Aaron if he would like to sleep at his father's while we were there. He replied, "No, baas. My father—my brothers—like Dutchman. Plenty Dutchman there at night. I no go." However, I sent him

more than once to spend an hour or two with his father in the daytime, and he brought us back particulars as to De Wet's force and the whereabouts of his pom-pom. Crawley, who spoke Basuto, took him up to headquarters, but we found that his information was not required. For two days we had observed a number of cattle and some horses grazing on the plains to our northwest front. On the night of the 23d, after much petitioning, Crawley and I obtained leave to fetch them in; and about two in the morning we went out with my troop, only to find, after a long compass in the dark, that they had been driven off. My servant and Aaron, following their spoor after daybreak, ran into the fire of the party of Boers who were herding them, and had to fall back on us at their best speed. But this was not reconnoitering. We had covered, in fact, no ground but what we could perfectly well watch from the kop, though much, even of that, as was shown by the next incident, lay well within the sphere of influence of the Boers.

The story of Oliver's cutting-out expedition at the very foot of Tweefontein Kop, a few hours before the attack, has often been told. It naturally accentuated the criticisms of our inaction already prevalent among the squadron officers. De Wet's account is misleading, but not, I presume, intentionally untrue. While the general himself, with Commandant Olivier and Captain Potgeiter, was making a second inspection of our camp (this time from the south side), on Christmas Eve, they saw, says De Wet, three Kaffirs riding out on the plain to the north-east, whom Olivier and Potgeiter tried to intercept. Failing in this, and finding themselves "observed * * * they turned their horses and galloped back." But when the natives "had the temerity to pursue them they faced round at the first rise. * * * The three * * * seeing the tables were turned, hastily wheeled round towards their own camp, but before they could reach it one of their number was caught and shot down. One gun and the Maxim-Nordenfeldt now fired upon our two officers as long as they were in sight, and thus we learnt that the guns were placed on the high western point of the mountain."

I myself, and half our battalion, saw the native in question killed. Hearing some shots fired by the picket near the summit, on the afternoon of the 24th, I ran up, and found the men making good shooting at two mounted Boers, who had been trying to lead off between them a native camp follower, a cattle-boy or water-cart man. They had captured him, I was told, at the spruit underneath the kop, or within 800 yards of it, where our carts had repeatedly gone for water without an escort. As I arrived the rifle fire was

stopped, and the guns laid on to the Boers. They at once rode back to the Kaffir, whom they had left standing on the road. Immediately after the first shell burst, one of them dismounted and shot the unarmed boy through the body. They then galloped off in a great curve of nearly two miles across our western front, under a well-directed fire from both guns. They were not hit, though the shrapnel repeatedly burst over their heads, and whole flights of pom-pom shells fell before, behind, and between them.

On that same afternoon the East Yorkshires were withdrawn from Tweefontein, in compliance, it is said, with Lord Kitchener's orders. Before daylight next morning the camp was in the hands of the enemy, and Commandant Olivier, one of the two men concerned in this last brilliant stroke of infamy—this gallant exploit, rather, sullied by a vindictive and futile murder—had lost his life in the assault.

At two in the morning we were awakened by a furious fusillade directed at our tents from a distance of little more than a hundred yards. The Boers had already captured our artillery, and were in possession of the summit of the kop, from which, in De Wet's words, they could rake the camp in every corner with their magazine fire. They had attacked on the steep western end of the bluff, where there was a great deal of dead ground, and good cover among the boulders. When "about half-way up" they had been challenged and fired on with "a few shots." But the cover was good, and the summit inadequately held. "As we reached the top," says De Wet, "the gunners were shot down at their guns."

A fierce struggle ensued, the end of which, however, was inevitable. The men in the main camp below, hampered by their tents, the wagons, and the hospital, rallied again and again—but in detail, and in vain. Many of them scrambling out of their tents and bivouacs, were at once hit. The headquarters' staff were thus struck down at the outset, Major W—— being instantly killed by many bullets. The adjutant, a promising young Regular officer, of Australian parentage, was shot through the stomach. Captain Hall, leading a charge of the 34th, in an attempt to occupy his allotted position at the top of the hill, was shot down, with most of the men who accompanied him. All the sergeants of the 34th, except one, I believe, were killed by bullets in the forehead. Lieutenant Watney, ordering five of his men to smash the Maxim, charged up the slope to cover them, and fell, together with seven out of the ten troopers, the available remainder of his section, who had followed him. Hudson,

commanding the West Kents in Blackburne's absence, was killed. In the end, the main body of our force, driven out on the flat, fell against a party of Boers waiting there to receive them.

"I think after the sentry heard us," writes De Wet, "three or four minutes must have elapsed before the troops, who were lying asleep in their tents or on the veldt, were awakened and could come out, because their camp was about a hundred paces distance from to fire on the troops, who had retreated to a short distance. Again tacked the western end of the kop—that our camp was a hundred paces down-hill from the eastern edge of the summit, from which, after the capture of the latter, the first volleys were fired on the camp.) "The top of the mountain was not more than from three to four hundred paces in diameter. To the east, in a hollow, the convoy was placed, and from every schanze we could rake it with fire." "Directly we reached the top the deafening roar of a heavy fight began, and lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes. . . . After a short but desperate struggle the English gave way. . . . We continued to fire on the troops, who had had retreated to a short distance. Again they gave way, and took up another position further on, and so it went on for about 2,000 paces. . . . The whole engagement lasted, so far as I could judge, for about an hour. I cannot say for certain, because I made no note of the time."

Finally, the account concludes: "It was a party of Yeomanry with whom we had been dealing, and I must say they behaved very gallantly under exceptionally trying circumstances; for it is always to be expected that when men are attacked during the night a certain amount of confusion must ensue."

It is almost the only compliment, throughout his reminiscences, which our master of night surprises feels constrained to pay to his friends the enemy.

The fate of our East Kents was distinct from that of the other and less fortunately situated squadrons. Owing to a peculiarity in the ground they held, they were not involved in the general confusion, and their fire was, there is no reason to think, responsible for most of the loss sustained by the enemy. When the hailstorm of bullets (it sounded like a heavy hailstorm), first woke us, my troop at once took up its allotted station, facing outwards to the south. After two minutes or so, when we had discovered where the fire came from (which was not immediately obvious), we found ourselves facing up the hill, sheltered by a ledge of rock, a little above our first position and within less than fifty yards of a large body of Boers, whose

bodies were shadowily visible by starlight against the sky, and whose rifles were flashing as they poured a magazine fire over our heads into the camp to our right rear. As we stood, the ledge covered us up to the height of our chins, or even our eyes, and, by holding our rifles high and firing uphill along the ground, we were shooting, as it were, at the boots of our opponents, who were not able to stand our fire, and were, I dare say, more than a little puzzled by it. They melted away, at any rate, in all directions, disappearing, so far as we could see in the vague light, principally outwards over the southern face of the hill. At this time some one called out, "They have carried off the guns," and just then word was brought me that Captain Crawley, who had remained with our only other subaltern in charge of the three other troops on our left (or, as it had now become, our rear), had been hit by two bullets, in the mouth and throat. I accordingly withdrew my troop—which, besides, was becoming enfiladed from the right—about fifty yards, and got them into line with the rest of the squadron, of which I took command. In our new formation we were in line of squadron, lying down, firing up the hill, at right angles to our allotted schanzes on the cliff-edge, now of no use. Our rear, which was at present unmolested, was protected by one schanze, and to our right and right-front, mostly out of sight over the curve of the slope, lay the main camp, where, as we could hear from the wild crackle of rifle-fire, a vigorous defense was still being maintained. Before long we managed to clear our own front of the enemy, strong bodies of whom, including two or three mounted men (probably De Wet and his staff), had re-appeared on the sky-line. The only burgher whom we could discover to have followed us down from the ledge was settled by my servant. He was an old man, the flash of whose rifle, as he lay in the grass not more than thirty yards away from us, we had repeatedly observed.

The men behaved most admirably, each troop, for example, having kept itself distinct, which in such work was a remarkable achievement; and, after the first few minutes, so careful and steady was their shooting that I was able to cease from exercising any check over the rate of their fire. Our fellows could be relied on at this time to carry their 150 rounds and a little more, and we had a final safeguard in my own troopers, who never failed to report when they came within their last thirty rounds. In about an hour I was able to please Crawley, who was lying in a sangar in the middle of our line, by telling him of my intention to advance to clear the summit. As a first step I sent Sergeant White, and a trooper named, I think,

Dack, with orders to find the officer next commanding on our right, and ask him either to cover our advance or to come with us. White presently reported that the remainder of the hill was in possession of the Boers, and that the other Yeomanry, such of them as were still resisting, had been driven off into the flat. Up to this point I had thought we were fighting a successful engagement. We could not now, however, though we had so far suffered few casualties, hope to maintain ourselves, either where we were or further up the hill, with an isolated force of a hundred men—especially as, besides the fire, not yet subdued, from our right front, a dropping fire had in the last few minutes begun to gall us from our rear. I was preparing, therefore, to draw off, breaking through the few Boers collected at the wagons, when a party of the enemy, which had crept around us, suddenly attacked our left flank. At this point I was shot; the whole squadron, especially the left-hand troop, was severely cut up, and soon after I came to myself the firing died finally away. The engagement had lasted more nearly an hour and a half than De Wet's "hour." The Boer general himself stood near me presently, talking to the commandant who had shot me, whom he ordered to remain with the rear-guard when the wagons were removed. The I. L. H. galloped up at six o'clock, or 6:30, about twenty minutes after the last burgher had left, but were not able to attempt a pursuit. Crawley died next day, and, in all, our killed numbered fifty-eight, the wounded eighty-four, the missing and prisoners 250. No white flag had been raised, and only about eighty men made their escape. The enemy's loss was subsequently stated at between fifty and seventy men. Lieutenant Scarlett, the artillery officer in charge of the 15-pounder, reported two wagon-loads of Boer dead and wounded. The I. L. H., who captured one or two stragglers in the next few days, satisfied themselves that thirty of the burghers had been killed. De Wet, who computes our loss, with reasonable accuracy, at "116" (read 142) "dead and wounded and 240 prisoners of war," says that his own was "also heavy—fourteen dead and thirty wounded; among the dead were Commandant Olivier . . . and Vice-Veldt-Cornet Jan Dalebout . . . ; among the wounded was one of my own staff, Gert De Wet. Later on two more died, one of them being Veldt-Cornet Lowrens." The figures, as any one who has been the victim of a successful night attack will admit, are less unsatisfactory than at first sight they appear.

De Wet's statement concludes with a remark which, though it may be taken with a pinch of salt, yet remains a deadly commentary on

the distribution of troops in the district. "The sun had hardly risen," he says, "when the enemy opened fire from a mountain two miles to the north-east . . . where there was a little camp with one gun. If I had still had the same numbers as were with me" overnight "then I could also have taken this little camp"—and with it General Rundle.

Napoleon, with inferior numbers in the field, always managed to mass superior numbers at the decisive point. De Wet was not a Napoleon, though he had certainly managed, in this instance, to abolish a useful body of mounted infantry. Nor was the fault altogether, perhaps, with those in authority over us. Our newly-joined "squadron" of thirty strong had been on picket duty that night, and very likely made a poor business of their part of the defense. But Rundle's 270 Grenadiers, camped on the top of Tweefontein Kop, instead of at Mooimeisesrust (where they were actually in danger and in no case of any conceivable use), would have allowed us to render it a disastrous Christmas Day for De Wet. General Rundle was ordered, it is believed, to occupy as many points as possible in his district. At the same time, an inability to concentrate, not necessarily a crushing force, but a force able to take the field at all—to strike a counter-blow—was a fatal defect in the dispositions which General Rundle felt himself obliged, at this period, to make.

The report (circulated, and, as I am able to state, for some time, at all events, believed in the highest civilian quarters in Johannesberg) that our men were sleepy after certain hypothetical Christmas festivities, was, as the slightest attempt at inquiry would have proved, utterly without foundation. There has been a tendency amongst many persons connected with the Regulars, from Mr. Brodrick downwards, to depreciate the 1901 Yeomanry. I have no desire, in defending my own friends, who, I think, were this time somewhat wastefully expended, to make any attack upon our brothers-in-arms. But the ordinary professional soldier, in our experience, was ill-adapted to the business of dealing with De Wet. The infantry officer, for several reasons, was usually quite at sea. With the Indian Staff Corps, on the other hand, we found ourselves able to work well.

Of two things the Yeomanry officers who survived Tweefontein are convinced:—first that the disaster would not have happened if Colonel Firman had been in command; and, secondly, that no blame, in any case, can be attached to the main body of our men, who behaved with admirable steadiness.

HAROLD G. PARSONS,
Late Lieut. 11th Battalion I. Y.

*LA GARITA DEL DIABLO.**

JUST north of the massive walls of Fort San Cristobal in San Juan, Porto Rico, on the rocky and abrupt shore of the ocean, there is a small and low promontory extending about fifty paces into the sea, at the extremity of which may still be seen a masonry sentry box, weather-stained and partly in ruins.

The waves that at times break violently along the shore, forming capricious cascades among the fissured rocks, lash the sides of the narrow promontory as if rebuffing and angrily struggling against that stony arm unceasingly extended seaward.

When the north winds increase, and the sea is white capped and roars louder than is customary on that part of the coast, there are intervals when the sentry box disappears for a moment amid the foam and spray from waves that strike the face of the rock on which it is cemented; but soon the arched roof reappears like the enormous crest of a giant half submerged in the watery vortex.

This outwork, the costly and solid construction of which dates from more than one hundred and fifty years ago, is now completely abandoned, and popular tradition ascribes to it many strange events, designating it by the sinister name of "*The Garita del Diablo,*" or the Devil's Sentry Box.

In the early period of the city's history, after repeated attacks by pirates and foreign fleets, permission was finally given to construct coast defenses; resulting first in the Fortaleza,—the present site of the governor's residence; then, El Morro,—the principal fort, with the wall of circumvallation; and, in the 17th century, San Cristobal, of which "La Garita" is a part.

The promontory referred to afforded a fine lookout for the approach of the enemy by sea; and a sentinel belonging to the interior guard of the fort, and who was relieved every two hours by means of a subterranean gallery which debouched at the foot of the wall, was charged with this duty.

The tradition does not state how long this duty was performed without untoward accident; only that one night the corporal with his

*The Devil's Sentry Box.

relief did not find the sentinel on his post; the garita was deserted as well as the narrow passageway that led to it. The sentinel had disappeared.

The event produced a great sensation throughout the city, and the troops themselves began to regard the post with a certain degree of suspicion. Some time elapsed and when the sad and sudden disappearance was nearly forgotten, another transpired under like circumstances, occasioning new fears and serving as a subject for endless commentary. This time nothing but the sentinel's gun was found in the "garita"; the sentinel had disappeared like the other one. Not the slightest indication of a struggle or of violence was observed. The wild denizens of the sea could not reach the "garita," nor could they eat the soldiers entire, cap, cartridge box and all; that was absurd.

According to the most popular admitted version, the *diablo* in person must have been party to the ambuscade, and, to confirm this belief, two or three more sentinels vanished like the others.

From the date of the last disappearance, the guard of San Cristobal ceased to place sentinels on this post; the outlet of the gallery in the walls was sealed up, and the garita remained alone and empty like the corpse of a reprobate abandoned to the attacks of the sea and the curses of the land.

On one of the many times that I heard this story, at a gathering of country people, I found myself near an old man of humble bearing, pleasant face, lively and intelligent, who occasionally closed his lips firmly as if to suppress a smile of incredulity. I was struck at the remarkable contrast between the somewhat disdainful tranquillity of the old man and the uneasiness, emotion and even fear that were revealed in the faces of the other listeners. Some words that I heard him pronounce in the way of commentary on certain passages of the narrative, and the opinion finally expressed upon the reservation with which some stories exaggerated by superstitious fancy should be accepted, convinced me that this man knew something more of the facts respecting the mysterious events of *la garita del diablo.* I did not wait long in finding an opportune occasion for questioning him on this subject; and after several reservations and precautions that he believed indispensable for his personal security, he expressed himself as follows:—

"Some forty years ago I served in the permanent battalion of veteran troops quartered in San Cristobal, and had several times performed my tour as a night sentinel in what we then called "the ocean sentry box." Truly it wasn't very pleasant passing two long

hours in that solitary place, enveloped in the darkness of night, surrounded by the threatening waves, and in a wind, more moist than cold, that blew unceasingly and as subtle and penetrating as the tongue of a backbiter.

"One night,—I recollect it as if it were yesterday,—it came my turn to go on duty there from eleven o'clock till one. The weather was rainy and the noise of the sea sounded louder than usual from the castle parade. I would willingly have given half my month's pay to be freed from that disagreeable duty.

"At the hour fixed I descended with the corporal of the guard by the narrow and humid gallery that leads to the sea shore, where on opening the outer door a gust of wind drove the spray into our faces. The corporal uttered something not very polite and advanced to the garita. The ceremony of relieving post was soon ended, and I remained alone and exposed to the inclemencies of that location.

"A quarter of an hour passed and it seemed to me extremely long.

" 'Centinela alerta,' they called out from the summit of the Castle, and the call reached my ears faintly, half drowned by the force of the wind and the noise of the sea. I answered as usual and continued walking back and forth between the wall and the garita. The monotony, the solitude and above all the humid air that fairly penetrated my bones were making the duty insupportable; and it still lacked seven quarter hours before my relief would come.

"A sentinel can neither sit down nor smoke, and this last condition above all was a great martyrdom for me. I had two cheroots that I had bought in the canteen to smoke after I was relieved, and at each step I took they moved about in the outside pocket of my blouse, exhibiting themselves before my eyes, thus stimulating a desire which I had never felt more lively or tenacious. I don't recollect ever having struggled with temptation so great; the hour, the bad weather, the prohibition itself, everything incited me to smoke, with irresistible force. There never was a new havana, however delicious or tempting the flavor, more eagerly longed for than those memorable cheroots. I finally ceded to the temptation, aided by the advent of a shower which compelled me to take refuge in the garita. Once there, and sure that no one could see me, I laid my gun aside, pulled out my tinder box, put a cigar in my mouth and struck the flint violently. At that instant a great wave struck the base of the garita, causing a shower of spray to enter the loophole and put out the sparks of the slow match. It is needless to say that this calamity produced an intense disgust, I left the place half blind with anger, and began

striding back and forth with my hands in my pockets; I had forgotten my gun and even my orders. By degrees I became calm and the first thing I noticed was the cheroot that I still held forcibly between my lips. Desire increased with opposition to its gratification, and became still more accentuated by the presence of the *corpus delicto*, so that the pleasure of enjoying a few puffs was then my main ambition. I continued my exercise, at each turn more tormented by the vehemence of desire, and soon fixed my attention on the nearest light, if not the only one, that could be distinguished amid the surroundings. It shone to the west of the garita, in one of the huts that in that epoch had been constructed in the vicinity of the slaughter-house. After recalling the approximate distance to it, I calculated that a trip could be made to it in two or three minutes.

"On few occasions had I been so active as I was then in putting an idea into practice, stimulated as I was by tempting desire.

"In a few seconds after having calculated the distance, I was at the base of the wall picking my way cautiously in the direction of the exterior grounds.

"At last I arrived at the desired spot, where there was a building of poor appearance which I had formerly visited. I asked for a glass of aguardiente, and without so much as 'by your leave' made for the light which was burning in the center of the room. How delicious were the first inhalations of that cigar of the vilest tobacco.

"Such was my perturbation on entering that I had not even noticed the gathering of persons in the rooms adjacent to the shop. The owner was celebrating the baptism of a daughter, and immediately the sound of the guitar and "guiro" announced the beginning of one of those delightful reunions of the country called a 'merengue,' doubtless for its analogous effect.

"I looked instinctively in the direction of the garita. All the shades of night seemed to have completely covered the site. Duty called me nevertheless and it was necessary to return to my abandoned post.

"I approached one of the open doors of the ballroom to gratify my youthful curiosity before leaving. I don't know whether it was the condition of my mind, the effect of the aguardiente, or the great contrast between the dark solitude of the garita and the lively picture before my eyes, or perhaps all of these conditions together, that exercised so agreeable a fascination over my senses. It is certain that I felt myself transported to an ideal world, to a paradise of delight.

"What girls! Powerful Goodness!" (and saying this the narrator joined his hands, his face became animated, and his eyes shone for an instant as if emitting electric sparks.)

"There was one among them all, of the complexion of a gypsy from my own country (although now here, I am from Triana)—there was I say a brunette with eyes of fire, *toa sal* (*chic*), 'as they say in Andalusia.' That form and that bearing; and that,—I can't express it! Pardon me for dwelling on details that do not relate to the subject of our interview, but which I have never been able to forget. I cursed the guard duty that prevented me from remaining there; but it was necessary to return and I returned. I mean to say that with heroic resolve I reached the door, and God well knows that I would have kept on had it not been for a heavy shower that fell at that instant, sounding like a hail storm on the bark roof. In reality I blessed the rain that came so opportunely for giving me some minutes more of pleasure; and there appealed to me more than ever the danger of exposing myself, heated as I was, to the effect of a shower. Besides I reckoned that it was little past twelve o'clock; I had more than time to return to the garita; and it was unlikely that at this hour and in such weather it would be visited by the officers of the guard.

"Thus consoling myself I re-entered the ballroom, seating myself courageously beside the charming brunette. I paid her several compliments offhand, and she replied by calling me 'bold,' 'cool' and I don't know how many more things, but without showing herself angry or manifesting either scorn or disdain. Then I talked to her with more formality and respect, exerted myself in describing her charms, said that I was dying for her and that I had but four months to serve (in reality it was four years), and another lot of nonsense that there is no need of recalling. I had reached the most passionate and pathetic part of my discourse when I heard clearly and distinctly the ringing of a bell. It was from the Castle and announced the hour of my relief. For an instant I was stupefied and confused. I then left without saying good-bye, taking the path to the garita. When within a hundred paces of it, I saw the corporal and the comrade who was to relieve me searching the vicinity for me with lighted lanterns. Time had passed unnoticed by me and I had incurred a most tremendous responsibility, as military regulations prescribed the penalty of death for a sentinel who abandoned his post. The penalty is rigorous and excessive, especially in time of peace and with the attendant circumstances, the hour of night, the weather, the place and even the huge wave that extinguished the fire of my tinder. Cursed cigar! But

regulations already pronounced my condemnation to death, and, at that epoch, they were applied, especially to soldiers, with inflexible severity. I was not then to create any illusions as to my situation, nor was it prudent to waste any time; before break of day I must find myself out of the city in parts where I might evade the search that would be made for me. I firmly resolved to save my life and set out favored by the darkness of night. As I passed near the building where the ball took place, the participants had just come out and were scattering through the different alleys of old '*Balleja.*' In a group of noisy companions of her sex, and perhaps relating to them the doings of the polite and daring soldier, there she was, the pretty quadroon with eyes of fire, she who, aside from the wretched cigar, had been the involuntary cause of my perdition.

"That same night, worn out with fatigue, I reached the beach of Palo-Ceco, by means of a small boat which I found on the near shore.

Afterwards,—it would be very long to narrate,—I arrived at this place, asked for lodging and protection of a poor countryman who gave me the best bed in his hut and the best plate at his table. I helped him at his work, conformed to his habits, acquired a tract of land, built a hut, founded a family and here I am, converted into a country farmer, a transformed Andalusian.

"Shortly after arriving here, the news was circulating that the devil had performed one of his deeds in the city, carrying away a sentinel, body and soul, without leaving more than a piece of tinder and his gun.

"It makes me smile when I hear them attribute to the devil my disappearance from the garita, when the fact is he had nothing to do with it, unless they might be works of his,—the temptation of the cheroot and the fascination of the charming brunette of *Balleja.*"

This is the tale of the old man who now rests in the bosom of mother earth, and it is here written as an appendix to the tradition commonly ascribed to *la garita del diablo.*

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A STRANGE WOUND: A STORY OF THE REBELLION.

SOME years ago, when stationed in a little town in one of our Western States on college duty, it was my pleasure and delight to spend my leisure hours after drill in the office of a local practitioner, a Dr. Brown by name. He had been a surgeon and medical director of a Western military district during the war, and had, moreover, a wide experience in various capacities. Possessed of great conversational powers, a close observer of men and events, a deep thinker and a great reader, his statements of what he had witnessed not only were of great interest, but remarkable for accuracy and truth as well as detail. One day while in his office the conversation took a professional turn, and he spoke of great accidents and wounds, and ended by giving me the following tale, which I here relate in as nearly his words as I can now recollect.

"Well, lieutenant, one of the most remarkable wounds I ever came across was connected with a young fellow who belonged to this town. It was in 1862, and I was then attached as surgeon to a regiment of Sanborn's brigade, Hamilton's division, in Rosecrans's Army of the Mississippi. All through that summer and early fall we were pretty scarce of medical officers in that army, and I had plenty of work to do, I can assure you. In September I was appointed an assistant medical director, and had my quarters on the staff of General Hamilton. During the summer we had not moved around much, but when the fall came, our work commenced in earnest. We were at that time in Northern Mississippi, and Grant, who commanded the Western armies then, had an idea of making a forward movement just the moment he felt himself strong enough. By the capture of Forts Donelson and Henry, Island No. 10, and the battle of Shiloh, he had cleared not only Kentucky but all of Northern Mississippi of the Confederates, and also all of Western Tennessee. But in Eastern Tennessee Bragg had a strong force, and threatened to start northward and carry the war to the Ohio border. Now, Grant thought that if Buell could keep Bragg in check he—Grant—could then march southward and compel Bragg to either retreat precipitately or find himself between two large armies, and thus be compelled to fight against great

odds. I have always thought that was a mistake of Grant's, for at that time if he had consolidated his forces he could have marched on Vicksburg and Port Royal, which were then without intrenchments or much defense, and have captured them with ease, thus opening the Mississippi and saving the many lives and battles of the year following. At least, that is my opinion, but I am only a doctor, and I suppose my opinion wouldn't count with military men. The forces Grant had in September in his front and opposed to him were Earl Van Dorn's army at and around Vicksburg, and Sterling Price in his direct front in Central Mississippi. The two together numbered about thirty-four thousand men, while Grant had nearly forty thousand, but spread out from Memphis in Tennessee to Bolivar in Mississippi. Now, when Bragg found Buell too strong to pass, he could not break away from him, as Buell would have kept on his heels, and between Buell and Grant he would have been crushed. So he sent for Van Dorn and Price to join him, and in order to keep Grant away he ordered them to make a diversion in his favor by breaking through Grant's lines. Well, now, lieutenant, I am telling you all this in order that you may understand why the battle of Iuka was fought, a battle which to my thinking was one of the most important in the war, though the numbers engaged on either side were very small. You see Grant had his principal depot at Holly Springs, and at Memphis was Sherman with sixteen thousand men, while Ord and Hurlburt held the rest of the line with only about sixteen thousand men. For a while Rosecrans had about eighteen thousand, since the forces at Bolivar were put in his command. After Van Dorn had fortified Vicksburg somewhat he started to make a break to the north, and his first step was to seize the depot at Holly Springs and then appear to march straight for Bragg. But he was a sly old fellow, and instead of marching at once to join Bragg he and Price agreed to form a junction at Iuka, close to Grant's lines, then breaking through his lines, to roll Grant back to the Tennessee and northward, and then join Bragg, by which means they would have been able to whip Buell, and thus cause a loss to the Union forces of all of Tennessee and Kentucky,—an amount of territory which had taken our troops two years nearly to gain. In that case, also, Grant never would have been heard of as a great general. So you can see the importance of Iuka. If it could be held long enough for Grant to get up his forces there in strength, then Van Dorn and Price would necessarily be compelled to retreat, and Bragg would not have his expected reinforcements. Grant penetrated Van Dorn's plan, however, but only two days before the battle, and he also

sent forces to seize and hold Iuka, so that it virtually became a race as to who should get there first. Van Dorn made it, and at once fortified himself strongly, thus hoping to beat the forces sent against him in detail. He got in September 18, 1862, and the battle took place the next day.

"Well, now you know pretty well the situation of Iuka, I will tell you my story. In 1859 Jim and Tom Ainsworth, twin brothers, lived here. They were a mighty handsome couple, both straight, tall, and well formed, and having good, manly faces. Jim was dark,—that is, he had dark eyes and hair,—while Tom had blue eves and hair a shade lighter than Jim's. They were both of the same height and build, and both were well educated and full of good sense. Well, you know the widow living over on the corner of Third and Washington Streets. She was Mary Carter in those days, and as pretty a picture of health, happiness, and good looks as the sun looks upon. Of course all the young fellows in town were wild after her, but it was some time before she showed a preference for the Ainsworth boys. However, it was a puzzle to know which of the two she liked the best. If she went with Jim one day, the next she was with Tom, and, notwithstanding this shifting, there did not seem to be the slightest jealousy between the two brothers. Sometimes all three would come into church together, and after service was over she would smile as much upon one as the other while she walked home with both. I used to watch them pretty often, and, somehow or other, I fancied it was really Tom she liked the most, though I could not tell why, and she must herself have been unconscious of it.

"Things went on in that way through the year, and then came the talk about Breckinridge, Lincoln, and Douglas. The brothers were both Southern, and of course looked at matters from a Southern point of view, and they went about making speeches together and helping along each other all they could. They were both smart lawyers, and having come from Tennessee, of course had no abolition blood in them. Well, fall came, and Lincoln was elected; and although their party was defeated, they seemed to stick closer to each other than ever before, and Mary Carter had not yet made a choice. People used to say she would have to marry them both. But one day in December Jim came into my office with his handsome face all aglow, and a happier and more triumphant light dancing out of his bright eyes than I ever saw before. I knew something had happened, but I was struck all of a heap when he told me that Mary Carter had promised to marry him; I was so sure it was Tom she liked best, and I couldn't help saying,

'But Tom—does he know?' 'Yes, poor Tom! He says he loved her, but I am sure he never loved her as I do, and he'll get over it soon.' After he left I sat musing, and thinking after all how little we know of a woman's ways, when who should come in but Tom. His face was downcast and sad, but he tried to cheer up, and when I spoke to him about the matter he said, 'Yes, I am glad Jim has her. I thought she liked me best, but you see I was mistaken, and I would rather he had her than any one else.' I saw he was hit hard, but was trying to be a man, and a generous one, about it, and somehow I couldn't help but think there was a mistake about it all.

"Well, for the rest of that winter times were pretty active and full for me in this little town, for there were a good many people here who afterwards became red-hot Copperheads, and feeling ran pretty high on all sides. Still, though Mary and the boys were of different political ways of thinking, they all got along finely, and nothing seemed to mar their happiness, and the time was set in spring for Jim's marriage.

"One afternoon late in March the young people of the town to the number of a dozen started down to Elliot's pond for the last skate of the season. I could not go then, but promised to join them in the evening, and as it would be moonlight, and they would, besides, light bonfires on the ice near shore. They were to stay out late. It had been pretty warm during the day and the ice had softened a good deal, but towards nightfall it grew cold and froze up tight again. I remember the gloriously beautiful night as though it were yesterday. The moon at its full, the snow—what was left of it—crisp and sparkling under feet, and the sheet of ice glimmering on the pond like a setting of glass.

"As I sauntered down about eight o'clock towards the bridge at the upper end of the pond I heard several screams and shouts for help near by. I rushed down, and there struggling to get up through the ice was Tom Ainsworth, while a rod or two off was Mary Carter entirely helpless. It took me but a moment to break a board off the fence near by and soon have the fellow out, and as he crawled up the bank Mary followed him, very pale and trembling with emotion, and I heard her say something about her darling and that kind of stuff, and the next moment they were kissing each other for all they were worth. I was pretty much astonished, knowing she was engaged to Jim. I stopped that scene by hurrying him off to change his clothes. I hunted up Jim and put Mary in his charge, and then left without joining the skating party, who were all down at the lower end of the pond a mile away.

"You see I wasn't mistaken after all,—she liked Tom best; and when she saw him, as she thought, drowning, it came all of a sudden to her. In a few days it all came out. Tom was willing to do the honorable thing and go away, but Mary took the matter in her own hands, telling Jim how she felt, and that she never could marry him, —Jim.

"A week after the news of Sumter came to us, and I'll never forget Tom's anguish as he came to my room to tell me the whole story. It seemed that what Mary told Jim had changed his entire nature. He cursed both Tom and Mary, told them he would be a living thorn in their sides, threatened all sorts of things, and finally ended by leaving town and going South to join the Confederate army. You cannot imagine his rage unless you knew his character, as I was just beginning to learn it, and he was simply unshakable once his mind was made up; and this point you must remember because of the sequel.

"Well, those two boys separated never to meet again till on the battlefield of Iuka, and then under such strange conditions as war alone can bring out. Tom enlisted and joined an Ohio battery, but before going to the front he was married to Mary. I soon joined the army as surgeon, and went through the fighting at Donelson, Henry, Shiloh, the marching and work during the summer of 1862, and finally found myself, as I have told you, at Iuka.

"And now to go back to that battle-field where the two brothers and myself met again. When Grant had learned of Price's attempt on Iuka, he ordered Rosecrans with his two divisions of Hamilton and Stanley to advance on the town by the roads to the west and south of the town, while Ord with nine thousand men was to advance on the north. As Rosy had in his two divisions about nine thousand more, if the whole eighteen thousand men could all get there at the same time they could easily hold the place against Van Dorn and Price together till Grant had brought up his entire force, if need be.

"Iuka is a beautiful village on the hills, and to its south just outside the town was the triangular plateau on which the battle took place. The base of this triangle was north towards the town, and the point towards the south. The base was about a mile long, but the point lopped off was about a quarter of a mile wide only. Price had fully fourteen thousand men there on the 18th, and he at once caused them to throw up intrenchments on the plateau along the base. Behind them were thick woods, and their position was about as strong as it well could be. Rosecrans did not divide his forces as he was ordered to do, and thus approach by two roads, bringing all his men at once

on the field, but scattered them on one road, with Hamilton's division in advance. The skirmishers of this division struck the Confederate pickets about four o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, the 19th, and immediately as fierce a little fight took place as occurred during the entire war. In fact, it is given as a matter of record that no fight had so great a percentage of killed and wounded, for the numbers engaged, as did the battery in Hamilton's division. Look at it, lieutenant, yourself, and you will see as I do that it was one of the most important battles of the war. Ord was far away and did not come up till the next day, when the fight was over; Grant knew nothing of the battle till late that night; while Rosy came on the battle-field but a moment, and then, not thinking it would be much, went to the rear to hurry up Stanley's troops. So Hamilton's division had to fight the battle alone with but four thousand five hundred men. All depended on them, and to Hamilton alone must belong the entire credit of the victory. It was simply a question of holding his place till night should put an end to the battle, for he knew that if he could do that, then by morning light there would be more than enough troops to take care of all the Johnnies. If he could not hold his ground, then Price would strike Stanley, overthrow him, turn and beat Ord, and thus destroy Grant's army by detail, and all won so far during the war by the Union troops would be lost. Then, making the junction with Van Dorn, the Confederates would have driven Buell over the Ohio and destroyed Grant. So it all depended on Hamilton and his division, and that officer fully realized it, and he fought his men as few officers know how,—always in front, just when and wherever needed, by his personal example inspiring his men to hold their ground. His horse was killed under him, his clothes perforated with bullets, and every officer on his staff and body-guard but two either killed or wounded. But he held his ground for the three hours of light remaining, and at dark, unable to overcome him, the Confederates withdrew, knowing that the next morning Ord and Rosecrans with the rest of the troops would be up.

"It was a bloody battle, for we lost over two hundred and seventy killed and nearly six hundred wounded out of the four thousand five hundred men engaged, while the rebs lost almost double that out of fourteen thousand men engaged. The key-point of the battle was the ground held by the Ohio battery, in which Tom Ainsworth was now a sergeant. It played the very devil among the rebs, and they determined to have it. So twice they charged it, and both times were driven off. Again they formed columns of attack to storm it, and this time they came on so there was no stopping them. The battery did

splendid work just then. The guns seemed alive, so rapidly did they spit out their showers of grape and canister that tore great lanes through the approaching masses. I happened to be near the battery at that time and saw Tom dismounted, himself aiming and firing his gun; and, looking over to the rebs, who should be leading the foremost company of attack but his brother Jim! The very demon was in Jim's eyes as he recognized Tom, and his face lighted up with a terrible expression of hate, and he began, even in the noise and turmoil, to curse him, when his voice was drowned in an explosion. Tom had pulled his lanyard, the last shot fired by the battery, and a shower of grape went right at Jim's company, which laid out Jim and half his men. But notwithstanding, the battery was taken, but soon lost, again taken, and at last abandoned to our men at night-fall.

"Well, that is all about the fight. Hamilton, I think, is the man to whom all the credit is due, as Rosecrans was nowhere about. That night the rebs left in such a hurry that we had to bury their dead and take care of their wounded. I had my hands full, for I was short of assistants. I had ordered a house in town seized and turned into a hospital. It had belonged to a Confederate general officer, and was one of the largest and finest houses in the village, and surrounded by a beautiful shaded lawn. When the house was filled with wounded, and there were still many more coming, I directed a number to be placed outside on the lawn under the shade of trees. As there they had plenty of fresh air, not cold at that time of the year, they were really as comfortable as in the house.

"Towards evening of the second day after the battle I got my first chance for a little rest, and, taking my pipe and a camp-stool, I went out on the lawn to have a quiet smoke. I sat down as far from the groups of wounded as I well could, though they were so many that was not saying much. At my feet a little way from me was the apparently lifeless body of a Confederate who had been brought in severely wounded, but had died, as was supposed, before the surgeons could get around to him, and the burial parties were still busy with our own men. Part of his skull had been torn off by a piece of grapeshot or shell, and the brain or part of it was protruding in a bulbous balloon-shaped mass, confined, it seemed, by a thin tissue. Although covered with blood and dirt, there was something about him that struck my attention, and, bending over him, I discovered it was poor Jim Ainsworth. At first I was glad that he was done for, for I knew he must have been instantly killed, and Tom and his wife could henceforth live in peace. But even while looking at him, it seemed to me

that there was the very slightest respiration, and to my surprise I found on examination that there was. 'Impossible,' I said to myself, and I knelt down to watch the closer. A man with the top of his head blown off, the brain protruding, left in the open air for forty-eight hours without attention,—why, such a thing was never heard of. But my senses to the contrary notwithstanding, this man was actually still alive. I took out my watch and counted the respirations, and then set about to help him what little I could, for I felt certain he would die very soon. So, as death was certain, I took from my pocket-case of instruments a small sharp knife and sliced off the protruding part of the brain, and then plastered the skin over the hole in the skull as well as I could. But he still continued to live even after that, and so I injected into him stimulants; and to my great astonishment the number of respirations soon increased and seemed stronger.

"Here was a case to delight any professional man, and perhaps I might be able to keep life in him a long enough time for his people to come to him. I sent for Tom, and he came the next day. To my unbounded delight, after setting up a tent over the patient and injecting nourishment into him, he seemed to grow stronger, and the idea occurred to me that he might live. From that time the attention of all the surgeons was placed on Jim, and with every care and Tom as a nurse, to make a long story short, he did pull through, though it took some months to do it. Tom could only stay for two weeks, but he knew Jim would live before the end of his furlough.

"I went back to Memphis that fall, and had Jim brought there and put under my especial care in one of our hospitals. Tom joined his battery, and it was not long ere I heard of his promotion. Poor fellow, he was killed at Vicksburg the next year, and Mary was left a widow with one little child.

"Now for the curious part of the story. I thought, of course, that as Jim recovered he would at least remain an idiot for the rest of his life, and certainly would remember no one nor any of his past life. Not much. He not only knew me, but his mind seemed as bright and clear as formerly, except on one point alone. He asked after Tom and Mary and the old acquaintances up here; he talked of the war, of old times; he cursed the Union cause till I ordered him to be quiet while in a Union hospital and living at the expense of the government and men who had saved his life. But in all his talk of Tom and Mary there was never the slightest malice or bitterness, or reference to the old feud and trouble. At first I thought he wished to avoid the subject, but I soon became convinced it was actually not in

his head, and therefore, speaking of it myself to him, I became convinced it was all a blank to him. In other words, what had been the most exciting topic of his life was now a perfect blank. If you ask me how I account for it, I tell you I cannot. Men have often lived days, even years, with bullets and pieces of metal in their brains, but I never heard of a case where a man lived with part of his brain cut or blown away. But he did, and whether or not that part of the brain that I sliced off contained the memory of his love and hate for Mary and Tom is a mystery to me. In every other respect he was himself, and the next spring, when he was exchanged with a number of prisoners, he went off cursing the Union cause and with no thanks for the men who had saved him, but with loving messages for Tom and Mary. He never saw Tom, but was killed towards the close of the war in a little skirmish by a bullet, this time in the brain that was left him. He had then attained the rank of colonel.

"Yes, lieutenant, I've seen many strange wounds, but, take it all in all, that one reached the top notch of them all. I've often wished he might have lived, as then he might have taken poor Tom's place, though that is doubtful, as Mary Ainsworth has had many offers since then, but has always remained faithful to Tom's memory. If this was a story from a novel, and not a true tale, he would have lived and married Mary."

WM. R. HAMILTON,
Captain, U. S. A.

*CAPTAIN JOHN A. WEBSTER.**

JOHN ADAMS WEBSTER entered the merchant service early in life, making his first voyage to sea as a youth on a vessel bound from Baltimore to Rio de Janeiro. His ardor for his new profession was greatly diminished in a short time from the unaccustomed hardships and privations that were then characteristic of a sea life. He would gladly have abandoned the vessel had an opportunity offered, but was compelled to keep on, and was absent over twenty-two months on the voyage. He returned, filled with all the enthusiasm of a young seaman for the profession he had adopted, and remained a seaman for the balance of his life.

With the commencement of the war of 1812, young Webster, a tall, athletic officer of the merchant service, fired with patriotic ardor and eager for an opportunity to meet the overbearing Briton on his chosen field of action, promptly severed his connection with the mercantile marine, accepting the position of third lieutenant on the private armed brigantine Rossie. This vessel, under the command of the brave and chivalrous Barney, won both fame and prize money during her brilliant career.

Captain Barney (sometimes addressed as commodore, having held that position in the French navy) was an old friend and acquaintance of Webster's. He had visited the young sailor at the old family mansion, beautifully and picturesquely situated in one of the favorite counties of Maryland, bordering on the Chesapeake Bay, and had closely studied the characteristics and sterling qualities of his young friend. When the Rossie fitted for sea at Baltimore, Captain Barney forwarded to Webster the appointment he so ardently desired, and it was with no little pride and pardonable vanity that the merchant sailor found himself attired in a neat uniform of blue, with a gleaming epaulet on his left shoulder and a sword by his side.

The change from the deck of a peaceful trader, with the happy-go-lucky methods of discharging duty, to the discipline of an armed vessel, was both strange and novel to the young officer; but he appeared to

*Commander of Battery Babcock in the defense of Baltimore, 1814. Also a captain in the United States Revenue Cutter Service.

acquire the system and order belonging to his new station, naturally and with avidity, and before a week had elasped, trod the quarter-deck with the precision and confidence of a "regular."

Captain Barney was a rigid disciplinarian, exacting to the minutest detail, and the result was the ship's company was as well drilled and efficient, from the highest to the lowest, as the crew of a man-of-war. Lieutenant Webster studied gunnery, losing no opportunity to perfect himself in all its branches, communicating the results of his labor to the various divisions, who soon handled the battery in a manner which challenged admiration from all who witnessed the drill.

During his term of service in the merchant service, the high spirit and hot blood of the young Marylander had frequently been put to the test by witnessing the cool impudence and brutal conduct of English naval officers in impressing American seamen in various parts of the world. Armed boat's crews would come alongside, swaggering officers would muster the men, claiming the finest and youngest as British subjects, and, laughing to scorn the protest of the master, would seize the seamen, compelling them to serve under the cross of St. George in the livery of a master they hated and despised. Webster wisely held his tongue in a situation he could not well oppose or prevent, though boiling with rage and indignation in witnessing outrages and insults offered to his flag, but secretly resolved to even up accounts if ever an opportunity presented itself.

Webster's heart swelled with pride and joy as the Rossie, under all sail, stood down the bay to commence operations actively against the enemy's commerce. The flag and pennant of his country floated above his head, and his eye, ranging along the flush deck of the privateer, rested with satisfaction on the new carriages and long thirty-twos composing the battery.

Before the cruise terminated the fiery Barney had inflicted considerable damage upon the foe, captured a number of vessels and scored more than one hard fought engagement with the enemy. The British armed ship Princess Amelia only succumbed after a stubborn resistance, and not until her commander and two lieutenants were numbered with the slain did the Rossie gain the victory. Some fifteen or sixteen prizes fell into the hands of the Rossie's crew, representing a handsome amount of prize money; but on arrival at Baltimore it was ascertained that the agent had disappeared with the entire proceeds of the cruise.

Webster then connected himself with a letter-of-marque, making

a cruise to Bordeaux, France. On the return voyage the vessel captured the British ship Loyal Sam, from which they took $30,000 in specie. A prize crew was put on board and the Loyal headed for Portland, Maine. She was recaptured, however, before reaching port. Upon his arrival at Portland, Webster took his share of the prize money, and with a portion of it purchased a horse and carriage, in which he journeyed overland to his home, in Hartford county, a distance of nearly 500 miles, which was accomplished in fifteen days. The old mansion still stands on the estate bordering on Bush River, a relic of an original grant by Lord Baltimore.

As the war progressed and circumstances placed Captain Barney in command of the flotilla in the Chesapeake then forming at Baltimore, he applied for and obtained for Webster the warrant of a sailing master in the United States Navy. He was placed by his superior in command of one of the largest barges, and to the utmost of his power and ability labored to make the flotilla effective and a credit to his commander. He remained in charge of the barge up to the day of the destruction of the little fleet at Pig's Point, at the head of the Patuxent River, rendered necessary by the rapid march of the British in their attack on Washington.

Resuming duty under Captain Barney as a portion of the land forces, Webster paticipated in all the engagements that ensued, receiving the commendation of his superior. During the attack on two British frigates off the entrance of St. Leonard's Creek Webster displayed conspicuous bravery and judgment in his mode of attack on the enemy. Owing to his proficiency in gunnery the frigates suffered severely from the well served guns, and two men and a midshipman fell by his side. The young officer who thus sealed his devotion to his country with his life blood was a younger son of the Ariquith family of Baltimore.

At the battle of Bladensburg Captain Barney ordered Webster to ride to the field of battle from the navy yard at Washington and assume command of the body of seamen attached to Captain Barney's ship, the Scorpion, including the crew formerly belonging to the barge he had commanded. Mounting his own horse Webster rode to the front at a gallop, the boom of heavy guns and rattling volleys of musketry becoming every moment more distinct. Captain Barney, upon meeting the enemy about one and a half miles from Bladensburg, directed Webster with his little force to be flanked abreast of his main command and to the right of an old brickyard, toward which position the enemy was already advancing.

The military and local forces hastily mustered together for the common defense were flying before the phalanx of bayonets, the sight of which terrified the uniformed volunteers. Demoralized and panic stricken, frantically divesting themselves of arms and accoutrements as impediments to their flight, they fled headlong towards Washington. The exultant cheers of the British soldiers, flushed with victory, accelerated the movements of the frantic mob, who soon vanished from the field, leaving Barney and his handful of seamen to face the oncoming foe. At the double quick, with lively anticipations of "booty and beauty" as a reward for capturing the marble Capitol of the Yankees, the red-coated column swept on, their eyes fastened upon the distant spires and cupolas of the doomed city.

Then it was that the battery of Captain Barney, the old ship-guns and cannon from the flotilla, still mounted on truck carriages, opened a rapid and effective fire. The long eighteens Barney commanded and directed in person, while the various minor detachments were under the supervision of officers of the same grade as Webster.

When it was apparent that the day was lost, and the fight, so far as the Americans were concerned, a hopeless one, Barney was advised to withdraw his battery and retreat while there was yet time.

"Retreat!" roared the irate veteran, who had but a short time before presented the new-born American flag to the republic of France. "D—n ye, I came here to fight, not to run from an enemy whom I've met too often to be afraid of. Do you think I'm a militiaman?"

Nothing more was said to the intrepid old sailor about turning his back to the foe, and pressing his hat well down upon his head, he, in person, sighted the eighteen pounder and applied the match.

The men-of-wars men never wavered or flinched from their guns. Though fighting out of their element, with strange surroundings and defeat an assured fact, they required no urging from the officers to "aim low and fire rapidly." The British poured in volley after volley of musketry, the heavy guns thundered back a hearty defiance, and the seamen, warming to their work, served the battery with precision and steadiness which gained from the enemy a word of commendation. One officer by the name of Warren fell at his post shot through the heart. Two petty officers and a number of seamen lay stretched between the guns, but their places had been quickly filled, and the fire of the battery never relaxed for a moment.

Enveloped in thick clouds of sulphurous smoke, begrimed with dust and powder, each man fought on, intent upon the efficiency of his individual gun. Watching for the flash of the musketry, the guns

were trained on the fitful gleams, the seamen fighting with a steadiness and discipline that surprised even their officers.

"Powder!" shouted Webster, galloping up and saluting his chief hurriedly. "We have none to spare, are running low ourselves," was the reply. "Powder! Powder! Send us cartridges," were the cries heard on all sides; and as the galling fire of the naval battery sensibly slackened, a hoarse shout of triumph rolled up from the midst of the obscurity and smoke of the battlefield.

A hasty search to the rear revealed the astonishing fact that the cowardly teamsters in charge of the ammunition wagons, under cover of the excitement and confusion of the engagement, had deserted their posts, literally betraying the brave seamen into the hands of the enemy.

"Give them the last shot in the locker, boys," shouted Barney, "and then each man for himself."

A gleam of scarlet was suddenly perceptible, emerging in an extended line from the lowering canopy of the battlefield, while the shouts of the officers urging their men on to the charge echoed along the ranks bristling with steel. The Americans leaned idly on their guns charged with the final round of grape and canister, waiting silently and steadily to deliver the last greeting. On swept the English infantry, charging shoulder to shoulder, the little group of tars, who had so nobly sustained the brunt of the engagement under the walls of their fallen capital.

Captain Barney seeing that further resistance was impossible, gave the signal to fire and retreat, and taking advantage of the cover afforded by the smoke from the guns, and the momentary confusion of the enemy, the seamen effected their escape. Webster had his horse shot through the head as he wheeled the animal to leave the field; at the same instant a musket ball whistled through his hat, which he did not stop to recover.

The last he saw of Captain Barney was that officer supported by an aid, the enemy crowding around the old chief, who was evidently fainting from the effects of some wound received. Seizing another horse, Webster rode to Montgomery Court House, at which point he succeeded in collecting about fifty men of the flotilla, who at once fell into line, ready to obey the orders of the officer. It was useless to think of attempting to stem the tide of victory, there was no force available with which to make a stand. With the small force at his command, Webster resumed his retreat toward Washington.

When passing the Capitol he discovered four eighteen pounders

mounted, standing directly in front of that edifice, and trained toward the direction of the battle ground. Webster at once pressed eight horses from the navy yard into service, including his own, and with the aid of a petty officer, John Frazier, the pieces were included in the retreating party of seamen. On passing the President's house, which was now silent and deserted, the grounds presenting evidence of a hasty flight, a brass six pounder mounted on an exquisitely finished mahogany carriage was found abandoned. The pretty little piece was attached to the military train, adding its share to the martial rumble of heavy wheels, as the party debouched upon the road leading toward Georgetown.

That night at eleven o'clock the column halted, tired, dusty, footsore and hungry, three miles from Georgetown. One of the eighteen pounders broke down near Tennallytown, where it was spiked; the others were taken to Montgomery Court House. The following morning the horses had disappeared, having been appropriated by militiamen, anxious to increase more expeditiously the distance between themselves and the enemy.

Webster with his blue-jackets resumed the line of march early the next morning, and upon arrival at Baltimore reported in person to Lieutenant Solomon Butler, next in command to Captain Barney, of the flotilla. This officer was stationed at the Lazaretto, and extended every comfort and courtesy that was in his power to Webster and his men.

Here the interval of time intervening before the approach of the British was occupied in drilling and disciplining the entire command—work that was soon destined to manifest itself in a manner reflecting credit and renown upon both officers and men.

As soon as it was definitely known that the enemy were approaching Baltimore, and contemplated an attack on the city, General Smith requested Lieutenant Butler to detach Webster and seventy-five men, which was at once granted, and on the 10th of September, 1814, the company mustered fell into line, taking leave of their comrades and formal possession of a six gun battery, situated on Ferry branch, between Fort McHenry and Fort Covington. The condition of the battery, from neglect and exposure was worse than deplorable, and to one possessed of a less sanguine and energetic temperament than Webster's would have been abandoned as beyond hope of ever being rendered serviceable in time for the threatened attack. The gun carriages were rusty, weather-beaten, and the trucks immovable; the guns were corroded and all but ruined from long exposure to the

elements; the breastwork had been washed away and torn down by rains and herds of browsing cattle, so that in no place did it average over four feet in height. Bomb-proofs or powder magazine, there was none, and as Webster gazed on the interior of the post intrusted to his command, even his stout heart and indomitable spirit almost gave up the task as hopeless.

Under the personal supervision of Webster the men commenced operations, working with energy, if not with enthusiasm. The debris encumbering the interior of the structure was first removed. Weeds and briars cleaned out, carriages overhauled, the guns polished and cleaned by the combined patience and strength of the entire command. Tackles, blocks, levers and handspikes, buckets and rammers, sponges and swabs, all found a place; and in forty-eight hours the battery assumed the appearance bordering on what a military post is supposed to exhibit. The work went on unceasingly, the men being divided into night and day gangs. A flag-pole, neatly painted, with the Stars and Stripes floating from the truck, was added, while bomb-proof and magazine were not forgotten. By a liberal use of picks and shovels the defects in the breastworks were repaired, the works enlarged somewhat, and the position finally reported by Webster as ready for action, who drew a long breath of relief. As assistants and aids two midshipmen were detailed to act with Webster in fighting the battery. Their names were Andrews and Edwards, and in attending to minor details they lightened the labors of their overtaxed superior.

Both officers and men took an interest and pride in the position intrusted to their care, and in all the defenses around Baltimore, none presented a finer or more trim and military appearance. As a portion of Captain Barney's command, one and all determined to reflect credit on their old chief, proud in the distinction of being denominated "a flotillaman."

The magazine had been constructed in the rear of the earthwork, about sixty feet distant from the entrance, while every precaution that could be suggested by prudence, skill and experience was taken to guard the highly important depository from receiving any possible damage that might result from the enemy's fire. Beside each gun a pyramid of balls, blackened and shining with a thin coating of lampblack, were deposited, adding greatly to the general effect and appearance of the battery. The interior had been made perfectly level, smooth and clear of the minutest obstruction. The battery was trained, loaded and ready for instant use, while a double watch,

vigilant and trustworthy, was maintained night and day, the strict, exacting discipline of man-of-war routine being enforced throughout the battery.

Lieutenant Butler inspected the post one morning, and could not repress the surprise he felt at the great change that had been wrought in the neglected battery. He ordered the command to be mustered, and taking his position by the flagstaff, bestowed warm praise on all constituting the detail of the six gun battery. He pronounced it in perfect order and well worthy of the men who had fought under the orders of Captain Barney. The remarks were greeted with three cheers, and a desire expressed on all sides to speedily try conclusions with the enemy.

When finally the bomb vessels bearing the meteor flag of England were sighted from the parapet of Fort McHenry, the excitement and enthusiasm of the rank and file was hard to hold in check, so anxious were they all to have a hand in the conflict. The action began in earnest, and on the night of the 13th of September, about eleven o'clock, the bomb vessels increased the rapidity of their fire until the air was filled with the hissing, fiery missiles. The night was dark and raw, the cold winds sweeping through the open exposed battery and positions, driving torrents of rain with spiteful force into the faces of men, who, drenched to the skin and numb with the cold, stood unflinchingly to their stations, alert and uncomplaining. The reserves crouched for shelter beneath the low parapets, drawing their greatcoats closer around their chilled bodies, while the glare from the bursting bombs revealed momentary glimpses of the enemy's fleet, silhouetted against the dark, sombre background.

The bombardment was vigorous, the fire rapid, and the lowering canopy of heaven seemed interlined with a never-ceasing, intricate network of glittering trains of sparks, as shell after shell with shrill screams sped on their daily mission, exploding with muffled detonations around the walls of Fort McHenry. Enveloped in the cloud and uncertainty of battle, with occasional bursts of vivid flame, swayed by alternate emotions of hope and fear, Francis Scott Key paced the deck of the Minden, Admiral Cockburn's flagship, and was compelled to witness the bombardment of the fort which the admiral had boasted he would subdue in a few hours. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with intense anxiety, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly waving flag of his country. From fifteen to eighteen hundred shells

were expended during the bombardment, although only four hundred of them fell within the works; and the loss of the garrison was but four men killed and twenty-four wounded. In the midst of the battle, with the uncertain light from guns and bombs flitting athwart his paper, 'mid the din of the conflict, with screams, oaths, groans and hideous yells echoing in their ears, and sulphurous odors filling his nostrils, the gifted bard between the hours of eleven and midnight, wrote the soul-inspiring poem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

The extraordinary briskness and duration of the fire from the fleet aroused Webster's suspicions that under cover of so much smoke and fire, something more serious was contemplated. His vigilance increased, the guards and lookouts were admonished and strengthened, and the charges from the guns were ordered to be withdrawn, Webster personally superintending the reloading of the battery. They were double-shotted with eighteen pound balls and grapeshot, the priming to each gun carefully renewed and protected from the weather, and matches placed where in a moment they could be made available. Every thirty minutes the indefatigable commander went the rounds to see that all were on the qui vive and attending to their duties; and every precaution that judgment and ingenuity could suggest was adopted to guard against surprise and thwart the plans of the subtile foe.

Weary from want of sleep, exhausted by excitement and the extraordinary mental strain to which he had been subjected, Webster wrapped himself in a blanket, stretching his stalwart form on the smooth surface of the breastwork, after instructing the sentinel nearby to call him in one hour, and sooner if suspicious sounds should be heard.

The fierce light of the bombardment occasionally flashed across his features, the dull, heavy thud of falling projectiles, accompanied by the crashing explosions, were heard on all sides; the wash of the surf, breaking with a weird, ceaseless murmur on the beach below, occasionally reached the ear; the rain in slanting sheets drove mercilessly on before the humming gale that eddied and whistled around the angles and through the embrasures of the battery, alike unheeded and uncared for by the exhausted and unconscious patriot.

In the distance reposed the fair city of Baltimore, relying upon the bravery and prowess of her defenders to keep her honor pure and unsullied from the brutal power of the powerful enemy. The tall spires and quaint proportions of the old buildings were occasionally revealed to the soldiers and tired artillerymen as some more vivid discharge than common would burst from the sides of the men-of-war;

while the roar and din of the conflict was sufficient guarantee to the populace of the threatened city that the Star Spangled Banner still waved over the ramparts of McHenry. Throughout the city there were pale lips and trembling limbs, anxious hearts, and fervent prayers, with longings for daylight to come, that the worst be known, and the welfare of father, brother, lover and relatives exposed to the horrors of war be learned.

It was close upon the hour of midnight when the tired Webster awoke from a troubled slumber with a nervous start. He had been dreaming of his home, of the fair broad acres composing "Mount Adams," his ancestral home, where he had with patriotic self-denial left a life of ease and comfort, a loving wife and interesting young family, to fight for his country and undergo privations and dangers in her behalf, the inevitable heritage which follows in the grim and gory train of war.

Mingling with the mutter and pattering of surf and rain, together with the rush and wail of the storm, a peculiar sound reached the sensitive ear of Webster from out of the darkness and uncertainties of the night. Leaning over the breastwork he listened intently, detecting the unmistakable splash of oars and sweeps mingling with the jarring of the elements. It was too dark to distinguish objects twenty feet distant, but that his suspicions were correct and that the enemy were on the point of effecting a landing, he was assured.

The alarm was quietly passed on to the men, and all mustered at the guns. The word spread rapidly that the enemy were about to force a landing, and were approaching in barges with muffled oars. Soon after small dim lights were seen moving to and fro in different quarters, apparently not more than one hundred and fifty yards distant. Webster next observed lights on the water above him, next to Fort Covington, and examining the cannon of the battery, with his breast over the apron of the pieces to protect the priming, he assured himself for the last time that all was ready for action.

Carefully he caused every gun to be depressed and trained so as to bear upon the barges. Drawing a pistol from his belt, the word was passed to open with the discharge of the weapon. Crack, went the pistol, and with a simultaneous roar the battery thundered forth its warning of the night attack. A tempest of balls greeted the attacking force, much to the chagrin and surprise of the storming force. The boats ceased pulling, devoting all their energies in returning the fire from the battery, and the engagement waxed warmer and warmer. Webster distinctly heard the crashing and rending of the boat's

timbers as the first discharge from the guns arrested the advance of the British. The shrieks and cries of the wounded followed, but the intense darkness prevented the Americans from ascertaining the extent of the damage inflicted.

The opening salvo from Battery Babcock aroused the slumbering vigilance of all comprising the garrison, and soon the deeper roar of the barbette guns from Fort Covington helped to swell the pandemonium raging along the water front. The barges were still some distance from the fort, the flashes from their guns revealing their positions to the keen-eyed artillerists, who, with unexampled strength and precision, served the smoking guns so rapidly that the earth works appeared to be crowned with a perpetual circle of flame. The six guns from Babcock had never for a moment ceased their terrible fusillade, the effectiveness and timely warning of which was acknowledged and warmly praised on all sides.

The enemy had made the attack with twenty-two barges and a long schooner, upon which was mounted a long eighteen. This vessel was brought into position by means of sweeps, and should have added great effectiveness to the force making the attack; but for some cause the gun was indifferently served and poorly trained, and the vessel proved a dismal failure. Most of the balls from the long eighteen whistled harmlessly over the heads of the garrison in Battery Babcock, plunging into a steep bank of earth in the rear of the position.

Soon after the six guns of Babcock began to warm to their work, Webster dispatched Midshipman Andrew with a message to Lieutenant Budd, commanding the circular battery, requesting that officer to return to him thirty men loaned the day previous. To Webster's great annoyance and surprise, as well as disadvantage, neither the officer nor men appeared, and the command, reduced to thirty-five, were compelled to serve the battery short handed when the critical emergency of the attack demanded the assistance and efforts of every able bodied man. It was subsequently ascertained that the midshipman had made the best of his way to Baltimore, reporting that his superior had abandoned the battery to escape capture, the enemy having effected a landing and carried everything before them. With the return of dawn, Lieutenant Budd informed Webster that he had detailed the squad of men to work his guns, in case the battery had to be abandoned. But the commander of Babcock had no intention of turning his back upon the enemy. Daylight found him with his men at their stations, with the six guns in readiness to renew the conflict.

During the engagement Webster detected one of his men skulking to the rear of the battery. The officer recognized in the round, bullet head, square shoulders and burly form of the offender an Englishman, whose obstinate disposition and unruly temper had given his superiors much trouble. He had been given permission to withdraw before the action had commenced, but a vindictive gleam blazed in the dark depths of the man's eyes as he expressed his willingness, even pleasure, to fight against his countrymen. The sullen demeanor of the man was not lost upon Webster, who recalled the muttering threats indulged in by the fellow when, in the presence of his comrades, he had been ironed and confined for drunkenness. For this humiliation he had sworn to have vengeance.

Stealthily following the desperado, Webster watched him as he deliberately laid a train to the interior of the magazine, sprinkling powder loosely on the ground to a safe distance from the threatened explosion. But before the scoundrel could carry his treacherous design into execution, Webster had sprung upon the man, grasping him with a grip of iron.

Webster was a powerful man, possessing a magnificent physique, and standing fully six feet in height, towering above his antagonist, who, with an angry oath, drew a dirk, lunging savagely at Webster, Unfortunately he had left his side arms in the battery, his sword belt having given away, or he would have dealt in a summary manner with the mutineer. By a sudden movement the fellow escaped from Webster's grasp, grabbed a handspike lying near, dealing him a heavy blow intended for the head. It was partially parried, however, inflicting a serious injury to his shoulder bone, which the excitement of the hour failed to cause him serious inconvenience. The next instant the handspike was circling above the head of the Englishman, who tried in vain to escape the punishment he so richly merited. Stunned and bleeding the ruffian measured his length upon the damp earth; and, hearing his name shouted from the midst of the smoke rising from the battery, Webster hastily returned to his post, determined to secure the traitor for future punishment. But the demands upon the officer's time and attention were so pressing that hours elapsed before he could detail a guard to attend to the matter. The fellow had, in the meanwhile, effected his escape, and neither the midshipman nor the Englishman were ever again seen in that portion of the country.

The roar of heavy guns and sharper rattle of musketry had lulled for a moment, and the yells of the combatants had died away as if desirous of obtaining a fresh supply of wind and ammunition previous

to renewing the struggle, when a movement among the barges became apparent. Suddenly, three rockets ascended from their midst, the colored lights flashing and scintillating on high, followed by an immediate retreat on the part of the attacking force down the river. This movement was executed at one o'clock in the morning. An acknowledgment on the part of the British that they were beaten and foiled in their plans.

Simultaneously with the discharge of the rockets, huge bonfires were lighted in front of the positions occupied by the American army and at various points along the banks of the Patapsco River. The ruddy glare of the flames streamed athwart the dark surface of the river, lighting up the scene of action, by the aid of which the artillerists poured in a scathing fire upon the splintered and disordered barges. During the forenoon of the 15th, Webster and his command were busily employed repairing damages, cleaning the battery and placing the entire work in order and readiness for another bout with the enemy. Upon examining the soft bank at the rear of the battery, over twenty eighteen pound shots were found buried in the loose, clinging soil. They were dug out, cleaned and piled beside a gun, to be returned from whence they came should opportunity offer.

Two barges riddled with grapeshot were discovered stranded on the beach, the thwarts and timbers stained with blood, and shreds of clothing scattered from stem to stern. A number of bodies, clad in the uniform of the British navy, were picked up, and among them was one having the appearance of an officer although clad as an enlisted man. The attack was never renewed on the part of the British, and there being no further necessity of maintaining a force at the batteries, the entire command, including officers, were discharged with three months' extra pay. Webster was ordered to take command of the Lazaretto, where, owing to improper diet, seven men died. For injuries sustained (his shoulder proving to be both troublesome and dangerous), Webster received from government a pension of $20.00 per month.

The citizens of Baltimore and the State of Maryland each presented Webster with handsome gold mounted swords. The inscription on one was as follows: "Presented by a number of citizens of Baltimore to Lieutenant Webster, of the United States Chesapeake flotilla, for the gallant defense of the six gun battery during the attack on the city by a large British force, on the 13th of September, 1814."

Commodore Rodgers, in a report to the Secretary of the Navy,

dated New Castle, September 23rd, 1814, thus alluded to Mr. Webster:

"Sailingmaster Webster, of the flotilla, with seventy-five men of that corps, occupied a six gun battery on the Ferry Branch, known by the name of Babcock. The enemy's repulsion from the Ferry Branch, on the night of the 13th instant after he had passed Fort McHenry with his barges and some light vessels, was owing to the warm reception he met from Fort Covington and Babcock, commanded by Lieutenant Newcomb and J. A. Webster, who, with all under their commands, performed the duty assigned them admirably."

Mr. Webster entered the United States Revenue Cutter Service as as full captain, his commission bearing date of 22nd of November, 1819. War between the United States and Mexico having been declared, a squadron of eight vessels of the service was ordered to cooperate with the navy in their operations upon the Rio Grande and against the city of Vera Cruz. Captain Webster was designated as the senior officer in command.

Captain Webster, after an active participation in the war, was forced to relinquish the command, having contracted fever at Vera Cruz, compelling his return to the United States.

In October, 1865, being then 79 years of age, he was relieved from duty.

Captain Webster rested from this long and honorable career from the date of the order until his death, which occurred in 1876, and was buried amid the peace and solitude surrounding the noble and picturesque domain of Mount Adams.

H. D. Smith,

Captain U. S. Revenue Cutter Service.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

An analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

The articles relating to this subject are somewhat varied, and concern principally the British Army, where changes and reforms are of special importance just now, as a result of the experiences in South Africa.

The more important articles are:

1. The Japanese Army.—*United Service Magazine,* Jan.
2. Historical Records of the French Army.—*Same.*
3. The Volunteers and Efficiency.—*Same.*
4. Naval Reform.—*Same.*
5. The Royal Marines and Their Relation to the Royal Navy.—*Same.*
6. Amalgamation of Bearer Company and Field Hospital as a Military Unit.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* Dec.
7. Unpreparedness of the United States.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* Nov. 15.
8. Groups of Machine Guns in the General Army.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* Nov. 1, 8.

The account of the Japanese Army is of interest on account of the importance of Japan in the far East, and the comparatively recent growth of her army. This growth dates from 1868, when a modern army was first formed, but it was not until 1875 that the law of conscription put it on a firm basis, so that in 1894 the peace strength was 67,000 men, which was increased by 23,000 when the war with China broke out. At the end of 1898 the army numbered 118,000 men and 6,000 officers, and on mobilization this could be increased to 314,000 men and 8,200 officers.

The infantry carries a modern rifle, 1900 pattern, calibre 0.256 inch, the men carrying 120 rounds of ammunition in the field, the

battalion wagons carrying 100 more for each man, and the ammunition column another 100. The cavalry rides ponies, the best of which come from Yizo; the main remount depôt is in Tokio, where the riding school is also located, as well as a veterinary school. The artillery has a 6-inch quick-firing Vickers, a 12-pound, a 25-cm. and a Maxim gun, and the principal arsenals are at Asaka, Tokio and Mogi.

An infantry regiment is divided into two battalions of four companies each; the war strength of a company being five officers and 230 men. Each cavalry regiment has three squadrons, of four troops each, the strength of a squadron being five officers and 135 men. The artillery regiment has two battalions; each field battery has a war strength of five officers, 198 men and 146 horses.

The second article above mentioned criticises the historical records of the various regiments of the French Army, as set forth in *Historiques des Corps de Troupe de l'Armee Francaise* (1569-1900). the author claiming that no regiment of that army can claim any earlier date for its organization than 1816. The article is exceedingly interesting, and the author traces the history of all the old French regiments, as well as the new that claim old age. We quote a few paragraphs to illustrate the entertaining character of the essay:

The prestige of long descent, though patriarch and philosophers may laugh at its claims, is as potent in the military as in the social world. Every soldier of an ancient and famous corps feels his breast swell with pride at the recollection that he inherits the glorious traditions of centuries of warlike life, embodied in the records and emblazoned on the standard or colors of the regiment for whose honor and welfare he is ready to sacrifice his life. Self-interest is merged in the general interest of the military corporation to which the individual belongs.

The original companies of Turkish Janissaries, raised in A. D. 1335, had the longest continuous record of any military corps known to ancient or modern history. They existed for close on five centuries with the same organization, the same titles, numbers, and badges, and even the same dress! The military corporation of the Mamelukes in Egypt lasted for a still longer period, but it had for long ceased to have any exclusively military character or organization before it was finally dissolved, having transformed itself into a political oligarchy. The oldest military organizations still existing in civilized Europe, such as the Knights of Malta, the Royal Bodyguard of His Majesty the King, and His Holiness the Pope's Swiss Guards, have also lost their military character, and have become merely appanages of royalty, and accessories of court pageantry.

But in all the nations of Europe there are historic regiments whose earliest appearance in arms dates back to the first formation of standing armies in the sixteenth century. Our own Royal Scots and Buffs were originally raised as mercenary troops for the services of Sweden and Holland. There are Austrian regiments whose existence dates back to the era of the Thirty Years' War, and

Prussian regiments which gained their earliest laurels fighting against the Turk "by Buda's wall and Danube's tide."

The oldest regiments in the Russian Army were raised by the Czar Peter the Great, just two hundred years ago. Even in the newly created Italian Army there are a few corps, such as the "Grenadiers of Sardinia," which can trace back their pedigree in an unbroken line for centuries to the regiments of Guards of the Grand Dukes of Savoy. There is only one exception: the Army of France. Not a single corps in the French Army can truthfully refer its corporate existence to an earlier date than 1816.

Yet the French Army once boasted the most ancient military formations in Christendom. The First or Scotch Company of the Garde-du-Corps was raised in 1445 by King Charles the Seventh. The Scotch and English Companies of the Gendarmerie de France (heavy cavalry) were raised in the same year; the infantry regiments of Picardie, Piémont, Champagne, and Navarre were all raised in 1569 by the King Charles the Ninth, almost a hundred years before the first establishments of a standing army in Great Britain.

But the French Army has shared in the revolutions of the French nation; and its administration has at more than one period been as eager to eradicate all the traces and to obliterate all the traditions of past glories as it has at other times been solictious to preserve or restore them.

The third article relates to the British Volunteer Force, the purpose of which is to suggest remedies for its defects and measures for its improvements:

The Volunteer year ended on the 31st of October, and the result of the New Volunteer regulations, as regards efficiency, will soon be known. There can be no question in the minds of Volunteer commanding officers, and of others who are in touch with Volunteer corps, that there will be a great falling off in the total number of Volunteers who will be returned as efficient during the past year. Doubtless this was foreseen when the new efficiency regulations were made, and the authorities have said very clearly that they would rather have half the number of Volunteers they previously had, provided they fulfil the new requirements, and I do not propose to argue that the authorities are wrong in taking up this position. In fact, there is no doubt, in spite of the exceptionally good work done by the Volunteers who went out to South Africa, that in the past the Volunteer force has been largely a paper army, which, in the event of a serious conflict with a European power or powers, would have been little more than a rabble with rifles and guns. But the fact remains that a proportion—and a fairly large proportion—of the Volunteer force are very keen, and under the old regulations did far more than make themselves efficient on paper; and this is the class of Volunteer that the authorities would be wise to make every effort to keep in the ranks.

It must be borne in mind that this country is saved from conscription only by the fact that, on paper at any rate, it has a large efficient Volunteer force; and that unless the Volunteer force is maintained, either conscription will become a necessity, or the country will be left with no sufficient home defense army. And while fully recognizing that the navy is the first line of defense, and that without the command of the sea this country would be in a perilous

condition, and might as well resign itself to becoming a second or third class power, it is quite conceivable that, if fighting a combination of two or three European powers, owing to a temporary reverse to one of our fleets, or to the fact that the Channel squadron was required in the Mediterranean, an invasion of this country might not only be possible, but might be carried into effect.

The author makes two suggestions; one is that each corps form a standing camp for one month each year, and that the Volunteers be allowed to put their week in camp at any time during the month, because many find it impossible to leave their business at the particular time fixed for the annual week of camp; the other is to grant pay at army rates for the days that they are in camp.

The fourth article is a protest against civilian Accountant Officers (corresponding to Paymasters and their clerks in our service) in the British Navy:

What is intended to be shown is, that owing to the changed conditions of naval service, and to the high standard of education now prevalent, there is no necessity or room on board a modern fighting ship for a purely civilian class of officers—officers entirely untrained in the use of any weapon, possessing no qualifications as linguists or knowledge of international law, and unable to use a sextant, or even to take a bearing, and probably unprovided with telescope, binoculars, or revolver.

On board the Majestic—flagship of the Channel fleet—there are no less than seven accountants or secretarial officers and two clerks. Who can say that it would not be for the good of the country if, in lieu of these seven civilians, four or five additional combatant and engineer officers were borne? Thus a larger number of more valuable officers would be carried, and the officers told off for accountant duties could, during times of stress or fighting, assist in engine room or batteries.

The fifth article, by a British naval officer, criticises the present condition of the Royal Marine Infantry and suggests their transfer to the War Department, to garrison cavalry stations and naval bases, and also finds fault with the Royal Marine Artillery, as not being a scientifically trained corps, recommending a special course of training to make them gunnery experts.

The next article is a proposal to amalgamate a Bearer Company and a Field Hospital into one medical unit, to be called a First Field Hospital. The purpose is to add to the mobile bearer company such hospital establishment as will enable it to give shelter to the wounded in addition to its present work of first aid and immediate surgical treatment on the field. The article is quite elaborate, with numerous illustrations, and describes fully the organization proposed.

the duties of the men and the practical working of the system on the battlefield. The lecture was very fully discussed by a number of officers, and the whole constitutes an interesting study.

The article entitled *The Unpreparedness of the United States* is a little startling in its heading, but, although not as appalling as would appear at first sight, there are several points in it that we may well take to heart, the most important being the present weakness in numbers of our navy personnel:

The situation of the United States Navy at the present time is such as well deserves consideration in this country. It must be regarded in its relation to the strong spirit of "Imperialism," which is now so loudly expressed beyond the Atlantic, and to the insistence with which the Monroe Doctrine is proclaimed by President Roosevelt. The formation of a German squadron in American waters appears to be regarded with suspicion. Germany is making vast strides in South America, where her colonizing enterprise has proved successful, and she has developed very large trade interests in Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, and other South American republics. In Rio Grande do Sul, the southernmost state of Brazil, she has established a colony of more than 200,000 persons, who have transformed the territory into what is little less than a German province. Moreover, four great steamship lines are in profitable operation between German and South American ports, and the banking of the southern Republics is largely under German control. All this may well account for the establishment of a German squadron in American waters, but our contemporary thinks that beneath the appearance of effusive cordiality between Germany and the United States a bloodless, but desperate, contest is going on, which to many observers seems bound to culminate in a conflict of more serious nature. A consequence that is expected to follow is the attempt of Germany to secure a position on American territory. She will scarcely be content to allow her vessels to remain dependent upon foreign yards, and when the time comes "the integrity and binding force of the Monroe Doctrine will be subjected to the final test." The lesson for the United States is, therefore, preparedness. Our contemporary says it has confidential information that the German Emperor is endeavoring to make himself independent so far as he can of United States workshops and sources of supply, while the most exact inquiries are being made as to the military and naval strength of the northern republic.

There are, however, many indications that the state of preparedness is not such as well-wishers of the United States would desire. The want of officers is becoming acute, and unless Congress should take action, the Secretary of the Navy says that the situation will presently be desperate. Rear Admiral Bowles, chief constructor of the United States Navy, also states in his annual report that the delay in the delivery of armor and other causes have made progress in the past year unsatisfactory.

Far more serious than delay in construction is the scarcity of officers which has been alluded to as critical and likely to become desperate unless a remedy be found. It thus appears that both from the material and personal point of view the United States Navy is not at the present time in that state of pre-

paredness which would seem to be called for if the political situation is correctly gauged by the organs of public opinion, and by President Roosevelt himself, who, in a recent declaration, said that the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine depended altogether on the ability of the United States Navy to defend it.

The last article under organization is one that is also *tactical* in character, and relates to a specific organization of a new arm, namely, the groups of the machine guns in the German Army. Unlike the Swiss, who attach their machine gun units to the cavalry, Germany assigns hers to the infantry. Up to last October she had but five groups, now she has thirteen; each group comprising six guns, with three caissons and a battery wagon. The groups are attached to different battalions of the line. The personnel of each, in time of peace, comprises three officers, sixty-seven men and fifty horses. The article discusses not only the organization, but also the battle tactics of machine guns, from the German point of view.

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

This subject is always prominent in military journals, but particularly so in England just now, and at this time of year the articles on the autumn maneuvers usually appear, so that there is much reading matter available referring to education and training.

The papers relating to education in general and to training in special branches are:

1. Education of Army Officers.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* January-February.
2. Military Academy of Japan.—*Internationale Revue,* December.
3. General Wolfe's Advice to a Newly Joined Ensign in 1756.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* December.
4. Letters to a New Captain of Horse.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* January-February.
5. Small Arm Experts.—*Same.*
6. The Location and the Method of Transporting Wounded in War.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* December.

The first of these is an elaborate and thorough article by Major Black, Corps of Engineers, in which the entire field is well covered, beginning with the antecedent education of army candidates, and considering the German, Austrian, French and British systems, as well as our own. The article is not complete in this number, but, judging from this first instalment, it promises to be a most valuable essay

on the subject, and one worthy of careful study, since the author is not only able and energetic, but also has had the advantage of a wide range of experience in lecture room work and in the field.

The second is a brief outline of the organization and work of the Corps of Cadets of Japan.

The corps comprises a *Central Corps* in Tongo, with six *Provincial Corps* located in Tongo, Sendai, Nayoga, Clasna, Hiroshina and Kumamoto, respectively. The Central Corps has a colonel as director, assisted by two adjutants, a surgeon, a veterinary and a paymaster, and there are twenty-nine civilian instructors with eleven assistants, besides twelve military instructors. There are at present 531 cadets in the Academy, and the course is two years. Each Provincial Corps has a major as director, assisted by an adjutant, a surgeon and a paymaster, and there are usually from six to ten civilian teachers, with six to eight assistants, besides three military instructors. The course is three years, each corps receiving annually about 100 cadets.

The third article is an interesting letter from General James Wolfe (the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 20th Foot), written in 1756, to a newly-joined ensign. The advice contained therein, simple as it is, is as true to-day as it was then.

The next article is a series of letters by an experienced cavalry officer, still young enough to remember his early troubles and to appreciate those of younger cavalry captains, to a new captain of Horse. They are full of good sound sense and valuable practical experience.

The article on Small Arm Experts is a strong protest against the lack of such experts among company officers, and a lengthy discussion of the causes and the remedies.

The sixth paper is of especial interest to the Navy, as it refers to the methods of locating and transporting the wounded on board a modern man-of-war. The original of this paper was an article published by the Chief Surgeon of the French Army, and is a very excellent presentation of the matter. The author first discusses the present state of affairs, calling attention to the fact that "the question of dealing with the wounded in war afloat has not advanced a single step during the last thirty years." After tracing the history of the subject up to the present day, the author considers the indispensability of an organized ambulance service and of special armored retreats, with passages, for the use of the wounded in war. Reports of the China-Japanese and the Spanish-American Wars are called

into requisition to establish contested points, as well as the ideas of Italian, Spanish, French and Japanese naval surgeons. The author then takes the battleship *Admiral-Baudin,* and illustrates how his proposed system can be practically applied. The essay is well worth attention and consideration by naval constructors as well as by the line of the Navy.

The papers under this general subject of military training refer mostly to maneuvers of armies and fleets, and the more important are:

1. A Maneuver with Real Fire.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* November 1.

2. The Russian Grand Maneuvers at Kursk.—*Internationale Revue,* Beiheft 35.

3. The Swiss Maneuvers of 1902.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* November 15.

4. Fort Riley Maneuvers.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* January-February; *Army and Navy Register,* December 13.

5. Naval Maneuvers.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 45.

6. Combined Maneuvers in Austria.—*Same, Beiheft* 34.

7. Disembarkation Maneuvers, Austria.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* November 8, 15.

8. The German Naval Maneuvers of 1902.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* December.

9. Experiences of the French Fleet Maneuvers.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 44.

10. The U. S. Naval Maneuvers, 1902.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* December.

11. The Joint Maneuvers.—*Army and Navy Register,* December 13.

12. The Naval War Game (Jane).—*Scientific American,* December 27; *Scientific American Supplement,* December 20, January 3.

The maneuvers are interesting mainly from the lessons they teach, so we will in general confine our attention to the latter.

The first article describes a maneuver with real fire (alternating at times with blank fire), executed on September 23d last, by the troops of the fifteenth Army Corps, in the vicinity of Buedingen, Hesse, Germany. The purpose of this exercise was to determine the effects of field howitzers on an intrenched position. A strong defensive position about one and one-fourth miles long was prepared by the Engineers, and occupied by a number of companies of infantry, under a colonel, while the attack was composed of infantry and ar-

tillery under a major general. The attack and defense proceeded in the usual maneuver way on the 22nd, but at 9.30 A. M. on the 23d the defense evacuated their position, and the field artillery opened fire on it with real projectiles, the howitzers entering the action after the artillery reconnaisance. The field guns fired 540 shrapnel and 480 shell, the light field howitzers 600 shell, the heavy (15 centimeter) field howitzers 2,400 shell. The effects produced by the howitzers were very satisfactory.

The Russian Grand Maneuvers at Kursk are described in detail in the second of the above papers. To the Russians, of course, the question of the capacity of the railroads to meet the requirements of mobilization and concentration of the troops, is of great interest, and to the rest of the world it has considerable importance also, because of its bearing on future wars.

"From the disembarkation station there were still one or two days' marches to be made before reaching the rendezvous. The embarkation of the Moscow Army took place between the 3d and 9th of September, that of the South Army, between the 2nd and 8th. For the transportation of the former the Moscow-Kursk and the Smolensk-Orel roads were available, and for the latter the Kiew-Kursk, Odessa-Kiew and Charkow-Kursk roads. On the Moscow road from twenty to twenty-eight military trains were run every twenty-four hours, and on the other roads from eight to fourteen. The station at Kursk was particularly put in requisition and tried to the utmost, since during the concentration of the troops 130 trains arrived there in four days. The regular passenger trains of these roads were not interfered with in the least. Comparing this with the transportation of troops to the fort in 1877, in which the railroad system proved entirely inadequate and broke down completely, it is evident that in this respect Russia has made immense strides since then."

Some 90,000 men took part in these maneuvers, and the latter showed how greatly the Russian Army has been improved in every way since its last war.

The account of the Fort Riley Maneuvers in the *Register* is the official report of Major General J. C. Bates, who conducted them, and that in the *Journal Military Service Institution* is by Colonel A. L. Wagner, Adjutant General's Department, a well-known authority on tactics. Both are articles of the first importance to our Army.

The rest of the above articles all refer to Naval maneuvers, the fifth discussing such maneuvers in general, especially with reference

to the present great purpose of all maritime nations, namely, to determine upon a system of *fleet statistics*, and also certain matters of less importance, such as the strategic value of wireless telegraphy and the question of submarines.

The combined maneuvers in Austria, described in the sixth and seventh papers, are of peculiar interest, since they involve the use of land troops, their transportation in transports, convoyed by the Navy, the establishment of a Naval base, and the landing of the forces, followed by an attack on fortifications from the land side. Incidentally, the use of torpedo boats for harbor and coast defense comes into play, and the blockade of a port is illustrated. The troops were embarked in four transports (belonging to the Austrian Lloyd) at Friest, and the attack was made on Pola, the principal fortified point on the Austrian coast line. The land troops embarked consisted of 4,500 men, 110 horses and four guns, one registered ton being allowed for each man for a one day cruise, two for a two or three day cruise, and for each horse, six or seven tons. The horses were embarked by means of slings or cages, and the former were also used for the guns; the entire embarkation required less than three hours. Stalls for the horses were arranged on deck, and slings were left on them to keep them from falling in rough weather. The disembarkation began at 4 A. M. at three points, and in a quarter of an hour 450 men and six field pieces were on shore to protect the rest of the troops during disembarkation. The infantry was on shore by 7 A. M. At 6.45 the artillery began to disembark and was out by 8.30. The cavalry was disembarked by 9.15 A. M.

The eighth paper, relating to the German maneuvers, is a brief account of the fleet maneuvers near Dantzig.

The paper on the French naval maneuvers is again of great value, because of the use of torpedo boats and wireless telegraphy, and an attack on Bizeta, the new French naval base in Algiers.

The accounts, in the tenth article, of our fleet and joint maneuvers of last year contain nothing new; the latter was mainly derived from the account in the *Army and Navy Journal*. The eleventh article contains the official reports of the Chief of Artillery and the Department Commander on the joint maneuvers, both of them authoritative and very valuable to the navy and the coast artillery. The report of Major General MacArthur, the Department Commander, is very full, and discusses all the important points that arose in great detail; fire control, the necessity for artillery experts in steam engineering, machinery and electricity, full charges in ammunition supply for

target practice, a coast artillery reserve, and the development of the school for Submarine Defense. The report of Colonel Randolph, the Chief of Artillery, is more general, but as the ideas are most important, we desire to present them, as they are expressed tersely and graphically. We are able to quote the main part of his report:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF ARTILLERY,
WASHINGTON, November 15, 1902.

The individual reports of officers present during the operations cover in detail all technical features of the maneuvers.

Upon receipt of a communication from the Chief of Artillery, dated January 2, 1902, in which the opinion was expressed that combined maneuvers between the navy and coast artillery would prove a most effective means of preparing the latter in time of peace for war, the Secretary of War, on January 9, extended an invitation to the Secretary of the Navy to participate during the coming summer in such maneuvers. This invitation was accepted by the latter on January 12, and the following problem was drafted by the Chief of Artillery: [Omitted.]

The artillery, having had little or no opportunity to become familiar with naval tactics, labored under great disadvantages. A number of fortifications had never before been manned, and at several points the ordnance department found it necessary to continue work on guns and carriages until the beginning of operations. The navy may be said to be always on a war footing so far as its available ships are concerned. Its officers are familiar with our coast and fortifications, and at its war college at Newport, R. I., had fully discussed all the questions involved in the maneuvers,and had made a thorough study of the situation.

The coast artillery should be equally well prepared; for when the critical time comes, it must act on very short notice. The naval forces, having had the benefit of the practical experience resulting from the war with Spain, were in a great measure prepared for the work required of them; the artillery during this war had only the experience of preparing as far as practicable for an attack which never occurred.

The many obstacles encountered by the various officers of the line and staff were surmounted by cordial co-operation and earnestness of purpose, and it is the opinion of all officers who participated in the maneuvers that the benefit derived from them cannot be overestimated, and that the practical experience gained will exert its influence for years to come.

The test of personnel and materiel were perhaps even more severe than would result from actual war, and it is probable that the officers and men on duty in the two districts concerned saw more active service during the maneuvers than they would have done under actual conditions of war, as attacks would probably be made at a few predetermined points along our coast, and the commands at the majority of the posts would have no opportunity to oppose a hostile fleet. While in time of war a particular fortification might come into action for a brief period only, it must be remembered that the enemy's fleet has the choice of objective, and in order that the artillery may be ready at

the critical moment to defend any part of the coast which may be attacked, it is essential that it should be fully equipped at all points in materiel, men, organization, training, and practical experience.

To bring about such a condition years of earnest and unremitting effort will be required. It is a dangerous theory that the expenditure of an unlimited amount of money, when an emergency rises, will be effective in the prevention of war. It will require regular and ample appropriations to keep the coast artillery prepared to subserve the purpose for which it is intended, and time is absolutely essential to perfect its organization and equipment.

The expense incident to the maneuvers has unquestionably been justified by the benefits which have accrued to the country at large, for as a result of the experience gained many improvements have been and are still being made in the training of the personnel, and also in much of the material which is furnished by the several staff departments.

Believing that the navy and artillery will derive valuable strategical, tactical, and technical lessons from the maneuvers, it is recommended that they be of annual occurrence, and different locality being selected each year.

WALLACE F. RANDOLPH, Chief of Artillery.

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

The articles on this subject comprise:

1. Strategy and Tactics in Mountain Ranges.—*United Service Magazine* (London), January.

2. Great Lesson of the Boer War.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* January-February.

What Lessons can we draw from the Boer War for our Infantry Attack?—*Same.*

4. What can we learn from the Boer War?—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* December.

5. Modern Tactics.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 44.

6. Studies in the New Infantry Tactics.—*Same, Beiheft* 33.

7. New Arms Require New Formations.—*Same, Supplement* 43.

8. Reconnaissance by Field Artillery.—*Same, Supplement* 45.

9. The Employment of Our Artillery.—*United Service Magazine* (London), January.

10. The Future Rôle of the Cavalry.—*Same.*

11. Tactical Problem.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* December 20.

12. Auerstaedt.—*Same,* November 1, 8.

The first is a discussion on the principles of strategy and tactics applicable in mountain warfare, particularly in Switzerland. Its historic battlefields are taken up in succession, beginning with Napoleon's campaigns in and across the Alps, and ending with Magenta in 1859.

The second is a paper written to show that the great lesson of the Boer War was the need of necessary *transportation.* The third and fourth refer to the same war, the former being a translation of the views of Lieutenant-Colonel von Lindeman of the German Army, the latter a translation of General von der Goltz's opinions and deductions. The high standing of the latter as an authority on tactics and strategy warrants us in quoting a few paragraphs:

The action of infantry against infantry in the South African war has taught us anew how strong the defense is against a purely frontal attack, and how much a plucky defender, even when holding widely extended positions with small forces, can risk, so long as his flanks are secure. To repeat what we have already said about the artillery: if we crowd our men too closely together, we naturally increase the losses, and arrive at last at a point where the throwing of fresh swarms of men into the firing line contributes less to the efficiency of the attackers, than does the freedom of arm and good cover to the defending force.

So let us admit that European soldiers may draw many useful lessons from the Boer war, and one salutary lesson above all others, viz., that numbers in war are not absolutely decisive, as has been so often asserted in recent times. The *rage de nombres* has had a damper.

It is to the credit of the English people that, in spite of the glaring defects in the organization of the army and its leading, they were not turned from their purpose. Criticisms over the events of the war were open and severe, but there was the fixed determination to repair the blunders and to provide the necessary means, to bring the war, since it had begun, to a successful conclusion, no matter what the cost or what others thought.

This self-confidence, this energetic patriotism or national pride, can—we should be blind to deny it—serve us not less as an object-lesson than the manly and soldierly qualities of the Boers, which we have so highly admired.

In conclusion, I can only point out that the South African war—as it seems to me—teaches us far more than merely new tactical formations and strategical combinations.

The fifth, sixth and seventh papers refer more particularly to infantry tactics. The first of these is a general article, the main purpose of which is to show the influence of *the individual, man,* on tactics:

"Our epoch deserves the credit of having again admitted in the cycle of tactical considerations the influence which *man,* the *fighting agent,* exerts, physically as well as morally, on the battle and its various forms and phases."

The *Studies in the new infantry tactics* is a complete discussion of the subject, beginning with the physical forces acting under the new conditions in battle, taking up next the national characteristics, which determine a predilection for defensive or offensive war, con-

sidering the effects of the independence, self-confidence and initiative of the subordinate leaders, then passing on to actual tactics, comparing German, French and Russian methods, and discussing in great detail the advance by rushes (illustrated by the attack on Sheinowo, January 9, 1878), the final assault and the passage of infantry through artillery lines. The entire article is one of the most important and thorough studies that has appeared on the subject, and the author is evidently perfectly familiar with all the experiences of the latest wars and the tactics of the great European nations.

The article on new forms created by the new arms refers especially to formations under fire. The article opens thus:

"Whoever has had an opportunity to observe the recent maneuvers of our troops in the field must admit that the manner in which infantry now forms for attack differs from the formations previously in use. The lines of skirmishes, dense and coherent, followed by supports and reserves in close order, are slowly but surely disappearing little by little, and will continue to disappear. The fight in dispersed order is becoming more and more what it should be from its name, that is, a combat delivered by *swarms* or *groups* of skirmishers, not forming a coherent line."

The most important deduction in the article appears to be:

"Modern arms, with their greatly increased efficiency, dictate the laws for the infantry attack, and whoever dares to violate them will pay dearly for his mistake. These laws are:

"1. Thick and coherent lines of skirmishers are subjected to very heavy losses within the zone of artillery fire effect (up to 3,600 yards).

"2. Detachments in close order cannot exist within that range unless they are under cover.

"3. Successive rushes by strong units (a platoon in the German Army, for example, about sixty-five men) are no longer possible."

The eighth and ninth articles are on field artillery, the former discussing the grave tactical question of the reconnaissance of the terrain by the artillery itself before coming into action, and the training of the artillery scouts for this work; the latter treating of the employment of the artillery on the battlefield, by a British officer of the Royal Artillery, a well-known writer and an officer of experience, particularly in South Africa.

The essay on *The future role of cavalry* is an attempt to show by historical examples that the use of cavalry on the battlefield is not yet passed.

The *Tactical Problem* is the usual exercise on the map contained in nearly every number of the *Revue du Cercle Militaire;* and the last article above mentioned is the conclusion of a tactical study, with tracings of the successive positions of the armies of the battle of Anerstaedt, begun in the October numbers.

WARSHIPS.

Several accounts of new warships are of interest:

1. German Battleships.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 44.
2. New Vessels of the French Navy.—*Scientific American Supplement,* December 20.
3. The New Russian Armored Cruiser *Bayan* (illustrated).—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* December.
4. The New U. S. Battleship *Virginia* and sister.—*Same.*
5. *Arkansas* Class.— *Same.*
6. The New Armored Cruisers *Tennessee* and *Washington* *Scientific American Supplement,* December 20.

The last four articles give the usual data regarding warships, but the first two have a more general interest.

The first is an excellent short article on the German battleships, from which we quote the following:

"Formerly, the German fleet had no other duty than the defense of the coast to perform; hence, an extended radius of action of the ships had little importance, and there was no need of great coal capacity. But since Germany has taken rank among the colonial powers, and extended her maritime commerce, she has been compelled to produce a true fighting fleet capable of going into action in distant seas. Germany, not having the good fortune, like England, to possess coaling stations in every sea, has found it necessary to increase the supply of coal aboard ship as much as possible, so as to permit her vessels to make long cruises without re-coaling."

The radius of action of her warships have gradually been increased from 3,000 nautical miles in the *Sachsen* class to 6,000 in the *Wittelsbach* class, and the speed has also risen from 16.8 knots to 18, requiring a corresponding increase in horse power from 6,000 to 15,000, as well as in dimensions. The vessels now constructing have even greater power and coal capacity, 16,000 horse power and 1,600 tons, as against 15,000 and 1,250, respectively, for the *Wittelsbach* class.

The second article treats of the latest French warships:

While the navies of England, Russia, and Germany, in increasing their fleets, have for a number of years been paying attention especially to the construction of line-of-battle ships, France has chiefly occupied herself with the development of her cruiser fleet. For three years no real battleship has been launched in France, so that the recent launching of the Republique was regarded with particular interest. This vessel is the first of six first-class line-of-battle ships in course of construction or projected, in which the experiences of the last naval constructions have manifestly been turned to good profit. The other five vessels, all representing the same type, are to receive the nams Patrie, Democratie, Liberté, Justice, and Verité. Characteristic of these new ships is, above all, the strong battery, which has been given a peculiar disposition. It consists of four 30.5-cm. (12-inch) guns in two large turrets, one of which is installed fore and the other aft on the upper or spar deck. Further on are, on the upper deck, six revolving turrets, each of which contains two 16.4-cm. (6.45-inch) rapid-fire guns.

Regarding the powerful armored cruisers of the French navy, which are almost all under construction, the reports are not very favorable, and especially the Jeanne d'Arc, built as a trial vessel, has not fulfilled the expectations placed in it. This mighty vessel, which has a length of 145 meters (475.74 feet), and a displacement of 11,270 tons, attained at the trial trips only a speed of 18 knots instead of the expected 23 knots.

MILITARY GEOGRAPHY.

1. Military Position of Italy.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 44.

2. The British Pacific Cable.—*Scientific American Supplement,* December 13.

3. The New Bermuda Floating Dock.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* December.

The first discusses the present strategic position of Italy, considering it no longer advantageous, since the campaigns of 1797, 1799, 1800, 1859 and 1866 have demonstrated that the Alps do not constitute a serious obstacle to hostile armies. As a result, Italy has recognized the fact that her frontiers need fortifications, and has already spent over 200,000,000 lires for that purpose. The consideration of the value of Italy in the Triple Alliance is the principal purpose of this paper. The second paper describes the new cable running from Vancouver to Fanning Island—Fiji—Norfolk Island—Southport—Doubtless Bay (on the northern end of New Zealand). The third relates to the new floating dock installed in Bermuda, capable of taking up the largest cruisers and battleships.

MILITARY HYGIENE.

1. Medical Lessons of the War.—*United Service Magazine* (London), January.

2. Medical statistics of the Russian Army.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* November 1.

3. Medical Statistics of the French Army.—*Same,* November 15.

4. The Prophylaxis of Certain Diseases Incident to Camps in Time of War.—*Journal Military Surgeons,* December.

5. The Public Health and Marine Hospital Service.—*Same.*

The first of these articles relates to the present inadequate and defective organization of the British Medical Corps, and is based on the experiences in South Africa. The second gives some interesting statistics on the percentages of diseases and deaths in the Russian Army. The third, the same for the French Army. The fourth is an article on preventive measures to avoid the three great camp diseases, typhoid fever, small pox and measles, and should be carefully studied and taken to heart by every commander of troops. The fifth is an account of the present marine hospital service and its work, illustrated by a number of views.

ARTILLERY MATERIAL AND FORTIFICATIONS.

The articles on artillery material are very interesting, and include:

1. Transporting the sixteen-inch gun to Sandy Hook.—*Scientific American,* December 20.

2. Schneider Disappearing Guns.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* December.

3. The Three Types of the Latest Field Guns.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 45.

4. Groups of Machine Guns in the German Army.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* November 1, 8.

5. A New Material for Cartridge Bags.—*Internationale Revue Supplement* 45.

The first of these illustrates the manner in which the new sixteen-inch gun, perhaps the longest and most powerful modern weapon of war in existence, was placed on the train and transported from Watervliet Arsenal, Troy, New York, to Sandy Hook Proving Ground, New Jersey.

The gun is similar in appearance to the other heavy army guns, and fires a projectile weighing 2,370 pounds:

After over half a decade being spent in its construction, the new army 16-inch gun has at last been completed and shipped from Watervleit Arsenal to the Government Proving Ground at Sandy Hook. The task of moving this great piece of ordnance was no easy one. The gun itself weighs about 300,000 pounds, and during its construction about 68,000 pounds were removed from the rough forgings in the process of turning down and boring out the various tubes, hoops, etc., of which the gun is built up.

This unwieldy and somewhat out-of-date piece of ordnance was designed for sea-coast defense.

As a matter of fact, the development of modern ordnance has been so rapid that the 16-inch gun is quite out of date, and however successful the test may be, it is certain that its mate will never be built. The tendency to-day is toward the construction of lighter and longer weapons, with much greater rapidity of fire, with flatter trajectory, and firing high explosive shells.

Major J. M. Ingalls, for many years instructor at the Artillery School for Officers at Fort Monroe, Va., has calculated the trajectory of the projectile when the gun is given an elevation of 40 degrees, and the velocity at the muzzle is 2,300 feet per second. The extreme range would be 21 miles, and the maximum elevation obtained by the shell in covering this distance would be 30,516 feet. That is to say, if Mont Blanc were placed upon Pike's Peak, the 16-inch shell would pass entirely clear of the two mountains, and would descend to the earth at a point 21 miles distant.

The new French disappearing gun, manufactured by the Schneider Works, is interesting not only in itself, but also as an endorsement of the wisdom of our decision to retain the disappearing gun in service.

This gun is of 10.5-inch bore; its length is 25.19 feet; and its weight is 48,477 lbs. The breech block is of the Schneider-Canet type, with plastic obturator, the opening and closing of which are effected by turning a crank.

This weapon has a chamber-length of 28 calibres. The initial velocity of its projectile is 2,198 feet, which is quite sufficient for a coast gun using a 475-lb. shell. The charge is 90 lbs. of smokeless powder.

The gun is carried by a strongly crossed-braced "rocker," which oscillates around a rotary axis formed of two trunnions that support the brackets of the frame-platform. This latter receives all the parts of the carriage, which consist of the cylinders of the brake and of the air recuperator, the pointing devices, and the pump for putting out of battery. It rests upon the bolster through the intermedium of a circle of rollers and supports, by means of a number of uprights, the horizontal circular mask. This latter is provided with a longitudinal aperture designed to give passage to the gun in the disappearing and returning to battery motions.

To the rocker is secured the piston rod of the hydraulic brake, which has a counter rod that absorbs a portion of the live force of the recoil. The brake cylinder is capable of oscillating around two journals carried by the iron plate floor through the intermedium of two pillow blocks. In the rear of the brake cylinder is situated the air recuperator that assures the return to battery.

The upward pointing of the gun is obtained by acting upon a jointed rod

that sustains the rear end of the piece. The pointing sector is controlled by a crank, and an index that moves over a dial permits of reading at every instant the exact angle made by the axis of the gun with the horizontal.

The pointing in direction is obtained by making the platform, rocker, and gun as a whole turn upon the bolster. In normal service, the direction of the piece is given in the complete disappearing position; but, since it may be necessary to rectify the pointing, even after the gun has returned to battery, the mask is provided with a special platform that permits the gunner through the breech sight to aim directly at the object to be fired at.

The amplitude of the vertical pointing extends from +15 degrees to —5 degrees. As for the amplitude of the lateral pointing, that extends over an entire revolution, so as to permit of sweeping every point of the horizon. The carriage weighs 95,270 lbs., and the mask 39,600 lbs.

The third article is a graphic illustration, by means of photographs taken at the instant of firing, of the action of the three latest types of field guns and carriages: 1. With rigid spade. 2. With elastic spade. 3. With recoil on carriage. The effect of fire in the three cases is very remarkable; in the first the forward part of the piece jumps and requires repointing after firing, the strain on the carriage being evident in the faces of the cannoneers, who are all standing up and clear of the carriage; in the second the piece and carriage remain nearly stationary, the cannoneers standing close to the latter, perfectly safe and calm; in the third these conditions are still more improved, the gunner sitting on the trial seat, working the elevating apparatus, the lower carriage remaining absolutely rigid. The last gives also the greatest rate of fire.

The fourth article discusses the use of machine guns in battle, and has already been referred to under *Organization.*

The fifth article relates to a new material for cartridge bags, necessitated by the change from the old black or brown powders to the new smokeless.

A kind of silk has been used up to the present, and was most excellent for the old powders, but for the new it has been found to leave burning fragments in the chamber, which may cause explosion of a new charge inserted, or the primer will not fire the charge through the silk material, and sometimes cause a smouldering, leading to miss-fires, when, if the breech should be opened, a serious accident might result. Accidents of both kinds have been quite numerous. Krupp has therefore been at work for some time to discover a better material for modern powders, and has now ready a material *made of smokeless powder itself,* which is yet as strong as the present cartridge-bag material. The importance of this discovery is evident.

The articles relating to fortifications are also of great interest:

1. Coast Fortifications.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 45.
2. Protection of the German Coasts.—*Same, Supplement* 44.
3. Italian Fortifications.—*Internationale Revue,* November.
4. Fortifications of Austria.—*Same,* December.

The first is a general discussion of the necessity for coast fortifications, compares the conditions afloat and ashore, and describes the attack of a squadron on a coast fort.

The second paper treats of the present protection of the coast of Germany by means of fortifications, and constitutes a very valuable study. The present works in the North Sea are mainly at Wilhelmshaven, Bremerhaven and Cuxhaven, to save the entrances to the Jahde, Weser and Elbe, respectively, but the maneuvers of 1901, in the vicinity of Sylt (on the west coast of Schleswig-Holstein), were for the purpose of determining what fortifications are required to cover the northern passage conducting to the mouth of the Elbe. Moreover, the maneuvers in the vicinity of Borkum Island (off the mouth of the Ems) were for a similar purpose. On the whole, the North Sea coast is now protected sufficiently against landings of large bodies of troops, but in the Baltic the situation is not so advantageous. The fortifications of Kiel, Dantzig and Königsberg, connected as they are by railroads, are a good protection in general, but Russia's new naval base at Liban will enable her to effect a landing on German territory, provided her fleet can hold the superiority long enough.

The third paper is a similar discussion on the Italian coast fortifications, and the fourth on the Austrian, both excellent studies in strategy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The interesting articles not classified under the above general heads are:

1. Military Automobilism: its present status.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 44.
2. The Automobiles Used in the German, French and British Maneuvers.—*Internationale Revue,* November.
3. A German Ambulance Train.—*Scientific American,* December 27.
4. A Portable Field Kitchen.—*Military Mail,* December 19.

5. The Santos Dumont, No. 9.—*Scientific American*, December 20.

6. Carrier Pigeons in Italy.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 44.

7. The S. S. Nautical Range Finder.—*Army and Navy Journal*, December 13; *Army and Navy Register*, December 27.

8. Military Tests of Cements.—*Journal Military Service Institution*, January, February.

9. The Doctrine of Continuous Voyage (International Law).—*Journal Royal United Service Institution*, December.

10. Germany's Commerce in Fire Arms.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement*, 45.

JOHN P. WISSER,
Major U. S. Army.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

BELATED.

In a long deserted orchard
  Adown by the old stone wall,
I found a gnarled old apple tree,
  A mass of blooms in the fall.
That ne'er would know fruition,
  For the touch of frost that kills,
Lurked in the breeze that kissed the trees,
  And the blue haze on the hills.

Ah, so it is with life,
  There oft are blooms in the fall,
And the fulfillment of their promise
  Comes to another's call;
And while the belated blossoms,
  Their subtle fragrance fling,
I pray that God may grant my life,
  Its apple blooms in the spring.

FLORENCE HAMERSLY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SIMPLE LECTURES FOR COMPANY FIELD TRAINING, WITH AN EPITOME OF TACTICS AND LESSONS FROM THE BOER WAR. Major A. W. A. Pollock. Third Edition, 1902. London: William Clowes & Sons, Limited.

The purpose of this excellent work is to furnish captains of companies with material for lectures to and instruction of their men in practical field work, thus supplementing the drill regulations and manuals.

It opens with an epitome of the general subject of infantry tactics, discussing the principles of attack, fire tactics and defense, under modern war conditions, supplemented by a chapter on the lessons derived from the Boer War, in which the author had exceptional opportunities to observe in his duty as special correspondent of the London *Times.*

The lectures begin with the company in action, discussing in detail the duties of all privates, squad and section commanders; then the author takes up in turn the attack and defence of woods, bridges, defiles, the duties of advance, rear and flank guards and outposts, and the subjects of reconnoitering, camping, etc.

An appendix contains excellent essays on Discipline, Attack-Drill and Battle-Drill.

The work constitutes an invaluable hand-book for the company commander, and will be useful in any army. It presents the subject-matter in a way readily comprehended by the private soldier, and should serve as a most valuable course of instruction and training.

J. P. W.

LE PETIT SOLDAT. R. Kron. 1902. Karlsruhe: J. Bielefeld, Editeur.

This little work is designed to enable officers to perfect themselves in the use of the French tongue and at the same time acquire information on important military matters. In the latter two objects are kept in view, namely, to furnish in brief com-

pass the most important military information, such as organization of armies, arms, schools, recruitment, mobilization, personnel, equipments and instruction, and to serve as a practical guide on service in the enemy's country, by setting forth the information to be obtained of the enemy and his country, the conduct of troops in occupying places, the manner of making requisitions, levying contributions, and issuing proclamations, and the mode of procedure in armistices, capitulations, etc.

The work is written with special reference to the French army taken as a type, but has, of course, a more general application, and will be found useful for all. J. P. W.

WEST POINT IN THE EARLY SIXTIES. Joseph Pearson Farley, Colonel, U. S. Army. 1902. Troy, N. Y.: Pafraet's Book Company.

Colonel Farley, in this entertaining series of reminiscences of West Point life, has done the army and the Military Academy a signal service, and we sincerely regret that other graduates have not done the same for our *alma mater* in other days. The volume is entertaining from beginning to end, with all the fascination that usually attaches to personal memoirs relating to historic scenes.

There are stories of Custer, Michie, Dimick, P. C. Hains, John Gibbon, Kendrick, McCook, and many others, all replete with fun and frolic, and the daily life is pictured with a faithfulness that brings the reader face to face with the reality. It is a book that will bring new life into the soldier who is resting on his laurels and make him a boy again. J. P. W.

KAEMPFE IN CHINA. 1900-1901. Theodor Ritter von Winterhaller, Wien and Budapest. A. Hartleben's Verlag, 1902. Pp. 584, with 118 illustrations in the text, 26 outline maps, and two large charts. Price 12 franks.

This work of Lieutenant von Winterhaller of the Austrian Navy was written originally to present the part which Austria's navy took in subduing the uprising in China in the summer of 1900, and in the subsequent events, but incidentally it constitutes an interesting and valuable addition to the history of that period.

The book naturally divides into two parts. The first part discusses the period from the outbreak of the insurrection to the time when the foreigners were relieved. The military operations of all the great powers who took part are sketched with care, and the political situation is also fully described. This part is so general in its scope and is so rich in material that it may well be regarded as a most important contribution to general world history as well as to military history. The second part confines itself more to the particular work of the Austrian squadron (under Rear Admiral Count Montecuccoli), which had been sent to Eastern Asia on a special mission, while the greater military operations and difficult diplomatic affairs are treated only in general outline.

The opening chapter describes the conditions in the Province of Petshili, and the causes which led to the uprising against the foreigners, resulting in Austria stationing the Zenta in Eastern Asia, and ordering her to Taku, where the first detachement to protect the legation in Peking was disembarked.

The taking of the Taku forts is described in graphic pen pictures, with great attention to details, the charm of the description enhanced by the element of personal participation of the author in the events recorded. The history then follows the Austrian detachment to Tientsin, and sets forth its part in the Seymour expedition, ending with the capture of Peking and the relief of the legations.

The attack on the arsenal at Hsiku is thus described in part:

"While the Americans and English executed a turning movement, in order to attack the east side of the arsenal, the German companies, the Austrian detachment from the Zenta and the British company from the cruiser Endymion had the difficult duty of standing up against the fire from the north front and of silencing it.

"At the short ranges here the Chinese fired pretty well; one of the first casualties was one of our sailors wounded in the left knee by a shrapnel bullet. The fire on both sides increased in energy until the cannoneers of one of the two Chinese field guns on the shore were put out of action; finally, after about two hours of fighting the company from the Hansa was able to wade across the stream and storm the wall; at the same time the Americans and English crossed the cover behind the village on the right bank, and in a short assault climbed over the east wall, where, besides infantry, a single 1-pounder rapid-fire gun opposed them.

"At 6.30 both these detachments pressed into the arsenal, where they captured the Chinese guns and used them on the retreating Chinese; the latter no longer resisted, but fled over the southeast corner of the wall, under the well-directed fire of the pursuing German, American and British soldiers."

The cordial support between the troops of the different nations is everywhere in evidence, and the author is apparently not prejudiced in favor of any, although he naturally devotes more space to the movements and deeds of his own troops than to those of others.

The author was well equipped for his work, having been an eye-witness and participator in the events described, having made two previous visits to China, and having studied all the official documents, especially the Austrian, on the subject. Moreover, he had many friends among the officers of the other nations, who were of great assistance to him in filling out the details and correcting errors.

The illustrations are mainly from photographs taken by the author and his comrades, and they are so numerous that the study of these alone gives one an excellent picture of the grave and exciting events of that period. The excellent small outline maps and the two large charts aid materially in the comprehension of the author's descriptions.

There are innumerable references to the American troops and their work in this campaign, and always the comments are such as to inspire us with a proper pride in our own splendid soldiers, the first to enter the capital to relieve the legations.

The book forms an elaborate and beautiful volume, interesting to read, reliable and useful for reference, and an important addition to the military and general history of this thrilling period. J. P. W.

THE COASTER.

From Collier's Weekly.

No galleon she, with treasure stores,
a-makin' 'round the Cape,
Nor a deep-sea cruiser laden with a
view to show her shape,
Just a pudgy, smudgy coaster, to her
gun'ales filled with brick,
And a-burrowin' of the briny like she
was a derelic'.

All her sails are patched and grimy,
for she doesn't care for show,
That the suit was sported, maybe, by
some yacht long time ago,
And her masts you might call rakish,
though its for'ard and not back,
Bein' mostly for the reason that her
standin' riggin's slack.

She's a swearin' prayin' skipper, come
from some'eres down in Maine,
And the mate he is an Irishman, for-
ever raisin' Cain;
There's a Swede and a Norwegian for
the hands before the mast,
With a half-breed cook distinguished
for a murder in the past.

She hugs the shore, the coaster, 'less
it blows a livin' gale,
When she makes for the horizon just
as fast as she can sail;
For where old Pint Judy Pint's long
arm pokes out a mile or more,
Well—to find ground is easier then it
is to get ashore.

Listen! that's her keel a-scrapin'! Now
her beam ends pound the slate,
And her deck load's topplin' over—
with it goes the Irish mate,
Through the storm the skipper's
swearin' sounds jest like a baby's
cry,
For the sleet is beatin' on him, so
he'll soon choke up and die.

Coston lights are burnin' brightly, but
the breakers sweep between,
'Cross the deck a line comes swishing,
but no Jack shall haul it in;
For the Swede and the Norwegian,
and the half-breed sea cook too,
Lashed along the weather riggin' all
are frozen through and through.

By the wheel still stands the skipper,
waitin' for the Judgment Day,
Never more he'll turn a spoke, and not
again he'll swear or pray;
For a fathom's length of tackle holds
him plenty hard and fast,
Whilst around both wheel and skipper
one white shroud of ice is cast.

CHARLES H. HOWLAND.

THE OLD FLAG.

From the Washington Star.

DEDICATED TO THE GENUINE SOLDIER.

The shot upon Sumter aroused a great
nation
And sounded the knell of slavery's
cause;
It echoed the hope of a new-found sal-
vation—
Rang out for liberty, loyalty, laws.

The hosts of the North and the South
marched to battle
And met with a crash 'neath the
light of the sun,
Where loyalty suffered amid the
death-rattle
And rout that pervaded their ranks
at Bull Run.

While the star-spangled banner,
though tattered and torn,
Went down in the blast of the first
shock of war,
It rose in its pride with the hearts that
had sworn
To leave it intact, without stain,
rift, or scar.

It waved in its glory at Shiloh and
Vicksburg.
Antietam, the Wilderness, Gettys-
burg, too,
And triumphed at last on the stream
Appomattox;
The pride of the world,—the Red,
White, and Blue.

And now when the roar of war's
fierce alarm
Has vanished away like the death of
a day,
We'll pray that the gods may still
keep it from harm,
To float o'er forever the Blue and
the Gray.

Hurrah for the heroes who fought
each other,
Who honestly battled on land or on
sea
For home, love, and honor, for sister
or mother,—
The warriors that battled with Grant
and with Lee!

JOHN A. JOYCE.

CHARLES LAURIE McCAWLEY.

Major and Assistant Quartermaster, United States Marine Corps.

Appointed Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, June 27, 1897; Headquarters, United States Marine Corps, until April 18, 1898, when ordered as Quartermaster First Battalion of Marines for duty under direction of Commander-in-Chief North Atlantic Station. Sailed from New York on Transport Panther, April 22, 1898. At Key West, Florida, until June 7, 1898; landed with Battalion at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, June 10, 1898, and participated in various engagements with Spanish troops and defense of Camp McCalla. Brevetted Major for "distinguished conduct and public service in the presence of the enemy," June 11, 1898; proceeded with Battalion on Transport Resolute to Manzanillo, Cuba, and was present at bombardment of that place, August 12, 1898; at Camp Heywood, Portsmouth, N. H., with Battalion from August 26, 1898, to September 21, 1898; Headquarters, United States Marine Corps, until April 1, 1899. Promoted Major and Assistant Quartermaster, March 3, 1899; ordered as Quartermaster, First Battalion of Marines for duty at Naval Station, Cavite, P. I., and sailed from San Francisco, California, with Battalion on Army Transport Newport, April 20, 1899; detached from Battalion, October 4, 1899; Headquarters United States Marine Corps, from November 20, 1899, to June 30, 1900; Assistant Quartermaster's Office, Philadelphia, Pa., July 1, 1900, and relieved Major Prince, A. Q. M., in charge of that office, September 19, 1900, and is serving there at this date.

MARINE BARRACKS,
NEW YORK, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1898.

SIR:—1. I desire to add to my letter to you, recommending certain officers for brevet rank, a few remarks relative to Capt. C. L. McCawley, A. Q. M., U. S. Marine Corps.

2. On the afternoon of June 11, 1898, the first attack was made on our camp, tolerably sharp firing coming from at least two directions. I ordered Capt. Elliott to take his company to the front through the brush and attack whatever he found, and having given orders relative to the defense of the camp, I went to the front through the brush, accompanied by the late Sergeant-Major Good, and I, immediately after leaving camp, found that Capt. McCawley had joined me. Capt. Elliott went out of camp in a southerly direction and we went more to the westward and succeeded in losing our way in the thick brush beyond our picket line. We were fired upon two or three times from the hill to the south of us, the enemy being probably attracted by the noise we made and by the bushes. We could not see them. We finally found the path again and joined Capt. Elliott and his men and Lieutenant Neville, who was on picket. The Cuban Colonel, Laborde, and a Cuban Sergeant were with them. Laborde ordered this Sergeant ahead of our men and we started up the path over the hills. This Sergeant seemed not willing to take the lead and soon fell back, and Captain McCawley, with a few others, took the advance, and we passed a short distance beyond the place where privates Dumphy and McColgan were lying in the path without seeing them. They were seen by Colonel Laborde, who called us back, and we returned to the spot and the men were halted there. We were immediately fired upon from the hills on both sides of the path at short range. On one side, not more than thirty yards, and on the other at about 100 yards. This fire was returned, as we afterwards found, with some effect, and the enemy retired under cover of the brush, which was so thick we could not go up the hills after them. Captain McCawley took part in this fire, which he could properly do, being without command. His bearing was cool and gallant. On that night and the succeeding ones, the 12th and 13th, when we were under fire on the hill, Captain McCawley was almost constantly with me, as I went the rounds of the camp, and frequently carried my orders to the different company commanders. Late on the night of the 12th, when it seemed to me desirable on account of some heavy firing, I placed him in command of a detachment to guard the colors. He performed this duty creditably, controlling the fire properly.

3. I have the honor to renew my recommendation that for gallant conduct, as detailed above, he be brevetted Major.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) R. W. HUNTINGTON,
Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps, commanding Marines.

The Colonel Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

TO THE

OFFICERS

OF THE

Army and Navy!

THE DESIRABILITY OF A THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS LIGHT BEER FOR CONSUMPTION IN THE MESS AND TO CARRY IN STOCK, IS ADMITTED AS DESIRABLE BY ALL SERVICE MEN. THE REPUTATION OF

PABST MILWAUKEE BEER

MAKES IT PRE-EMINENTLY THE BEER FOR SUCH USE. IT CONTAINS THE SMALLEST AMOUNT OF ALCOHOL, AND YET WILL KEEP IN ANY CLIME AND UNDER ALL CONDITIONS USUALLY NECESSARY FOR BEER.

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THE

UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF

MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS

FOUNDED 1879

THIRD SERIES.

VOL. III.—MARCH, 1903.—NO. 3.

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RECEIPTS		
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For Interest and Rents,	1,455,008.15	
Profit and Loss,	9,858.25	
		6,027,630.
		$36,142,911.
DISBURSEMENTS		
Death Claims,	$1,880,827.51	
Matured and Discounted Endowments,	320,042.00	
Cancelled and Surrendered Policies,	447,898.41	
Distribution of Surplus,	527,540.39	
Total paid to Policy-Holders,	$3,176,308.31	
Amount paid for Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Fees, Advertising, Printing, Stationery, Taxes, and all expenses at the Home Office and at Agencies,	1,120,836.40	
		4,297,144.
Ledger Assets January 1, 1903,		$31,845,766.
Market Value of Securities over Ledger Cost,	$1,813,064.00	
Interest and Rents Accrued January 1, 1903,	179,509.67	
Net Premiums in course of Collection,	593,877.06	
		2,586,450.
Gross Assets January 1, 1903,		$34,432,217.
LIABILITIES		
Reserve at Mass. Standard, 3½ & 4 per cent.,	$30,510,550.16	
Balance of Distributions unpaid,	188,362.58	
Death and Endowment Claims approved,	146,866.00	
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		30,927,610.
		$3,504,606.

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ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR U. S. MARINE CORPS.

THE

UNITED SERVICE

EDITED BY L. R. HAMERSLY.

MARCH, 1903.

THE PASSING OF A HIGH OFFICE.

WITH the enactment of the law establishing a general staff corps in the Army of the United States there comes an end to a fiction which has been the cause of incessant heart-burnings and bickerings amongst men high in authority. The designation of a "Chief of Staff," under the new law, terminates the office of "Commanding General of the Army." The title of the latter is an impressive one, and it was but natural that the distinguished soldiers who have occupied it should have continued their fruitless efforts to invest it with a reality utterly incompatible with the administrative scheme indissoluble from our constitutional form of government. Blame for the unsatisfactory conditions which have surrounded the office has been often laid at the door of interference and undue influence by those anxious for one reason or another to be excluded from other than the direct control of the Secretary of War. The uninformed public has been often misled by these statements, for, while applicable occasionally to some individual, they fail to explain the true and inalienable reasons for want of harmony. A brief review of the office of commanding general will serve to make clear the reasons demanding a change.

When Washington was appointed lieutenant general to command the army authorized for the impending war with France in 1798, he came almost immediately into conflict with the Secretary of War, Mr. McHenry, on the subject of appointments of officers. So irritated did he become over the matter that in a letter to Alexander Hamilton, Washington expressed the conviction that the Secretary was not qualified to occupy the high office. Washington was nominated to and con-

firmed by the Senate "to be Lieutenant General and Commander-in-Chief of all the armies raised or to be raised in the United States," but when Congress, soon after, passed an act "That a Commander of the Army of the United States shall be appointed and commissioned by the style of General of the Armies of the United States, and the present office and title of Lieutenant General shall thereafter be abolished," no appointment was made, because President Adams held the opinion that the title prescribed in the act verged on an encroachment upon the constitutional functions of the President.

When the army was reorganized in 1821, the States were divided into two departments, each under a brigadier general, and Major General Jacob Brown was ordered to establish his headquarters in the District of Columbia. Although specific duties seem to have been assigned to General Brown they did not authorize him to command the army, nor is there any record that he ever made such claim. Upon his death in 1828, Alexander Macomb was appointed Major General and was directed "to assume command of the Army," which he did on May 29, 1828. General Scott contested General Macomb's right to command him, but without avail. Upon General Macomb's death, in 1841, General Scott succeeded him and an order was made similar to that issued when General Macomb was assigned. Army administration has ever been precedent ridden. It may be fairly assumed that it was this respect for precedent which caused General Scott to be assigned to command the army and thus, through two unassailed acts, the custom of so assigning the senior general of the army became established. General Scott was, however, made fully aware that the President held fast to his constitutional rights as Commander-in-Chief of the army. After the Mexican War, towards the end of his career on the active list, he became involved in a bitter controversy with the Secretary of War, regarding his rights and behaved in such an insubordinate and disrespectful manner that had it not been for his long and distinguished career the President would have been compelled to apply disciplinary measures in his case.

Upon General Scott's retirement in 1861, General McClellan became the senior Major General and exercised the authority of General-in-Chief for a few months and then took the field in command of a subordinate force of the Army of the Potomac. General Halleck, who was not only junior to McClellan, but to a number of other Major Generals, was ordered to Washington and assigned to duty as "General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States." General Halleck was not misled by the nature of the title conferred upon him, for he wrote of the duties of his office in these unmistakable words: "I am

simply a military adviser of the Secretary of War and the President, and must obey and carry out what they decide upon, whether I concur in their decisions or not. * * * It is my duty to strengthen the hands of the President as Commander-in-Chief, not to weaken them by factious opposition."

When General Grant had given abundant evidence of his capability as a commander of armies, Congress authorized the President, whenever he deemed it expedient, to appoint by and with the advice and consent of the Senate a Lieutenant General, who upon being commissioned "may be authorized under the direction and during the pleasure of the President, to command the Armies of the United States." Upon General Grant being so assigned General Halleck became "Chief of Staff" and continued under that title to perform the same duties he had previously performed as "General-in-Chief," being primarily those of a professional military adviser to the Secretary of War and the President.

When General Grant became President, General Sherman succeeded him and immediately issued his celebrated order of March 8th, 1869, assuming command of the army and announcing all the chiefs of bureaux of the War Department as members of his staff. This action was taken under the express authority of the President and with the distinguished galaxy of military men then in control at the White House, the War Department and at the head of the army, the system could have been placed upon a firm foundation in a short time and with loyal support from the chiefs of bureaux the army business would soon have been definitely and comprehensively separated so that military matters would have been controlled by the commanding general under the direct supervision of the Secretary of War. The advent of General Rawlins as Secretary of War, a few days later, enabled the usual influences to secure a hearing and the order of March 26th, 1869, was the result. This revoked all except the instructions to General Sherman to "assume command of the Army of the United States, and announced that: "All official business which, by law or regulations, requires the action of the President or Secretary of War, will be submitted by the Chiefs of Staff Corps, Departments, and Bureaux, to the Secretary of War."

"All orders and instructions relating to military operations, issued by the President or Secretary of War, will be issued through the General of the Army."

Thus not only was the opportunity to establish a well-ordered military system of business lost, but because President Grant was induced to withdraw his order for its establishment it became at once a

closed and sealed incident, for no other President would presume to set aside such a precedent. It appears that the original order was concurred in by President Grant, General Sherman and General Schofield, who was at the time Secretary of War. Doubtless the experience of the Civil War dictated their action in the first instance, and with the great experience of these generals an orderly conduct of business would have soon followed under which the Secretary of War would have found abundant application for his talents and ample use of his authority as the representative of the President. The powerful combination of chiefs of bureaux received the credit of defeating the scheme, and subsequently General Sherman became so dissatisfied that he moved his "Headquarters of the Army" from Washington and took up his residence in St. Louis.

It is not for a moment contended that Secretary of War Rawlins erred in his judgment when he secured from President Grant a revocation of the order issued by General Sherman. Disregarding the propriety from a legal view of the case, which appeared to involve the constitutional prerogatives of the President, it is entirely probable that any system of army administration set up and approved by the truly great and patriotic generals then recently emerged from a successful conduct of a great war would have soon been recognized as proper and right under our form of government. But the opportunity was lost for all time by the reversal of General Sherman's order, and it became apparent to all but those most interested that the senior general of the army would never succeed in asserting a claim to command the staff bureaux of the War Department.

General Sheridan followed General Sherman in "Command of the Army," and soon found himself in a controversy with Secretary of War Lincoln concerning the limitations of his command. It was the same old story of a defeated effort to command the chiefs of staff bureaux. After a careful review of the case Secretary Lincoln denied General Sheridan's claim, and in closing remarked: "Any assumption of command beyond the limit indicated infringes upon the exclusive authority of the Secretary of War."

General Schofield profited by the experience of his predecessors, and promptly allied himself with the President and Secretary of War as a "Chief of Staff," although he was assigned to command the army as Generals Sherman and Sheridan had been before him. By this course of action General Schofield was able to render good service and avoid the usual friction.

General Schofield was followed in turn by General Miles. Matters drifted along fairly well so long as there was nothing but a small

amount of current business to be done. The War with Spain followed, and with it developed a condition of friction, which soon became known to the public through its dissemination by the press of the country, and through its injection into political controversies.

This brief sketch of the difficulties encountered by nearly all the successful generals who have been elevated to the highest military position within the gift of the nation should suffice to exhibit the unbusinesslike conditions surrounding the office of "Commanding General." It is true that, not infrequently, Commanding Generals have been inclined to press for consideration along lines upon which, by reason of frequent denial of similar claims, they could expect nothing but disappointment. The one lost opportunity previously mentioned was sufficient precedent to forever prevent its modification even had the practice of Congress not continually increased the number of acts specifying things to be done under the direction of the Secretary of War.

With all this array of evidence before him it was but natural that the highly trained legal mind of the present Secretary of War should recommend the readjustment of so unbusinesslike an arrangement as had long existed in the administrative affairs of the army. The Commanding General naturally felt the loss of prerogatives believed to appertain to his office, while the generals commanding the geographical departments rebelled at being deprived of all initiative and being practically subjected to control of the chiefs of bureaux, each of whom is naturally interested in enhancing the usefulness and dignity of his own bureau. The subject was taken up historically, and through a long course of logical deductions it became clearly evident that the President, and therefore the Secretary of War, could not at this date transfer or delegate the actual command and control of affairs to the "Commanding General of the Army," separate and distinct from the command and control required of the President by the constitution. The only solution which suggested itself as a practical and possible one was to abolish the office of Commanding General and all its train of consequences, and establish a new office, that of Chief of Staff, with a body of trained officers to assist him.

Out of these efforts to improve the administrative affairs of the army has grown the act known as the General Staff bill. Under the provisions of this act the Secretary of War will have one adviser, who, regardless of all questions of seniority, must be respected by the line of the army and the staff as well. Instead of ten staff generals having frequent interviews with the Secretary concerning the military affairs of the army, it is expected that the chief of staff

will be able to adjust minor professional matters in the name of the Secretary, and to harmonize and bring together conflicting elements of the larger administrative questions, so that the time of the Secretary may not be taken up with all the details essential to rendering decisions simply because dependent parts of the army are concerned.

There is no such conservative body as a regular army. Its customs become fixed, equity rights under them are assumed and become gradually acknowledged to a degree little understood by civilians. Mere change without good reason is frowned upon. True reform must be based upon actual conditions and not mere theories. The General Staff Corps is designed to correct the defects long existing but brought out in a forcible manner since the outbreak of war with Spain. It is not a tearing down of a system under which we have won success, but a building up and improvement of conditions in spite of which the colors were carried to victory. It is essential that the army should hold fast to its honored traditions and its esprit-de-corps and work together and to a common purpose. It must be remembered that the Secretary of War had for his task the moulding of that public opinion which ought to understand and approve the system upon which the defense of the country is based. Through his forceful presentation of facts the line of the army has secured a reorganization beyond the most sanguine dreams of a quarter of a century ago. The coast defenses have been placed on the highway to a more rapid completion than hitherto seemed possible. The staff and supply departments have been increased and need but little modification to rectify inequalities of promotion and in some cases a further increase to meet immediate demands.

The introduction of the detail system in the staff and supply departments encountered more honest opposition than any of the recent army changes and a disbelief in its ultimate success still exists in the minds of many sincere and earnest officers. It is within the limits of truth and entire fairness to say that when the proposition to do away with permanent appointments was broached, we of the staff were much more satisfied as to the perfection of our respective corps and departments than other people were. There had been bungling, dissatisfaction, suffering and useless expense during the active operations incident to the war with Spain. We were easily satisfied, however, with the statements that such things are always inseparable from a state of war and anyway it was some one else's fault. Pride of corps makes defense and concealment of defects a bounden duty of all within a close corporation. The Secretary of War saw these

conditions and determined upon a drastic remedy through the application of the detail system.

It is frequently predicted that the detail system will fail in war. It is assumed by those who thus argue that at the first sign of war all detailed officers will take flight to volunteer commands or to their regiments. The vacancies in their regiments being already filled there will be no places for them unless others are detailed. Many of those who go first to the front will be disabled for field service, yet physically able to perform office duties and exchanges can be profitably made. A general training for officers can be best provided by rotation of duties, and just how far this can be profitably carried remains for the future to determine. A fair trial is due to the new system, and changes should only be made after the test of war experience. It may be accepted as the uniform teaching of the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the War with Spain, that the regular army cannot furnish details for volunteer regiments and staff officers for volunteer armies without seriously impairing the usefulness of the regular regiments. Under the system of permanent appointments some of the staff departments were seriously crippled during the War with Spain because their experienced officers obtained temporary promotion in the volunteers. It could not have been worse under the detail system, and would probably have been better.

With the advent of a Chief of Staff of the Army through the consent of Congress the office of lieutenant general remains but the fiction of Commanding General of the Army ceases to exist. The lieutenant general may or may not be Chief of Staff. The office of lieutenant general may, at times, be conferred upon a distinguished officer not fitted by temperament or training for the exacting duties of Chief of Staff, and under these conditions the senior general may properly be assigned to command such portion of the army as may be directed by the President. This being contemplated by the law, for the best interests of the country and the army, there can be no legitimate embarrassment resulting from such an arrangement.

Even though loyal and subordinate it may be difficult for chiefs of bureaux who have long been accustomed to the old systems, to give complete adherence to the new scheme, but in the end, they must surely recognize the opportunities for greater good for the whole service than was possible under the old organization. With all working in harmony the general staff should be able at an early date to acquire such knowledge of the whole army system as to enable that body to recommend detailed modifications of existing methods wherever confusion exists. It will no longer be said that evils go without

correction because "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." If the general staff after mature consideration of all arguments should decide that to secure greater efficiency and improve the morale of any staff or supply department a reorganization or rearrangement of rank is necessary, the Secretary of War would probably give his approval. Under these conditions it could be presented to Congress as a business proposition, and not one requiring wire-pulling and the use of patronage to secure favorable consideration. A rule once adopted that no legislation for the army will be approved by the Secretary of War unless favorably considered and reported upon by the general staff, would soon find favor with Congress. If the committees of Congress would then refuse to consider any bill not recommended as above indicated, there would be a marked decrease in the number of bills introduced, and it would be much easier to accomplish good legislation for the whole service. It is a remarkable fact that whenever any bill for the army seems on the way to favorable consideration it is almost sure to be loaded up with amendments and additions intended to provide for individuals. This is where political influence shows its subtle character and often throttles committees into acquiescence for fear of losing a greater good through preventing a lesser evil.

The Chief of Staff and the General Staff Corps may not prove panaceas for all the ills which arise in a service now extended over a large part of the globe, but their establishment by law as part of our military system is the most earnest recognition of the lessons of the War with Spain that could possibly be given. Let the details made to this corps be always based upon recorded evidence of merit, and let all officers and men of whatsoever grade give honest and loyal support to the President's adviser—the Chief of Staff—and the army need never fear but that it will be sent to the field in a state of preparedness which will enable it to win success at less cost of worry, of health, of life and of money than would be possible under the old system. Success usually comes from the combined efforts of competent and systematic workers. No general can win victories through his own unaided efforts. The General Staff Corps will afford a means of recognizing and perfecting systematic work and encouraging professional application generally. For these and many other excellent reasons it commends itself to and deserves the respect of the army as a whole.

WM. H. CARTER,

Brigadier General U. S. Army.

THE STORY OF THE ARMY GUNBOATS.

By An Army Officer.

The story of the gunboats commanded and manned by officers and men of the Eighth Army Corps in the Philippines is well worth the telling; a tale of fearless handling in times of danger, intelligence in action, devotion to duty, and successful attainment in the task set for them to do.

An admiral of our navy spoke of their work in the highest praise, saying that even naval officers had been surprised at what they had been able to accomplish.

To be sure, there is an occasional joke at the nautical terms used by their commanders, army officers fresh from the drill ground. One captain is accused of ordering his engineer to "left oblique;" another who made great strides in marine phraseology is credited with the following order, "Ahoy, there, you bos'sn's mate bunkie, bring me a glass of grog."

But these are minor matters, no sport has ever been made of the results brought about by these tyro commands.

Shortly after the beginning of the war it became evident that the control of the Pasig River and the lake, Laguna de Bay, from which it flows, together with other inland waterways, was not only a good strategic war measure but a paramount necessity. Accordingly Gen. Otis ordered the seizure of the launch Laguna de Bay, which was afterward purchased from Inchausti & Co.

She proved so effective and of such importance that three others were fitted out, the Napindan, a purchased launch; the Oeste, captured during the fall of Manila; the Covadunga, taken by Gen. Lawton. At a later date the Florida was added to the list.

The three which played the most important parts are the Laguna, the Napindan, and the Oeste. The Laguna, which had been a side wheel merchant steamer plying between Manila and the lake ports, saw most action and was the largest of them all. She was a grim and ugly looking craft and caused consternation to the enemy's heart whenever she appeared. Major Devol, of the quartermaster department, converted her into a gunboat about two weeks before the actual beginning of hostilities. Built of steel, 120 feet long, 23 feet beam, with six feet overhanging, carrying very powerful engines for her

size, she was a strong arm of defense from the first. In action she was always considered equivalent to a regiment.

Her armament consisted of two three-inch naval field guns, such as the navy use in landing troops; two 1.65-inch Hotchkiss mountain guns; four .45 caliber Gatlings mounted in a rectangular armored house carried on the upper deck, the wheel and telegraph to the engine room being in the same armor-clad house. The vessel was plated from stem to stern with a double thickness of heavy boiler iron.

She was first commanded by Capt. Randolph, of the Third Artillery, and afterward by Capt. Grant, of the Utah Battery, who was an experienced steamboat captain and especially suited for this duty. The crew, eighty men and five officers, were selected from Randolph's battery, the Utah Battery and several volunteer infantry regiments.

On the eventful 5th of February, when the war began, the Laguna lay in the Pasig River near the camp of the Nebraskas at Santa Mesa. She remained quiet during the night, but when morning came shelled the insurgents from the church at San Juan del Monte in a very short time.

She was in every engagement from then on until Pasig was taken by General Wheaton on his move to the lake in March, proving of invaluable assistance to the army. More than one officer has told of the confidence inspired by the sound of the Laguna's guns booming away in the distance. She opened the river and the lake to us and destroyed a great amount of insurgent shipping. The line of the Pasig was thus secured and the communications of the enemy from north to south cut off. The nature of the country with few and poor wagon roads and no railroads made this a severe loss to the insurgents.

The Napindan, which was commissioned March 20, 1899, was a vessel of similar type to the Laguna, but of composite construction, having a steel frame with wood planking over it; a copper sheath, and drawing thirty inches of water, six less than the Laguna, enabling her to do some work from which the Laguna was debarred. She was armored similarly to the larger vessel, except she only carried two Gatlings in her protected house, and her main battery consisted of two six pounder Hotchkiss naval rifles, powerful weapons of the very latest type. One of these was carried forward on the main deck, the other in a circular barbette on the upper deck. These guns have a field of fire of two hundred degrees and could fire twenty aimed shots a minute. She carried a crew of one officer and twenty-five men.

The Oeste was a powerful steam launch, armored as the others,

and armed with a one-pounder Hotchkiss revolving rifle in the bow and two Gatlings, one on each broadside. Capt. Franklin commanded the Napindan from March to July, '99, and Lieut. Webb the Oeste during the same dates.

The three gunboats kept together during many campaigns. When Gen. MacArthur moved on Molos, the last of March, the gunboats followed the shore line to the northeast corner of the bay, fighting continually from Malobon on, harassing the natives greatly. On the 26th of March the Napindan found a river mouth with a heavy barricade across it, leading in the direction of Bulacan, Bataan Province. She tore a hole in this and ascended a winding stream. At 5 P. M. she found herself in the midst of the fleeing insurgent army retreating before MacArthur, whose guns could be heard in the distance. A warm engagement ensued. The insurgents at first were within fifty yards of the Napindan, but after a few shots from her they retired precipitately from the open plain to the cover of the rice dykes. The Napindan attempted to get closer, but grounded on a point with the tide falling rapidly. Night was coming on and her situation was precarious. The enemy saw her distress and redoubled their fire. Two men jumped overboard, waded through the mud and water and made a hawser fast to a clump of bamboo. Without stopping her fire, the Napindan got herself off and, swinging with the ebb tide, she headed for the bay, her commander having decided it was a bad place for her to spend the night. The little gunboat was riddled, but, owing to the good luck that seemed to follow these vessels, only five men were hit. On one occasion the man at the wheel was badly shot up; after looking himself over ruefully he said, "I'll no longer be called Denis O'Shea be me friends, but it'll be 'Ricochet' the rest of my days."

The next day the Napindan found the others outside, wondering what had become of her. Accompanied by the Laguna she returned to the attack and found the insurgents still in the same place. They engaged the enemy for an hour and a half, the Napindan losing two more men wounded and the Laguna one. The loss of the enemy though great was never ascertained.

The next expedition of remark was the conveying and escorting of Gen. Lawton's force to Santa Cruz on the lake, in April. Gen. Lawton left the transportation of the troops entirely in the hands of the gunboats. Their commanders worked all night collecting troops, getting cascoes into position and towing them up the river; then shelled the town while the troops assaulted. Quickly changing position, they caught the fleeing insurgents in a field, and in a few

minutes ninety were dead and thirty wounded. The Napindan ascended the Pagsanjan river to a point too narrow to operate and captured six launches hidden by the enemy.

The scene of action was then changed to Pampamga Province. Sexmoan and Guagua, at the head of the bay, were captured by the Laguna and the Oeste in May. Detachments from these vessels landed and routed the insurgents, who held three miles of trenches. They saved the towns from burning but were unable to hold them, as they had not sufficient troops.

The Laguna and the Oeste then accompanied Gen. Kobbe on the Rio Grande de Pampamga to connect with Gen. Lawton at Aryat. They cleared the banks as far as Candaba, having a sharp engagement at San Luis. From this time the Rio Grande was considered secured.

The Napindan was on the lake, watching the insurgents and frustrating attempts to cross. She had several slight engagements; on June third she captured a launch from the insurgents, bombarded Cainta and Paete, covering the advance of Gen. Lawton's force. The next day she covered the landing of the 1st Washingtons at Morong. The troops had to advance across an open field for six hundred to a thousand yards against concealed trenches. The Napindan received and silenced the insurgent fire, killing a number, every one of whom was shot through the head.

On the 10th of June the Napindan encountered a large body of insurgents who were opposing Gen. Lawton's advance and completely surprised them. They were heavily engaged with Wheaton's Brigade and the Napindan came on their rear. She pursued them three miles down the beach, where she overtook their baggage train of carabao carts hitched tandem. All the animals were killed and the solid wooden wheels of the carts blown into splinters.

In June a squadron of Fourth Cavalry, under Capt. Gale, equipped a number of cascoes as floating barracks, which, towed by the Napindan, landed at many points on the lake unexpectedly, destroying insurgent stores and carrying war everywhere.

Each casco had a brick oven and fireplace built in, gunracks on the sides and a false deck on which the men slept.

The last of June, Capt. Grant went home and Capt. Franklin relieved him on the Laguna, Lieut. Larsen taking the Napindan, which stayed on the lake until January, 1900, patrolling and engaging in the capture of Calamba.

The Laguna left Manila for the Rio Grande the Fourth of July. She was employed in patrol and supply duty until August 16th, when she went to Guagua and, in co-operation with a body of troops, took it for the second and permanent occupation.

Until September she was busy hunting and exterminating the pirates and ladrones, who infested the swamps at the head of the bay. These people were a villainous lot who attacked all unprotected cascoes, of which there were many at this time, conveying two years' accumulation of sugar to Manila. They were the pest of the inland commerce, killing men and capturing women and children, whom they made slaves. Most of their rendezvous were found and destroyed by Capt. Franklin and now vessels go on their way unmolested, a thing that has not been possible for many years. The extermination of this nest of thieves was an important part of the good work done by the Laguna.

During the month of September the Laguna had a narrow escape from destruction. The insurgents had stolen two steel barges from the Sanitary Department of Manila. These, loaded with stones, they sank crosswise at the mouth of the Pasig River. The Laguna had passed up the night before and now lay eleven miles up stream. At the point where the barges were sunk the enemy started heavy firing. The Laguna, hearing the shots, went ahead down stream full speed, thinking there must be a casco in distress, the captain keeping a sharp lookout the while. At the point where the firing seemed to be heaviest he noticed the head of a capstan barely discernible as the wind blew the water over it in ripples. His suspicions were aroused at once; he gave the signal to go full speed ahead on the engines and put the helm hard aport. The Laguna answered quickly, but crushed into the submerged barge, carrying away the entire port wheel, staving in five steel frames and five plates. The insurgents thought the Laguna wrecked and cheered triumphantly, pouring a stream of lead into her. She did not answer a shot, but, in spite of her damaged condition, moved slowly to a mud flat about half a mile away on the right bank of the river and anchored in five feet of water. From this vantage ground she opened on the insurgents with every gun aboard. In a few seconds she silenced their fire, but was considerably damaged herself.

The insurgents were superstitious about the Laguna; the very sight of her meant defeat. In some of the captured correspondence there were found carefully laid schemes for her capture. She was described as carrying ten-inch guns and being one hundred and seventy feet long. Repairing the damage as well as possible and stopping the leaks by letting down canvas over the sides, which the pressure of the water sucked into the crevices, the Laguna crept slowly out into the bay, where she was picked up by a tug and taken to Cavite for repairs.

In a month she was again carrying supplies up the Rio Grande for Gen. Lawton on his campaign which crushed the insurgent power in the North, sending Aguinaldo and his cabinet flying to the mountains. The Laguna reached San Isidro with 100,000 pounds of rations just in time to keep Gen. Lawton from turning back for lack of food. The next day she accompanied a battalion of the Twenty-second Infantry, a strong column of cavalry and Castner's scouts, protecting their left flank. Gen. Young considered the vessel equal to a regiment on the opposite bank of the river.

The insurgents fought well, but were repulsed. At four o'clock that afternoon the town of Santa Rosa was in the hands of the Americans. The Laguna lost only two men wounded, although in action from nine until three that day. The fleeing insurgents were so close that shrapnel burst beyond them. That afternoon the river ran dry and left the Laguna stranded. She could not move for eight days and was in a most dangerous position. The insurgents only made one attempt to capture her, however, for they seemed to think she led a charmed life and could not be taken.

In December she accompanied Gen. Grant to Bataan, shelling the towns from Orani to Palanga in advance of the troops.

On the eighteenth of December the Laguna was again turned over to Gen. Lawton and sent by him to the lake to await his coming for the extensive Southern campaign he expected to make. In twenty-four hours Gen. Lawton was dead and the Laguna having the fight of her life with a typhoon. She was badly damaged and dragged her anchors for miles.

January 1st, 1900, at four in the morning, the Laguna took in tow a battalion of the Thirty-ninth Infantry, commanded by Major Parker. She landed this force in rear of the insurgents under cover of her guns at Calamba, and in ten minutes the enemy were fleeing. By noon Cabiao and Binan were in flames, the Laguna in action all the time. January 22nd the Laguna, Florida and Oeste steamed down to Santa Cruz, and when Gen. Schwann arrived at sunset he found the towns already in possession of the gunboats.

This was the end of actual warfare for the gunboats, although they exchanged shots with the enemy after that time. They were afterward employed patrolling the lake, the north end of the bay and the many rivers flowing into it, protecting commerce, carrying supplies and acting as police generally.

Every organization in the island accorded them praise and gratitude for their aid and protection in time of need, when the sound of their guns meant the saving of men's blood.

A HERO OF THE OLD NAVY.

"ON the 12th of September, 1857, at 8 P. M., the United States mail steamer 'Central America' foundered in a gale in latitude 31° 45′ N., near the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, with most of her passengers, the California mail, and an immense amount of treasure." Such was the paragraph that took grief and desolation to many homes and evoked sympathy from all hearts on the morning of the 14th of September, 1857.

She was commanded by William Lewis Herndon, U. S. Navy, who went down with his ship, leaving a glowing example of devotion to duty, Christian conduct, and true heroism that will live forever.

Captain Herndon was a native of Fredericksburg, Virginia, born on the 25th day of October, 1813; the son of Dabney Herndon, of that place, and the fifth of seven children. He was named after William Lewis, U. S. N., who was lost on the United States brig "Epervier" in 1815. Herndon was but fifteen years old when he entered the navy, and up to the date of taking command of the mail steamer his record was as honorable and distinguished as it was possible for an officer in time of peace to make; and wearying of routine duty, Herndon, in accordance with a custom of that period, asked and obtained leave to accept command of one of the Pacific mail steamers, the "Central America," which at the time of her loss was coming from Aspinwall to New York *via* Havana, carrying four hundred and fourteen passengers, a crew of one hundred and one, a heavy mail, and two million dollars in gold.

All went well with the steamer from Aspinwall to Havana, where she touched on the 7th of September, putting to sea again on the morning of the 8th. The ship was in splendid trim, the crew in fine spirits, and captain and passengers well content at the prospect of a safe and near ending their long voyage. The weather was magnificent, and with wind from the trade-wind quarter at northeast, there was nothing to apprehend. That night every one went to bed in the peace and security that confidence in the ship and her commander gave.

At midnight the wind freshened. By day-dawn it was a gale that increased in violence and blew from north-northeast. Up to the fore-

noon of Friday, though the passengers were anxious, the captain felt no fear, for the steamer behaved admirably and gave every reason for the hope that she would weather the storm. On the afternoon of the 11th it was discovered she had sprung a leak. The sea ran mountains high, the wind blew with terrific force, and the noble vessel, heeled over on her larboard side, was laboring heavily. The leak was so large that by 4 P. M. the water had gained sufficient depth to extinguish the fires on one side and stop the engine.

Bailing gangs were organized, assisted by the passengers, who worked in relays, and nobly did their utmost to aid the weary crew. Much of the freight and all the passengers were sent to the windward side to trim the ship, and thus relieved, she once more moved on an even keel and the fires were relighted. Higher and higher ran the sea, fiercer and fiercer howled the wind, more and more laboriously went the ship, without intermission the pumps were worked, and without relief the gangs bailed, using buckets, whips, and barrels to fight the water, which, in spite of all, gained until once more it reached the furnaces and extinguished fires that were never more to be rekindled.

Now, indeed, gloom settled over the steamer, and, at the mercy of the waves, she was wallowing in the trough of the sea like a log.

She was a side-wheel steamer, with not a little top-hamper, and an ugly thing to handle in such a situation. The storm-spencer had been blown away, and the fore-yard was sent down during the night. Attempts were made to get her before the wind, but no canvas was stout enough to withstand its violence. After the head-sails had been blown away, Captain Herndon ordered all the clews of the foresail to be lashed to the deck, thinking he might hoist the yard, if only a few feet, show canvas, and get her off, but scarcely was the yard well clear of the bulwarks when the pitiless fury of the wind seized and took it entirely out of the the belt-ropes.

The foremast was cut away, the fore-yard made into a drag and thrown overboard, and bits of canvas spread in the rigging aft, hoping to bring her head to wind, but the effort was fruitless; yet all through that long afternoon and longer night of Friday, crew and passengers worked without ceasing, and hoped without despair, but when the grim gray dawn of Saturday brought increase rather than subsidence of the tempest, hope failed, and the gallant captain and his brave, tried company saw that everything that skilled seamanship could do to save them *had* been done and the ship's fate was sealed.

With this despair came a new hope,—if not all, some lives might be saved, and each breathed a prayer that of the some he might be one. They were in a part of the ocean frequented by vessels, a passing

steamer or some sailing craft might rescue them,—'twas thus Herndon encouraged their despairing hearts, so that they answered his call for a "Rally all!" with cheers. The lady passengers took their turn at the pumps. The act so inspired the men that they went to work with renewed ardor, whipping up barrel after barrel of water to the steady rhythmic measure of the sailor's working song.

About noon of Saturday the gale showed the first signs of abating, the wind blew less fiercely, the lowering clouds lifted, the sky brightened, and once more the hope grew strong, the flag was hoisted "Union down," and minute guns were fired. About three o'clock a vessel hove in sight, women cried their joy, and loud huzzas went from the throats of the wearied men. She ran down to the steamer, was hailed, heard, replied. Herndon asked for aid, told of the helpless women and children, and begged the captain to give him help. He refused and went on his course!

Oh, the bitter agony of that moment! Oh, the dark despair shrouding those hearts! But no word was spoken. On went the pumps, down and up came the barrels, and tears were seen on every side. Suddenly Herndon's voice again rang out,—

"A sail, men! a sail! Fire the gun!"

Down to them came the brig, the "Marine," of Boston, and her captain (whose name should be here in letters of gold), "Burt." His vessel was sorely crippled, but this humane man brought his ship to, under the steamer's stern, spoke to Herndon, encouraged him to hope, promised to lay by through the night, and nobly kept his word.

At once Herndon ordered his boats lowered, for the "Marine" had none that could live in such a sea. It was an anxious moment. Equally dear was life to all, and Herndon feared the courage and resolve of his crew might fail, and that they would fill the boats, and leave the women and children to their fate; but not a man showed even a wish for this! Crews were made up, and it was found there was one man needed in Black the boatswain's gig. Herndon was hesitating, when a sailor stepped up and offered to go; the man had been shipped at Aspinwall, and was not well known to the captain, who, in his so well remembered gentle voice, said, musingly rather than questioningly,—

"I wonder if I can trust you?"

The sailor's quick ear caught the words, and understanding all the doubt they expressed, looked at Herndon, his eyes filled with tears, but his voice steady and earnest,—

"Yes, captain, you *can* trust me, for I have hands that are hard to row, and a heart that is oft to feel!"

Quickly Herndon took his hard hands, wrung them silently, and passed him to the vacant place.

The women and children arrived safely on the brig; but by the time each boat had made two trips, carrying in all one hundred persons, night had fallen, and the brig had drifted several miles to leeward from the steamer. Again and again she tried to make her way to the wreck, but was too badly crippled.

As one of the boats was about pushing off at the last trip, Herndon took from his pocket his watch, and handing it to a passenger, tried to charge him with a loving message of farewell to his wife.

"Give it to her," he said, "and tell her,—tell her—tell her from me——"

Then shaking his head, he bowed his tear-stained face in his hands as though in prayer for the wife and daughter whom he would never see, and who, in losing husband and father, gave to the world a hero.

In a moment he recovered outward calm, and none again saw him give way.

The hurricane deck was being cut away; life-preservers had been brought up and distributed to those who would wear them. The gloom of night settled, and Herndon directed Frazer, the second officer, to take charge of the arm-chest, and send up rockets each quarter of an hour.

The law requires every officer of the navy to show in himself a good example of the virtue and patriotism he expects to find in his men, and never was there a more perfect instance of a literal interpretation of this law than in Herndon's case. After giving his order to Frazer, he turned to his first officer, Van Rennselaer, and told him he would go below for his uniform. He went to his state-room, and in a few moments returned in *full dress* and took his stand on the wheel-house, holding by the iron railing with his left hand. Frazer sent off a rocket. The ship fetched a heavy lurch, like a last sigh, and, as she sank, Herndon was seen, by the rocket's glare, to bare his head and wave his hand,—then the waters closed over the bravest heart that was ever stiled, and night saw the most sublime moral spectacle the sea ever showed.

A few moments before going to get his uniform oars were heard; Herndon hailed, and was answered from Black the boatswain's boat, rowed "by hands that were hard, and a heart that was soft to feel," who implored the captain to save himself. Herndon called to him to keep off, fearing the small craft might be drawn down by the then sinking ship. Eagerly, earnestly, the man plead, then imperatively

Herndon ordered him to take whom he could pick up and *go back* to the brig; and, like a true sailor, he obeyed his commander.

This was the last order ever given by him, who, to the close of an unselfish, generous life, was forgetful of self and mindful of others. Truly was his life grand and beautiful, and surely in his death was a new and greater glory given to the annals of the sea.

Forty-nine of the passengers and crew were picked from the waters that night and the next morning by the Norwegian bark "Ellen"—strangely enough the name of Herndon's wife and daughter—and brought safely to Norfolk, Virginia. Three more were saved by the English brig "Mary," having drifted four hundred and fifty miles with the Gulf Stream. The total number saved was one hundred and fifty-two; lost, four hundred and twenty-three. One of the passengers thought he spoke in the water with Herndon that night; but, as he was not in robust health, it is not likely he ever rose after the ship went down. We cannot better close this story of a heroic deed by a brave man than by quoting what his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Maury, said of him:

"Affectionate in disposition, soft and gentle in his manners, he won the love and esteem of his associates, and was a favorite throughout the service, and of all none knew him better or loved him more than I."

It is known, of course, to my readers that Captain Herndon's daughter afterwards became the wife of Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States.

R. Dorsey Mohun.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

HENRY ROMEYN.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the seemingly endless day no voice from the outside world broke the silence of her prison. From the table she gazed long upon the court below, hoping in vain for a sight of some living thing. But, as darkness fell, she heard voices in the adjoining room; the key was turned, and de Bra entered, bearing a lamp, which he placed upon the table, and, turning toward the door, took from some unseen party a tray heaped with food, flanked by a bottle and glasses, which he placed beside the lamp.

"Vrijster," said he, "I have come to sup with thee. Wilt thou lay the table?"

Retreating behind the couch, which she drew hastily from the wall, the prisoner stood mute.

"Have two days of silence stricken thee dumb?" her persecutor asked. "I have never known anything save long residence in a cloister to have that effect. Be kind, now, and join me at the repast."

Still no reply. Drawing the heavy chest near the table the gaoler seated himself upon it and renewed his badinage.

"Does silence bring wisdom or comfort? Art thou not concerned about news of the city? Hast thou forgotten thy lover, that thou refusest to break bread and drink wine with him when he has provided the feast? When didst thou last have tidings of thy mother's health?"

At the mention of her parent there was a catch in the breath of the girl, and she asked:

"What of my mother?"

"Ah! thou hast found thy voice. But thou must sup with me before thou canst know of her."

"Not even for that will I sit at table with thee. If thou hast power to keep me thus confined, I must eat thy food, to sustain life, but as for sitting at table with thee, I will die, rather!"

"But thou art not to die now. I trust that there is much of life

before thee, and in other lands. Wouldst like a long voyage? A vessel sails on the morrow for England, and we are to have passage in her. Shall I bring here one of thy heretical pastors, to give me a husband's right, or will it please thee more to await arrival there?"

"Thou must be jesting. I will go nowhere with thee, nor hast thou the power to compel me to do so. Now I know thee to be both coward and traitor. Only cowards annoy or persecute quiet women, and no true man talks of leaving his country in the manner thou dost contemplate. I have ever doubted thy truthfulness, and now I add liar to the terms I have already applied to thee. Coward! traitor! liar! go, leave me to starve if thou wilt; such fate were better than life with thee."

Had the girl possessed no weapon, she might not have gone to such length in her scorn and anger; but, secure in the knowledge that she could repel any attack possible with no aid for her tormentor, she did not cease her verbal flaying 'till, rising in anger from his seat, he said:

"Hunger tames even the wildest of beasts. A crust and water only will be given thee in the future; and I shall not come again till thou art glad to call for me," and with this threat he passed from the room.

Weakened by the reaction from her excitement, the prisoner threw herself on the couch and burst into tears. Sob after sob filled the room, for several moments; but calmness succeeded the storm, and she was soon reasoning on a plan for escape. She would not allow herself to sleep soundly, and at daybreak would take position near the door and quick indeed must be the movements of her purveyor if she did not succeed in getting at least a glimpse of her face, and appealing to her feelings.

She slept but little, and with the first rays of light was at the door; in her hands the low seat which she found in the room, and which she intended to push into the space as the door was opened to introduce her food. She had not long to wait, and with rapidly beating heart, but steady hands, stood behind the door, as it was slowly and cautiously opened. As the loaf and pitcher were placed on the floor, she sprang to it and pushed the stool into the aperture. As the woman rose to an erect position, and each looked into the face of the other, there were mutual exclamations of surprise.

"Juhvrouw Van Vechte!" "Katrina Pieterse!" were the first words uttered as the mutual recognition took place. Then the prisoner added:

"Why art thou my goaler?"

"I might ask, why art thou here? Hast thou no home where thou canst be wedded, that thou must hide from thy friends, before thou goest abroad to be married, or not, as may hap, at the will of him who brought thee hither?"

"I am not here of mine own will, nor do I go abroad to be married. I was seized and carried hither by force, and by force detained; and I want only to escape. Answer; why art thou here?"

"The Lieutenant de Bra came to me and said that he was conveying away a juhvrouw, whose parents had for him no good will, and that they were sailing to England in the ship Beaver, which starts within three days; and that she was in hiding and must be fed; that it must be done during darkness, that I be not seen and followed; that I must not enter the room, so that I could say I had seen no one; and he gave no name, that I might say I knew no one going away. He paid me well in Spanish gold, as thou mayest see;" and she drew from a capacious pocket several coins of that metal. "But I wondered when, last night, he said thou wast fasting, and would need but bread and water to-day. Brides do not fast on the eve of the wedding day."

"I am not his bride, nor will I ever be. Death would be more welcome than life with him. My mother hath been kind to thee. Let me go home."

"I have no wish to detain thee. But were it not best to remain till I have time to see that the way is clear for thee? I will leave with thee the key of thy prison and thou needst not admit any other person, and I promise to return as soon as I may safely, and conduct thee to thy home, or some safer place."

"Why sayest thou 'some safer place?' Knowest thou aught concerning my mother? I think she was carried off at the same time with me."

"No, but if that be true, there is the greater need of caution. Remain, and await my return:" and, handing her the key, the woman disappeared.

Left alone, the prisoner was seized with a desire to inspect her place of confinement; and, with her hand on the haft of her concealed weapon, passed from room to room of the huge building, without finding any signs of recent occupancy. After passing through several, she entered one which had a window opening on the outer side, guarded by bars similar to those in the window of the room where she was held, and from it saw a portion of the harbor, and, directly beneath it, a quay, at which a ship was receiving cargo. Attracted by the scene, she seated herself on the broad ledge, and for

a time forgot her situation. Taking no note of the time, she was suddenly roused to a sense of her situation by seeing a well-known form emerge from the hatchway of the vessel, only a few yards away; and to know, from its hasty movement, after a glance in her direction, that she had been seen and recognized. Fleeing at once to her room, she entered, and, locking the door, sank panting on the couch. Scarcely had she done so when approaching footsteps and attempts to open the door announced the arrival of her tormentor. To his repeated calls and efforts to force the heavy door the prisoner made no response, though she moved some of the scanty furniture, to notify him of her presence. Soon she heard other steps approaching, and listened, almost breathless, to the conversation which ensued.

"Why comest thou hither at this hour? And where is the key to this room, which I left with thee?" were the first words of the officer.

"I come now because I have business here. I have not the key. It is in the hands of thy prisoner."

"How? Hast thou entered that room, despite my orders?"

"I have not. But as I placed food and drink there the door was forced from my hand, and I saw thy prisoner. I tell thee now thou canst not detain her longer."

"That is not for thee to say. Begone! thou hast failed me."

The woman paid no attention to the order, and it was repeated in angry tones.

"I will not go. I know thy prisoner, and her mother hath been kind to me. I will not see her harmed, and I warn thee this city will not be large enough to hide thee from vengeance, when what thou hast done is known to her friends."

"Dost thou threaten me? Who knowest how thou didst come hither? None, if thou hast done my bidding and come secretly."

"I care naught for thee or thy bidding. Go, at once, and allow her to return to her home, without again meeting thee."

The scene grew stormy. The woman, who, since the death of her husband in one of the countless battles on the "meeren" or lakes of the country, had kept a "herberg," or tavern, for sailors on one of the quays, and was not unaccustomed to rough men and rough ways, was not frightened or at all disconcerted when the abductor reiterated his command, coupling it with a threat of bodily harm if not obeyed. As he stepped nearer her, with hand upraised, as if to offer violence, she retreated a pace and hastily removing her "houten schoen," or wooden shoe, for use as a weapon, assumed a defensive position. Superior in weight and muscular force to the young man, she was not to be scoffed at as an antagonist by an unarmed party, and it was

with a sense of necessity that he drew from the breast of his doublet a dirk and raised it for a blow.

From her position near the door, the prisoner had anxiously listened to the angry voices, and fearing for the safety of her friend, and forgetting for an instant the danger to herself, she turned the key and stepped into the outer room. At the sound the young man faced the door, and in doing so turned his back upon his antagonist, who, quick to see her advantage, gave him a heavy blow on the head with her unique weapon, felling him senseless to the floor. As the late prisoner screamed in fright, the amazon ordered—"Silence! Haste, thou! Come with me!" and as the freed girl, hesitating, endeavored to ascertain if the senseless man still lived, added—"Let the dog lie; he will revive in time; or, if he does not, it will be better for thee:"—and picking up the weapon he had dropped, and seizing the hand of her companion, the victor passed hastily to the street.

Half an hour later, guided by the *herberger, half a score of angry men, led by Kaptein Dekker, searched the place of confinement; but the abductor had, luckily for him, left the building.

The chest was not disturbed, and with the thought that he might return for it, a watch was kept on the place for several days, but with no result.

When the Beaver sailed for London, among her crew was a young man of slight build and swarthy complexion, so well disguised by his rough clothing and unkempt appearance that recognition of him as the erstwhile officer would have been difficult, if not impossible.

At the home of her betrothed the girl found her mother, prostrated from anxiety over her disappearance. She had not suspected the identity of the abductor, and could not at first believe his treachery; but when convinced said:

"It might have been expected. He acted as did his father, and thy fate would have been that of his mother. Truly my kindness to her whom he made thy gaoler brought large return. Had I lost thee, my own life would not have been worth the saving, so lonely would it have been. Will the day never come when the women of Holland can live in peaceful freedom from strife and bloodshed, and not be forced to surrender those they love most to ruthless enemies?"

As the flight of de Bra was not known, and a return to her own house would not be safe were he and his ruffian hirelings still in the city, the widow accepted the proffered shelter of the Dekker home, for the time, and there we leave them for the present, to follow the fortunes of those on board the fleet.

*Innkeeper.

CHAPTER IV.

Those had not been favorable. The large fleet must be kept together for safety, and its speed could be only that of its slowest vessel. More than four months elasped before it sighted the shores of Brazil, at Para, and leaving there a portion of his ships, and about one thousand of his land forces, General Von Schoffe, who was to combine the functions of commander-in-chief and governor, passed on southward, and made his next landing at Recife, the Seaport of Olinda, and the most eastern point of the continent. Here he put on shore the bulk of his army; among it the company of Kaptein Schoonmacker, and with it, of course, Lieutenant Dekker. From there one of the empty transports was returned to Holland, bearing tidings of the expedition to the government, and by it went also letters from members of the forces to friends at home. Months later the following missives were placed in the hands of Kaptein Dekker and Juhvrouw Van Vechte:

AT RECIFE IN THE BRAZILS, September, 1646.

To the Kaptein Hendrick Deckker, in the Hooge Strate, Amsterdam in Holland.

HONORED FATHER:

As I know thou wilt desire to learn of the welfare of thy son, and a vessel goes to Holland to bear tidings of the forces in the Brazils, I write to tell thee and others of our voyage and present situation.

The voyage was long and tedious, and the health of those on board suffered much. Water became sour, and bread mouldy, and much was spoiled and wormy, that men could not eat of it, without shutting of the eyes. Many had scurvy, and landed in weakened condition, and have not yet recovered—some have died. Kaptein Schoonmacker kept well, as did I. He kept his company busy, had them exercise in arms each day, and made them climb the rigging, and do many other things for health, even in the hottest weather. Good order was maintained on board, and prayers held each evening, all not employed being present. Thou knowest he has served under the great Gustavus of Sweden, and he sets great store by his modes of training an army. He has shown me a copy of the rules by which the great king governed his men, and I have committed them to memory. But I have doubts concerning governing by them here. There can be but little mercy shown in war here. The enemy have as allies many of the natives, and they are said not only to kill all captives, but to devour them.* Of course, there can be no quarter given them, and I fear that the civilized forces are but little more merciful.

Men grow rough and desperate, and drop much of the good they practiced at home. Many of those of both nations have taken wives of the natives, and learned to live as they do, and their children know little that is good. Those of the Dutch are named Bovianders, of the Portugese, Mamelucos.†

*See Southey's History of Brazil. †See Southey's History of Brazil.

There is little to be told concerning trade. Men will not build for fear of the loss of the country; as we shall have more fighting with the Portuguese; and on their side will be the Mamelucos, and many of the Indians; and one Hoogstraatin is said to have gone over to them from our side. Some officers have shown great cruelty to the natives, in making slaves of them, and by carrying off their young women.

* * * * * * * *

There is much more to tell thee when I know more of the country. No one can venture alone outside the town, and no expedition has gone forth since our arrival.

We are told that the enemy has had more men sent from Portugal, and that they are not more than ten leagues from Olinda, and coming nearer, and have with them four or more great guns with which to attempt the battering down of our light palisades, and the earth walls which surround our magazines, and that with them are hundreds of the tribe of savages called Guarani, who were formerly allies of our people, but who deserted them, because the Governor wished to make them slaves, and because the soldiers stole away many of their young women. Many of the children of these unhallowed unions now live in Olinda, and the young maidens are quite well favored in looks, but Kaptein Schoonmacker and others look upon them as dangerous, in that they are thought to carry tidings of our state to their kindred in the forest, as the Governor puts no restriction on their going or coming, by day or by night. One Hans Stede,* a German who was captured many years agone from a vessel by the Portuguese, and escaped to the natives, and has lived with them, tells His Excellency that there is great danger. Kaptein Schoonmacker, who has served against men of many countries and grown cautious, keeps his men close, and practices them in forming at night, that an attack then may not find them unprepared. Nor will he allow anything done in the camp of his company which would be thought wrong in Holland. Thou mayest expect to have good report of him if the opportunity offers for battle.

Give loving messages to my mother from me, also to my grandsire, whose blessing will not be forgotten. My duty to thee.

Thy loving son, KLAAS DEKKER.

* * * * * * * *

To the Juhvrouw Elsie Van Vechte,

VRIJSTER:

Hast thou ever given a thought to thy betrothed since he left thee? Thou hast been daily in his mind, since the land dropped from sight, at the beginning of the voyage, even as thou wast before. Day by day, as wind failed to fill the sails, he thought of thee, sitting at home, and picturing in thy mind the progress of the fleet; and in the storm he still thought of thee as safely there, secure from aught which had power to harm. He hath thought of thy mother and of thee, as quiet, and mayhap lonely, in her home, or as visiting his mother, and with her, fancying the incidents of a voyage to the New World, and what was to be seen there, especially among the strange peoples who have their homes there.

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*For history of Hans Stede see Southey's Hist. of Brazil. Vol. I. Chap. VII.

These are of divers sorts. Some of the Portuguese, who had property in Olinda when it was captured by our army, under Prince Mauritz, were by him allowed to remain, swearing allegiance to Holland; and some of their women are beautiful in form and feature, though the beauty is dark and languorous, and in thy love's mind not to be compared with the lighter and more active women whom he has known. Dost thou wish for a more definite comparison, or canst thou guess whom he hath in mind?

Then there are the daughters of native mothers—of whom he hath written to another—active and graceful, though free in behavior. Of them some soldiers have taken wives, but they are thought treacherous, and liable to fits of jealousy, when they do not hesitate to kill those who offend.

All these are papists or heathen, and so have no sympathy with protestants—therefore, thou must not have any heart pangs, on account of thy lover.

But there is in this new land much that attracts a young man, and mayhap, some day, when there is no longer any dispute over title, and peace has come to it, and those who are now growing old in Holland shall have passed away, thou and thine shall cross the seas together, and set up a home where there is room to expand, and where every man and every woman shall be truly free. Doth the picture attract thee as it doth THY LOVER?

Months had passed since the landing of the Dutch reinforcements at Recife, and Governor General Von Schoffe had withdrawn a large portion of the garrison and passed on southward with the intention of recovering the ground lost in that quarter at Santos and St. Paul, leaving in command Majoor* Jan Cornelis, who had been a member of one of the earlier contingents of troops, and was therefore somewhat familiar with the surrounding country and its savage inhabitants, as well as with their feelings toward the Dutch and their relations to the enemy—the Portugese.

It was impossible to conceal from foes without, or those within the town, the fact that the forces of its defenders had been much reduced; and what the watchful commander, together with some of the late arrivals, had feared, now came to pass. From the houses of the Portuguese went messenger after messenger, during the darkness of tropic night, with plans of attack from without, to be aided by uprisings within the place, and not long after, as the brief twilight of dawn gave place to the rising sun, the boom of a small cannon, which during the night had been drawn to a point from which it could be used with effect against the palisades of the magazines, roused the soldiers, and the yells of the savages, as they rose from their concealment in the dense growth which bordered the small areas of cultivated grounds, and rushed toward the dwellings, told the garrison that savage and civilized enemies had combined for its destruction; and flames burst-

*Major.

ing from roofs near at hand showed that an uprising had been well timed to aid the assailants.

The situation was extremely critical; but discipline soon brought into order the trained men of the later arrivals, who had not been allowed to fall into indolent habits, as had some of those longer in the country, and these were at once in condition to meet the attack. Without waiting for the cannon to make a breach in the strong palisading, the savages charged in a dense, unorganized mass, each striving to be first in the attempt to surmount the single line of defense. Failing in this, on account of its height, their bowmen resorted to an old method, and soon a hail of arrows, each shaft carrying a roll of flaming cotton, which had been dipped in rosin, was falling on the thatched roofs of the magazines; and the terrors of a conflagration were added to those of battle.

But among the older officers of the beleagured force were several who had seen assaults of the best Spanish infantry repelled from the breaches in walls of besieged Holland towns, and though the situation was grave, there was no panic; and the commander, believing that a portion of his troops could be spared, withdrew two half companies of pikemen, and sent them by a circuitous route to fall upon the flank of the savages, filling the places of fire-fighters thus vacated with slaves of both sexes, and all nationalities, in the place, who were held to their work by a detail of armed men. The flanking party was led by Kaptein Schoonmacker, and Liutnant Dekker was sent as second in command. As all the energies of the attacking force had been concentrated on one front of the defenses, the flanking party gained its position unnoticed by the enemy, and, bursting upon them like a tropical storm, swept everything before them. Shoulder to shoulder they charged the unorganized body of savages, their long pikes preventing any hand-to-hand fighting, and overturning everything before them. Driven from their position at the palisades, they were forced against the artillery of the Portuguese, which was thus compelled to cease firing. Many of the charging troops had helped to clear the decks of the enemy's ships, among the meeren of their provinces, and now they put in practice similar tactics. Abstaining from pursuit of the savages, Kaptein Schoonmacker led an attack on the guns and soon the pike-heads were stained with the blood of civilized antagonists; and in a few moments those of the artillerymen who were not killed or wounded were in full flight, accompanied by the allies, and the fight was won.

CHAPTER V.

In the general melee Liutnant Dekker, who was armed with a "half pike" in addition to his sword, came into contact with a young, active officer of the battery, armed with a pistol and light rapier. The shot from the firearm, aimed at his head, carried away a lock of hair from his temple and the light sword was broken by a parry of the pike, leaving his foe at his mercy, but not before a thrust had wounded him in the thigh. Hurling the broken blade at his antagonist, and seeing no hope of succor, the Portuguese held up a hand in token of surrender; and, with others of the artillery, was soon a prisoner inside the fortifications. None of the natives were made captive. Many of their wounded had been carried off by their friends, those who had not were slain where they lay—the common mode of disposing of those too badly wounded to be of value as slaves, by both Dutch and Portuguese.

The battery commander was among the dead, and when, later in the day, Majoor Cornelis visited the place of confinement and called for the senior officer, the wounded liutnant answered the summons from his hammock.

"What is thy name and rank?" he was asked.

"I am Joam de Bra, lieutenant of artillery in the service of His Majesty Ioam IV. of Portugal," was the answer.

"Art thou son of Kolonel Manuel de Bra, who once served in the armies of Spain?"

"I am."

"And who was thy mother?"

"What is that to thee? But I will answer. My mother was the Juhvrouw Cornelis of Holland."

There was a dangerous blaze in the eyes of the Dutch officer, and his hand gripped the hilt of his sword, as he added to the words of de Bra—"and my sister!"

The strong man had moved calmly through the storm of battle and smoke and flame of conflagration, but now he turned aside to hide from those about him the emotions which possessed him, as memory brought again the scenes of childhood and youth, the disappearance of his loved sister, the vain search, the agony of the mother, and his oath of vengeance if ever the brutal ravisher or any of his blood fell into his hands. Should he "visit the iniquity of the father upon the son?" was his first thought. "No, that I cannot do, *he* is not guilty; he is my sister's son as much as the son of his father, and I cannot raise a hand to harm any one dear to her."

Some of the older men accompanying him had as children per-

sonally known of the abduction and all stood respectfully aloof, as he struggled for self-control, while from his hammock the wounded man cynically viewed the scene, his eyes first upon one, then another of the group of officers in attendance, but resting longest and most questioningly upon Liutnant Dekker, as if to test his recollection of some former place or scene in which both had appeared or taken part.

After a few moments had passed, the Majoor turned again to the wounded prisoner and said:

"Is thy mother still living?"

"She died when I was but a lad."

"Art thou an only child?"

"I am."

There was a flash of the eyes and firm compression of the strong jaw and distension of the nostril, as the next inquiry was made.

"Does thy father still live?"

"No, he, too, died when I was a child."

"Hast thou heard the story of thy mother's wrongs?"

"She often told me the story of her life in Holland and of the manner of her [illegible] it."

"When I found that she had been carried away by thy father I took a solemn oath that if opportunity offered for vengeance on him or his, mine should be glutted to the fullest extent. But a part of that vow I cannot perform. I cannot harm one of her own flesh and blood. As my prisoner, thou art safe, and my own surgeon shall attend thee, and see that thou lack nothing which I can supply. For the present, farewell."

To his captor the young prisoner had a special but unaccountable interest. He thought he had seen him before, but when? As he visited him occasionally when duty called him to the place of confinement, he endeavored to unite place and features and fix the locality in which they had met. At length the comparative fluency with which the prisoner used the Dutch language struck him as unusual, and he suddenly asked, "Whence comes thy acquaintance with the Dutch language? Thou must at some time have lived in Holland."

A lie, especially in his present situation, and told to a Dutch heretic, cost the author of it no qualms of conscience, and he answered:

"I have not been in Holland. Thou hast heard that my mother was born there. I learned the language from her in my childhood."

The explanation was a plausible one and no other was asked for, but still the questioner was not fully satisfied. Mentally he referred to it again and again, till, soon after the arrival from Holland of an acquaintance bearing despatches to the Governer General, the explanation came.

To be continued.

*CAMPAIGNING WITH KITCHENER.**

BY A STAFF OFFICER.

THE future biographer of Viscount Kitchener will experience many difficulties when he endeavors to trace the reconquest of the Sudan in the archives of the Egyptian War Office. None of our generals before Kitchener ever attempted, still less succeeded in attempting, to wage war without orders, without forms, without states or *paperasserie* of any sort or kind. A normal year's campaign in the Sudan began with the issue of the *ordre de bataille* to those concerned, and ended with the promulgation of the queen's congratulations at the close of the war. The rest of the usually voluminous documents incidental to campaigning are wanting, for the best of all reasons—namely, that none ever existed.

When the average Aldershot general takes the field he has foisted on him a mass of phenomenally useless documents, which do more to cause general trouble and paralysis than any acts of the enemy; I could name a campaign not a thousand miles from Suakin that was entirely ruined by them. But Kitchener's office stationery consisted of a sheaf of telegraph forms which he carried in his helmet and a pencil which he carried in his pocket—and that sufficed. Moreover, he seldom read an official letter, and never wrote one, and how much wear and tear was thereby saved let those say who have had the misfortune to serve under generals afflicted with the curse of penmanship. I do not offer it as a model for imitation, first, because Kitcheners do not grow on every tree, and next, because the conditions of one campaign are never exactly reproduced in another. Even as it was, had anything happened to K., it would have taken Pall Mall and Cairo a few years to discover where and what the army was, and they would have been forced to resort to advertisements in the agony columns of the dervish newspapers to obtain elementary ideas on the subject.

Each commander of the units scattered all over that enormous strategic chessboard, from Cairo to Kassala and from Suakin to Korti,

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only knew, only was allowed to know, what he saw at the extremity of his sun-blistered nose. He had, say, four companies, a few camel corps orderlies, and so many days' supplies; he had no idea that Dick This or Harry The Other occupied a post or a well some hundreds of miles away; but whether the army had marched or fought, or won or had disappeared bodily into the Great Beyond, he never knew, and had grown tired of trying to discover. Why should he know or care? K. looked after that, K. looked after everything; and the very moment that the last pair of boots was worn out and the last mouthful of grain was being issued to the cattle, down dropped, like manna from heaven, a fresh supply in the nick of time, coming from goodness knows where, by road or rail or river: down it was dumped, and with a word and a blow away went the transport to serve some one else, who also thought that if he did not die of ennui he could make a tolerable certainty of starvation—and was always disappointed. And then one fine day when he least expected it, and had come to reckon himself as a dead man out of mind, a few curt words came clicking off on the wires—"March in half an hour." And he marched, and all the others marched, and everybody marched, until he awoke on another fine morning at dawn to find he was with others, and that he and the others were the army. And how it was done he did not stop to inquire, was not indeed allowed time to ask, for all the news he got was to march again at dawn.

I remember well meeting Kitchener in 1897 and asking him when The Event was due to happen. "Thirteen months hence," was the answer. "Thirteen months!" I said; "that is a long time to wait." "Yes, it is," said K.; "but remember that some of us have been waiting for it for thirteen years."

A good slice out of the best years of a man's life! and what uphill work in all those years, all the forming and fashioning of the weapon by Wood and Grenfell, all the selection of the tools, the amassing of information by Wingate, the endless endeavor to get a quart of men pressed into the pintpot of the Budget, the schemings and plottings by Staveley Gordon and poor Rogers to get the best weapons, the best supplies, the best artillery and most up-to-date equipment—to make, in short, a field army out of what the general public looked on as a most indifferent police, and looked on askance at that.

Oh those budgets! what good stories could be told of them if some of the dead could speak and the living were not greatly tongue-tied! Half a million, not a penny more—and do what you can with it: that was about the gist of the proconsular ultimatum each year; and the problem was how to organize as a mobile army, equip, train, and feed

20,000 men or more on a credit only capable of supporting the armed forces of the Grand Duchy of Geroulstein.

But the pennies were saved here and cut there, and everybody did the work of three men until something was saved, and with this something there was purchased, very much under the rose and quite without the knowledge or concurrence of Pall Mall, quick-firing batteries, the latest plant, labor-saving machinery, and every sort and kind of new invention, until at last Kitchener, who had been the *dues ex machina* from first to last, set his steam-roller in motion and rolled the enemy flat.

The Cabinet Council that decided the advance on Dongola made a fortunate hit for their party, for Egypt, and for England. It was all so simple. There was a big map, fortunately not a large-scale map, on the table, and some one chanced to see Dongola written in big letters. What more natural than that Mr. Chamberlain should remark, "Let's go to Dongola?" It sounded quite reasonable, and nobody made any objection. Off went a wire, and before Lord Cromer had time to turn around, the army had taken wing. That was, literally and without exaggeration, the beginning of the reconquest of the Sudan.

Kitchener is one of the hardest and most accurate thinkers I can name; he is always thinking; not meandering aimlessly through a wilderness of casual imaginings, but thinking up and down and round and through his subject; planning every move, foreseeing every counter-move, registering every want, forestalling every demand, so that when he conducts a campaign with that unerring certainty that seems to recall the onward march of destiny, luck has had very little to do with the affair, for K. has arranged that everything shall happen as it does happen, and that particular way and no other.

Somewhere in the *oubliette* of Pall Mall there is a paper with the record of a meeting that took place at the Egyptian war office before the final campaign. Only Kitchener, Wingate and another officer were present. In less than two hours K. laid bare the entire plan of subsequent operations, met every inquiry, formulated every want, satisfied every objection. He had worked right through the campaign in his mind, and saw daylight on the farther side of it. Everything was ready: there were so many boats to take so many men and guns and animals at a certain fixed date, depending on the Nile flood, which could be calculated with precision; there were so many weeks' supplies to be taken at this place and that, and the British contingent—calculated economically to the fraction of a guardsman by the order to leave band boys behind—was requested to arrive at a certain date, to

steam and march to a certain point, to fight its usual battle 1,600 miles from the chair in which K. was sitting, and to leave for London the very next day with its work accomplished. And all these things happened precisely as ordained at that meeting, so that one momentarily believed that even the unexpected had been banished from the art of war.

The gift of overcoming apparently insuperable difficulties which the Sirdar's officers possessed in such a marked degree was very largely due to the unbending severity with which he treated all failures, whether high or low were responsible for them. A thing was ordered; it had to be done, and consequently it was done; no excuses prevailed for an instant. So when an officer lost a Nile steamer through the stupidity of a subordinate he was a ruined man; when the wires failed to connect K. with his base at a critical moment, the young officer in charge lost all the fruits of his long and meritorious labors. If no chief ever acknowledged more fully and generously good work done well, no one also was ever more unforgiving of failure, to no matter what cause the failure might be due. Once in the hottest moment of a blazing Sudan summer I incautiously reported that D. had got sunstroke, and therefore could not execute some order. "Sunstroke!" K. replied, "what the devil does he mean by having sunstroke; send him down to Cairo at once." However, D. being a friend of mine, I wired to warn him that he was under a delusion and was quite well, and the order was carried out, and nothing more heard of the matter, while poor D. lived to get himself handsomely killed before Mafeking.

On another occasion I took part in a river reconnaissance under Colin Keppel; we were aground for seventeen hours on a falling Nile in the middle of the Dervish Army, and 100 miles from our outposts; and if Keppel had not been a handy man of the best type, we might have been there now. We had no small boats—the budget did not run to such luxuries—but a raft was made out of odds and ends of timber, and the anchor, weighing about a ton, was ferried out on it to a sandbank by forty stalwart Gippies, working up to their necks in the water, and we got a bearing on the anchor, and hauled off with great difficulty. I told part of the story to K. on my return. "And how did you get the anchor to the sandbank?" he asked. "Oh," I answered, "one of the crew swam across with the anchor in his mouth." "Oh, really," was all K. said, as if it was the most natural thing in the world! If we had been in a worse plight, I really think he would have expected Keppel to swim back with the gunboat in

his mouth, and would only have said, "Oh, Keppel, I want you to kindly start again in half an hour. . . ."

Much of K.'s success was no doubt due to his wise choice of the tools he used—they really were tools rather than men; and no finer body of young fellows ever wore sword than those splendid officers who worked and slaved for him, day after day, in those God-forsaken sand-swept wastes. But no one knows, no one perhaps will ever fully know, the extent to which K. was implored, beseeched, cajoled by the highest in the land to employ A. or B. or C. on his staff, or anywhere. K. was adamant to such requests. I remember one case of a really first-rate officer, who came out armed with a letter from a very illustrious personage, almost amounting to a command that the officer should be employed. The letter was duly delivered; whether it was answered or not I cannot say, but K. chose his own men and not other people's, and the officer in question, after kicking his heels in Cairo for several weeks, returned to London without hearing a word about employment. This happened in hundreds of cases. K. was not then the power he is now, and his implacable disregard of the pets of society argues a strength of character which has always seemed to me one of the greatest proofs of his fearless independence.

When Ian Hamilton came back from South Africa he is reported to have said that K.'s chief of the staff had nothing to do but smoke his pipe. That was certainly true in the Sudan, and one can easily believe that the leopard does not change his spots. No general has ever been more entirely independent of the help of those immediately around him; not one of his tools was indispensable, nor even a dozen of them, though many did not realize the fact.

"Are you going to bring up General X. for this campaign?" I once asked him. "No, I don't think so," K. replied; "he is doing very well where he is, and on my staff he always *makes a channel.*" K. hated channels, hated any strait-waistcoat which hampered and confined him, and here is an instance. This same X. had been very well brought up, and he liked to issue a sealed pattern daily order which was anathema to K., and the more as it was quite unnecessary when his army was well under his hand, and orders were best conveyed verbally. However, X. was so importunate that at last out of sheer weariness K. dictated an order, and X., full of a new and blissful sense of importance, hurried off to get it duly copied, registered, duplicated, sealed, signed and delivered in the good old style. Meanwhile K. strolls out, and accidentally meets Broadwood, his cavalry commander. "Oh, Broadwood," says K., in that soft and almost deprecating drawl which some of his subordinates could mimic to the

life, "will you kindly take four squadrons and a couple of guns and push forty miles to clear up the situation, and start in half an hour." "Very good, sir," says Broadwood, who was a man of few words. As the cavalry were jingling out of camp X. comes out of his tent with his orders hot from the press, and meets them. "Where are you off to?" exclaims X. Mutual explanations follow, when it is found that K.'s verbal orders are entirely different from those he dictated, and poor X. went back to his tent, and thenceforth gave up the issue of the daily order as a hopeless task.

K.'s officers took their cue from their chief's *sans gêne,* and imitated his methods. Once a general officer was inspecting a post on the line of communications, and duly arrived at the little hut which represented the headquarters of the majesty of the army in some windswept hole. Enter X., and looking round espies an office table and two trays, one full of papers. Interested, he reads the label attached to each. The empty one was ticketed "Business" and the other "Bosh." "Excellent officer," purrs X.—"thoroughly understands his work and Kitchener's methods." But when he went further, and proceeded to examine the papers in the "Bosh" tray, his feelings may be better imagined than described on finding that the documents consisted exclusively of his own voluminous orders and memoranda!

From an instinct of self preservation nobody ever slept with more than one eye shut when K. was with the army. A sound sleeper was always in danger of finding himself alone in the desert, and the army gone. This actually happened to a worthy officer who was rather hard of hearing. Some one whispered, "Dervishes," and the army marched softly away without beat of drum in the usual half hour or less. The officer awoke, and in place of 20,000 men found nothing living in sight except two baldheaded vultures. It was very much the same thing on K.'s own staff. With the earliest glimmer of light the tall erect figure came slowly out from his lair in the bivouac, mounted, and rode silently away into the darkness. If a staff officer or A. D. C. noticed the flitting, he flung himself into the saddle and started in hot pursuit; but K. never said "Come," never cared or noticed if he was accompanied or not, and if the earth had opened and swallowed up his staff, I do not think he would have noticed it on his return.

But with this peculiarity, due largely to his powers of concentration, and to long years passed in self-sufficing, self-reliant lonesomeness, K. had one excellent custom, namely, of living in one mess with the whole of his very small staff, perhaps eight or nine men altogether, and of being always accessible to information and opinions of all sorts. He was thereby placed in close touch with that strange un-

canny Will-o'-the-wisp, the spirit of the army, which some generals who live too much apart from and above their men never count with and never understand—to their own infinite loss and the army's. During many an evening in camp or bivouac Kitchener often talked long, openly, and convincingly upon reforms needed in the War Office and the army. Of his opinions on these points it is too soon to speak, for he may yet have occasion to put them into practice. So I shall only say that many of his ideas were novel and all were radical, and that they are calculated to produce a very considerable fluttering in Pall Mall dovecots and among the old women of both sexes when Big Ben chimes out K.'s hour of office and responsibility.

No man ever kept his own counsel better than K. when fighting was afoot: there was never any leakage of information, because there was never any information to leak. Once, when the enemy threatened our line of communications I expressed some anxiety about our wires, which were laid, for all the world to see, as a ground-line along the desert, glistening in the sun and bearing a meaning even to a dervish, which is saying a good deal. K. told me to ride down to the river bank and say if I felt happier: down I went, and after diligent search discovered a second wire cunningly laid under the bush and sedges. As I was about to ride back I saw a steamer pushing off, and asked the young engineer officer on board what he was about: it turned out that he had personal instructions from K. to lay a third line of telegraph on the other bank of the Nile, and no one in the army but the chief and this young officer had wind of the matter. Assurance was made not doubly but trebly sure. I always feel a confidence amounting to certainty that when K. arrives on the bank of the Styx he will saunter up with a Berthon boat under his arm: to think of his being dependent on the goodwill of an ill-conditioned ferryman in the passage of an unfordable river is not an idea that one's mind is able to contemplate for a moment.

Kitchener was the living providence of the army in the Sudan, just as Napoleon was for the Grande Armeè—only the latter perished of cold and hunger, and the army in the Sudan thrived on heat and thirst. The fighting and maneuvering was done for K. as it was done for Napoleon, very largely by subordinates, Hunter, Gatacre, and a bevy of impossibly youthful colonels, many of whom, alas! like the chivalrous Wauchope, the dashing Le Gallais, and that fine soldier Benson, have since fallen at the head of their columns on the blood-stained battlefields of South Africa.

K. was no drill-master, and having been so long occupied with administration, so long exiled from training-grounds of all arms,

was at first a little out of his element when he took personal and direct command of a large mixed force in our mediæval battles, in which steady drill was an essential and early Victorian formation the rule rather than the exception.

But even here the character of the man came out; it was not K. who adapted himself to the drill-book but *vice versa.* While we were waiting for Mahmud near the Atbara, ready to pounce on him whichever road of advance he selected, K. had the infantry and guns out in the desert day after day, and there first regulated and perfected the formations which served us so well, and were employed in all the marching and fighting up to the end of the campaign. But he proceeded in his own way, discarding all precedents of the drill ground as useless lumber, and basing his dispositions upon the habits and tactics of the enemy and upon nothing else. And, after all, how history repeats itself. Read the story of Napoleon's and Kléber's fights in Egypt, and see the close affinity between our tactics and theirs: go farther back and read in Gibbon of the march of the Roman army up the Euphrates against Sapor, King of Persia: there was our march up the Nile reproduced in fac-simile hundreds and hundreds of years before, with such weird similitude that one often seemed to have dropped out of one's own era and to be transported back to another age by some strange fantastic genii of the desert.

It was very curious to watch what Napoleon called *l'enfantement d'un projet* in Kitchener's mind. Napoleon at such a moment was always in a state of nervous exaltation and irritability, *comme une juene fille qui accouche,* as he more forcibly than elegantly expressed it. Kitchener, on the other hand, was quite the reverse: he became more and more taciturn and morose, more reserved, more impenetrable, more self-contained than ever, as though seeking farther and farther down in the depths of his own mind for the right answer to the great question. It all seems simple now; but there were moments in that long campaign when great decisions had to be taken—moments when a single fault or slip might have imperilled the success of the campaign and the safety of the army. I remember a message coming at an anxious moment from far, far away, giving a round dozen good, adequate, and closely argued reasons why K. should not attack the enemy: yet he attacked and beat the enemy—annihilated him, in fact—with that message in his pocket. Remember that we were 1,500 miles from our base, with only some 500 men holding the line of communications, and with all the tribes eagerly expecting a reverse, and determined to make it a disaster. Others may forget, or may never have understood; but for the man responsible such moments can never

be forgotten, for they burn too deeply down into the soul. Once the decision taken, K. became a different being, and the heavy frown relaxed. The thing was more than decided—*it was done;* and he watched the consummation with quiet, easy confidence, more in the guise of an interested spectator watching a new play than in that of the impresario all of a tremor between hopes and fears.

K.'s state of mind on the eve of a battle was indeed not the least like that of most generals. I think he looked on a battle as a necessary but exceedingly vulgar and noisy brawl, and that the intellectual part of him always regretted when he could not strangle or starve the enemy out without a crude appeal to brute force. If he could have been induced to issue an order for the battle, it would have read somewhat as follows if it had come from his heart: "Here you are, O troops! and there is your enemy. I have clothed you, fed you, cared for you, placed you in the most advantageous tactical and strategical position possible, so now please go and fight it out, and let me know when it is all over."

He knew his fighting generals and trusted them, and his trust was never misplaced; and if he is not the hawk-eyed battle-chief that Wellington was, he is this much the more, that he places his own men in positions where they cannot lose, and the enemy in positions where they cannot win. Can any one ask for more?

No man surely ever more hated parade, show, and theatrical effect, or less courted popularity. He never spoke to a private soldier and never looked at him: there will be no Bulletins de la Grande Armeé in the records of his career, for he has neither the gift nor the inclination to make those subtle appeals to our incomparable fighting men which touch their heart and win their confidence, and in this respect he approaches nearer to the type of Wellington than to any other. After our battalions had rushed through the dervish lines at the Atbara, Kitchener chanced to ride up and meet the British columns reforming. Seldom indeed can conqueror have had a prouder moment, for he was received with such a roar of maddened applause as I have never heard before or since, and perhaps none of us will ever hear again, for that class of fighting is pretty well ended for every one this side of the grave. K. was pleased, but happy he was not: he would rather have been anywhere else at that moment, and I had to implore him, at the urgent request of one of our colonels, to come and say a few words to the men,—words inaudible because drowned in a fresh outburst of frenzied cheering. Another amusing instance of K.'s hatred of theatrical effect occurred at the close of this same fight. There was a deadly feud of long standing between K.'s and Hunter's

native standard-bearers. K.'s flag, like all his turnout, was new and clean, and quite untouched by battle or breeze: Hunter's flag, on the other hand, bore the honorable scars of long service and hard fighting, and had become a very tatterdemalion of a flag—all rags and remnants. The life of K.'s standard-bearer was no doubt made a burden to him by invidious comparisons, and he only bided his time to cry quits. So it befell that after the fight I happened to glance back at the flag, and was surprised to see it apparently shot through and through, torn, battered, and hanging in rags as though it had been hurled, like the heart of the Bruce, into the thickest of the fight. I pointed it out to K., who only smiled grimly and ordered a new one!

The Atbara was a stiff fight, and rather a dangerous fight to boot, for at one moment everybody who held a rifle, friend and foe alike, was firing towards every point of the compass. Into that hell K. rode almost alone and quite unarmed, holding up his hand to stop the firing, and offering pardon to the still living remnant of the vanquished, who rushed out from trench and hut to throw themselves and their arms at his feet, as though recognizing the master spirit, and seeking safety under his shadow. Yet there were some who did not hesitate to accuse him afterwards of every crime against humanity, and I recall that scene and wonder at the little wisdom and less justice of his worthless detractors.

Later on, as we rode through the *dem,* Lord E. Cecil joined us, and presently K. pulled up among the charred corpses on the burning ground to make some inquiries. Cecil made a grimace and pointed to the ground: it was strewn with dervish shells lying about under our horses' hoofs and the hoofs of the chief's horse, with the grass on fire all round them. Neither of us spoke, but Kismet, destiny, or whatever it is that sits behind the crupper, impelled K. to move on, and a few minutes later a column of smoke shot up into the air,—the shells had exploded. But K. had passed on, for his hour had not struck,—destiny had need of him still.

When the fighting folk had had their say the looters had a merry time, and many a battle relic that now hangs in hall and cottage was garnered by those anxious for a memento of the day. K. was dictating his despatch to the Queen when there passed in front of us a pony led by a syce, and laden with spoils selected from that field of plenty with the praiseworthy discrimination of an art connoisseur. K. hailed the man, and selecting the finest coat of mail and the most beautifully finished spear, bade me take it to General Gatacre with his warmest thanks for the splendid gallantry and good judgment with which he had led his fine brigade. I seem to see now the pleasant

light that shone in that brave soldier's eyes as I gave him the message word for word. Gatacre! What a splendid fellow, and how willingly any of us, whom he worked to death in the Sudan, would have given our right hands to save him from the fate that befell him—at the hands of his own chiefs—in South Africa. He taught us, in Chitral, the Sudan, and South Africa, two great lessons: first, never to make difficulties; secondly, never to complain of any hard knocks of fate, and to take the rough and the smooth things of life as they came. Oh, you poor deluded British public, will you never distinguish between the men and the dummies?

It is quite unnecesary to say that throughout a campaign Kitchener was absorbed in his work, to the entire and complete exclusion of every other matter. It would be presumptuous to say that he had no other interests, but there were at least none that appeared on the surface: neither sport, literature, politics, nor art, still less the idle frivolities of society, interested him at all, and I can only recall a single incident which concerns a half or more of the human race, namely, the feminine portion of it. Once, just once, the eternal feminine entered into his strategical plans and influenced them in a curious manner. When Mahmud marched to the Atbara Kitchener raised his camp and placed himself between Mahmud and the Nile, settled himself down twenty miles from his foe, and waited. No matter which line of advance the dervishes selected they were bound to be met, bound to be fought. But to most of us the one consuming dread through all these long days of waiting was that Mahmud should escape, up the Atbara or back across the desert the way he had come, for both roads were absolutely open to him. At last I mentioned our fears to the chief. "They dare not go back without fighting now," he said; "they dare not: they would never be able to face their women." It was perfectly true and perfectly just.

Every one knows from countless sketches and photographs K.'s personality campaigning: the long, lithe, active figure, with back as straight as a dart, the almost dandified finish of the uniform, and the workmanlike character of the equipment—every inch a soldier and a leader of men. But one hardly recognizes the K. one knows so well when he assumes the conventional disguises of mufti: it is quite a different being, and there is nothing in consonance with the man. Kitchener is a good rider, sitting his mount with easy grace and the lightest of hands, born of long habit and long hours in the saddle. Always well mounted, he travels far and fast, and at the end of the longest day his horse was never distressed, sure sign of sympathy between horse and rider.

I have ventured to remark that K.'s forte was not infantry drill, and this little deficiency nearly landed us in a nasty place at Omdurman. After the watering-hose part of the battle, when the Khalifa's first grand attack had been beaten off, we were ordered to advance in échelon of brigades from our left upon the dervish capital. I was at that moment with Lyttelton's Brigade, and this order gave us the first place in the advance, much to the disgust of poor Wauchope's Brigade, for we were as jealous of each other as two old tomcats. Now, a movement in échelon is never easy, even on a peace parade, for a small unit; and with any force, large or small, it can only be carried out properly if the distance to be maintained between the units is named. No distance being given, the natural consequence followed. The brigade behind us would not give way an inch, and instead of remaining a good way off in our right rear, began treading on our heels as a protest against not being in front. This threw out the whole formation. Maxwell and Lewis in rear became disjointed, while Macdonald, moving out into the desert to take his proper place, was not only isolated, but surrounded and nearly overwhelmed. How coolly he fought on and how cleverly he extricated himself is a matter of history.

On the other hand, Kitchener has never had sufficient justice done him for his decision to march into Omdurman, when the town was full of fighting men, the day more than half spent, and no reconnaissance possible owing to the mirage. It was a very serious and a very bold decision, and K., in taking it, understood the character of the enemy better than any one else. Had he delayed for twenty-four hours, we should probably have encountered a serious resistance, and have had to fight our way from house to house and wall to wall, —fighting that should always be avoided at almost any cost, since it invariably lead not only to heavy loss but to loss of the best men.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than between Kitchener in the saddle, with work still remaining to be done, and the same man, his task completed, standing under the shadow of the great tree on the river front before Gordon's ruined palace on the 4th September. He was softened, gentle, almost affectionate to all; and those—there were many—who had often misjudged and misunderstood him, must at last have realized that down—deep, deep down—in that often forbidding and always stern and self-reliant nature, there was a soft spot and a human sympathy, a something which throbbed, and felt, and suffered, and rejoiced, in reasonable resemblance to the ordinary heart of an ordinary man.

A great Imperial asset? Yes, that is the truth; but, *pace* Lord

Rosebery, we must not grudge Kitchener those few years of India which have always been the object of his ambition and his hope, for no soldier unacquainted with the needs of our great dependency can enter the War Office equipped with the necessary intellectual baggage for directing the armed forces of Britain and her dominions overseas. But if and when he returns, it will be of the first and last importance for the public to secure for him not place but *power;* power to deal with the great problems of Imperial defense which still await the decision of the master mind; power to drain the slough of despond of the most inefficient and spendthrift of our great offices; power, absolute power, over not one but all the tools he desires to employ.

This power and the necessary scope and independence will not be secured by his appointment as Secretary of State, and still less by his nomination as commander-in-chief. In the first case he becomes a prey to party, will be bandied about with the flotsam and jetsam of politics, and must necessarily stand or fall by one or other party in the state. In the second case he becomes a mere figurehead, sacrificing the utilitarian to the decorative, his time engaged in a thousand and one duties of show and parade, in reviewing troops, presenting colors, opening bazaars, inspecting garrisons, inculcating temperance, receiving royalties, not to mention those enervating visits to the Dukeries, and the endless round of so-called social "duties" which, taken all together, make it impossible even for an Admirable Crichton to fix his attention upon the really vital business which the nation desires and expects him to perform.

There is one post to which Kitchener is suited, and which is suited to him—namely, that of Chief of the Staff, carrying with it, call it by what name you will, *the solitary, and exclusive duty of preparation for war.*

If Kitchener is intrusted with this task, and this task alone, aided by a good plain man of business, neither a "genius" nor a talker, as Secretary of State, and granted powers to make his views known to the public on all large questions of high military policy and to make them prevail, then I feel confident that in a few years our military position will be made as secure as it is now insecure, and that all those parasites which now clog our administration will be shorn from it, like leaves from the trees by a November gale, and that efficiency and economy will for the first time in our history become the watchword of a new departure and of a new model army.

History, coldly reviewing the past by the light of many data inac-

cessible to the present, can alone give a fair and a just verdict on the life and deeds of a man; for contemporaries, the absence of perspective, the many *lacunæ* in the links of the chain of circumstance, are a necessary bar to perfect discrimination and finite judgment.

There are statesmen, there are orators, there are no doubt divines in plenty with higher faculties of analysis and exposition than those possessed by Kitchener; but these talents are not necessarily, or even mainly, the mark of the highest gifts, or the infallible measure and test of greatness.

Kitchener's strength lies in his power to create—surely the supremest and grandest faculty of Nature herself; and nothing that I can name is more striking and more impressive in his character than his power to combine and organize material, no matter how rough and unsuitable, into a new, harmonious, and definite shape. His success from first to last is due to this power, a power he possesses in a higher degree and more concrete form than any other servant of the modern state.

TINKERING WITH OFFICERS' NAMES.

[From the Note Book of a Veteran.]

A QUESTION, recently raised, as to the right of any person to change a name except through the duly appointed legal authorities, has called attention to the startling fact that very few such changes are made in a legal manner. Not more than one in twenty of the numerous changes can be traced to any strictly legal or proper authority to make such changes.

Take the army and navy, for example, and we find some remarkable examples of this character. Gen. Zachariah Taylor became Zachary Taylor, and Gen. Ulysses Hiram Grant became Ulysses Simpson Grant. I have before me as I write a fac-simile of a page in the register of Roe's hotel at West Point, N. Y., for May 29, 1839, on which is written in a fine, delicate hand, "U. H. Grant, George, Ohio." But when U. H. Grant reported to the adjutant at the Military Academy he found his appointment made out for Ulysses Simpson Grant, so he had to enter under that name.

It is a singular fact, and worthy to be noted in this connection, that Ulysses Grant White, of Georgetown, Ohio, the early home of Gen. Grant, was sent to West Point, where he graduated into the army, but after nearly seven years' service he enterd the navy as a civil engineer. And in this transfer he was commissioned Ulysses Simpson Grant White, and has so remained. Owing to this error the Register of West Point Graduates has been changed from U. G. White to U. S. G. White.

I question very much the authority of an enrolling officer to change names in any such manner; nor can the individual himself legally make such a change. When Capt. Stuart joined the army his name was written down as Stewart, and so it has remained. Bt. Major Mason Carter enlisted as a private under the name of Howard, but resumed his family name after becoming a commissioned officer. Bt. Brig. Gen. George F. B. Dandy also came up from the ranks, and, like Carter (both born in Georgia) changed his name to Geo. B. Dandy.

Stephen Grover Cleveland, twice President and commander-in-chief of the United States Army and Navy, changed his name to

Grover Cleveland. Major Gen. Nathanael Greene, not Nathaniel, as most everybody spells it, was originally carried on the old army rosters as "Nathan Green" and "Nath. Green," but finally "Nathaniel Greene." I have his autograph as "Nath Green," and Gen. Washington referred to him as "Gen. Green."

Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, of the Confederate Army, was the son of James Toutant, who signed himself, James Toutant, of Beauregard, and when the son, Pierre Gustave Toutant, went to West Point he was entered as P. G. T. Beauregard. During the civil war he signed himself G. T. or P. T. Beauregard. Major Gen. J. Patton Anderson, ex-member of the Confederate Congress, signed himself Patton Anderson nearly every time. Vice-President Alex. H. Stephens was plain Alexander Stephens until he added Hamilton to his name in honor of his beloved school teacher, and not the famous Alex. Hamilton, as many people suppose.

A very singular case is that of Gen. Stephen M. Westmore, born in South Carolina ninety-seven years ago, but who died in New Orleans. He graduated from West Point as Stephen W. Moore, and yet his obituary referred to him as "Samuel M. Westmore." It seems that he had his name changed from Samuel W. West Moore to Samuel M. Westmore, but his son, the surgeon general of the Confederate Army, was Sam'l P. Moore. John James Alexander Alfred Mouton, of Louisiana, graduated from West Point in 1850, but did not go into the army. He was killed in the Confederate service in 1863 as Gen. Alfred Mouton, sometimes called John James Alfred Mouton. Arnold E. Jones graduated from West Point as Arnold Elzy, and became a major general in the C. S. A. Wm. Smith graduated as Wm. D. Fraser; Geo. R. Sullivan graduated as Geo. Russell J. Bowdoin; Matthew R. T. Harrison graduated as Matthew J. Williams; Sewall L. Fish graduated as Sewall L. Fremont. Major Micah John Jenkins, of South Carolina, a West Pointer, is now known as Micah Jenkins, the name of his father, Gen. Micah Jenkins, killed in the Confederate service.

I could go on and note a hundred or more similar cases, not a dozen of which changes were made by any legal authority. The late James Fennimore Cooper, the famous author, is known in naval circles officially only as James Cooper, he being so commissioned as a midshipman. When Commander Alexander Slidell, U. S. N., made a change in his name to Alexander Slidell MacKenzie, nearly seventy years ago, the editor of the *Army and Navy Chronicle* protested against the change, but without preventing it. There is now in the navy a Capt. Morris Robinson Slidell MacKenzie.

Down in Florida the official maps still murder the names of Jesup and Basinger. There is Lake Jessup, named for Gen. Thos. S. Jesup, while over in Georgia there is the town of Jesup named for Morris K. Jessup, of New York. Fort Bassinger, or Bassenger, is named for Lieut. Wm. S. Basinger, U. S. A., killed in the terrible Dade massacre. Gen. Joseph Finegan, of Florida, was hardly ever called by any other name than "Barney" Finegan. It is evident, therefore, that careless editors and public officials, civil and military, are responsible for many changes of names of persons, as in the case of Grant, White, Jesup and Basinger.

S. HERBERT LANCEY.

WHAT IS TO COME?

WHAT is to come when we have lived to-morrow?
What fortunes crowd within the coming day?
Shall grief's sharp fingers score another furrow?
Or triumph bathe us in its glorious ray?
What is to come?

Fond dreams untold and sweeter joys untasted,
Are ye to welcome in the unborn time?
Or failure prove the fruit of hours wasted,
And lead to age the too believing time?
What is to come?

Not all the memories the past can hallow,
Not all the restless present can despise!
The present hour may go, the past be fallow,
Can match the future dazzling to our eyes.
What is to come?

The vainly proud, the selfishly ambitious,
Shall they o'erride the fortunes of mankind?
Or shall their teaching false and schemes pernicious
By honest wrath be scattered to the wind?
Is this to come?

O patient toiler, take thou this assurance:
Although of thy bright visions some will fade,
One end alone has faithful stern endurance
That ever God and grateful nature made.
This is to come.

Reward and true endeavor are true neighbors,
Whom pits and rugged obstacles divide,
And pleasant fancy's glow will cheer the labors,
Which lead endeavor to her guerdon's guide.
This is to come.

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A KING'S STATUE.

HABENT fata sua libelli. Not alone pictures, however, but statues too appear to have their history. One of the most remarkable experiences on record was that of the statue of the first king of Prussia, now standing before the palace at Königsberg.

In 1697 Elector Friedrich III., afterwards King Frederick I., had Schlüter model a statue of himself, which was cast in bronze by Jacobi (who also cast the statue of the Great Elector). It was to have been erected in the courtyard of the arsenal, but for some reason or other this was never done.

In 1705, when the king was completing his plans for the construction of a great building similar to the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, which was to have been located in front of the former King's Gate (Königsthor) at Berlin, he directed that his statue should be placed in the cupola of this building. But this plan also failed, because it was found impossible to obtain the funds necessary for the erection of this monumental structure.

When Eosander von Goethe, the builder of the present palace, induced the King to erect the King's Gate, it was decided to place the statue on that, but before the work was well under way the king died.

His successor, Frederick William I., soon after his accession directed the Minister of State Von Prinzen to find a suitable place for the statue. The latter called in consultation two prominent men of the time, Wachter and the Archivist Cuno. Both thought the statue should have a crown, as it was not proper for a king to stand bare-headed, but they could come to no conclusion as to the manner of fastening the crown on the head. Wachter feared, no matter how firmly it might be put on, yet in time it would fall off and thus be a bad omen for the future. Cuno, however, assured him that Jacobi had guaranteed to cast the crown on the head so firmly as to form practically one piece with it, and also agreed to cover the Elector's mantle with crowns and eagles that could never fall off.

Then the two could not agree as to the place where the statue should be set up, nor how it was to be erected. Wachter suggested

that it should be placed on a shield, supported by two colossal bearers, because the old Germans used to raise their kings on a shield.

These differences caused so much delay that the plan was never carried out. Finally, in 1728, when King August the Strong informed the court at Berlin of his proposed visit, the statue was actually set up in the *Molkenmarkt*. By way of decoration the statues of four slaves were to have been placed at the corners, but as time was pressing they were not cast in bronze, but merely modeled in plaster (by Koch) and bronzed. Soon after, however, the weather destroyed the plaster statues and the king's statue was again stored in the arsenal.

Meanwhile Meyer was directed to cast four permanent slaves after Koch's plaster models. Years passed, however, and nothing further was done. Finally, in 1737, the king decided to place the statue in the well-known street of Berlin, Unter den Linden, just where the statue of Frederick the Great now stands, but on a column fifty feet high. The foundations were constructed and the marble column erected, when the king died, and the erection of the statue was put off.

The latter remained in the arsenal until 1760. At this time the advance of Austrians and Russians threatened Berlin, consequently the statue, along with many guns and other material, was shipped to Spandau, and did not return till the end of the war in 1764. For a long time it lay unnoticed, with its head down and its legs up in the air, among a lot of obsolete guns in a corner of the arsenal, until General Von Dieskan, inspector-general of the artillery corps, who had charge of the arsenal, had it set upright in the upper floor of the latter, the four bronze slaves being set up on the lower floor.

There they remained until 1801. On the occasion of the hundred-year anniversary of the crowning of Frederick I., King Frederick William III. presented the statue to the city of Königsberg, with the inscription: "Presented on the 18th of January, 1801, by Frederick William III. to the noble people of Prussia as a perpetual memorial of mutual love and trust."

At the eastern portal of the palace at Königsberg this statue, 104 years after its completion, found a permanent resting place, where it has now stood for a hundred years.

J. P. WISSER,
Major, U. S. Army.

HISTORY OF THE LOYAL LEGION.

[Read before Wisconsin Commandery, October 4, 1899.]

On the 15th of April, 1865, the day after the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, several officers of the Union Army met informally, without notice, at the office of Colonel Thomas Ellwood Zell, the head of the great publishing house of that name in Philadelphia. At this meeting, as at countless other similar impromptu meetings of loyal people that day in all parts of the country, the appalling tragedy which had occurred at Washington was the main topic of discussion. It was determined by those present to call a mass meeting of citizens foı the purpose of expressing public sentiment in regard to the great crime which had been perpetrated, to declare anew allegiance to the Union and to provide for a proper representation from Philadelphia at the obsequies of the martyred President at the national capital.

The public meeting called under these circumstances was held April 20th, five days afterward. It was attended by an immense number of people. Among other proceedings Colonel Zell presented a motion, which was adopted, to the effect that a society should be formed to commemorate the events and principles of the war for the Union then drawing to a close, and that measures should be adopted to promote that object.

Those who had interested themselves in the formation of the proposed society held subsequent meetings. The conferences were frequent and excited must interest. Colonel Zell, Lieutenant Colonel and Surgeon Samuel B. Wylie Mitchell and Captain Peter D. Keyser were most prominent at the various gatherings. Many plans of organization were presented and discussed. The Society of the Cincinnati, constituted of American and French officers of the Revolutionary Army organized after the peace of 1783, was regarded as in some respects the model. As a result of prolonged and thoughtful deliberation our present name—"The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States"—was adopted and Colonel Zell was elected Commander, Dr. Mitchell was elected Recorder and Captain Keyser was

elected Chancellor of the provisional society. A public meeting of the Loyal Legion, the first in its history, was held May 31st. During several ensuing months similar meetings were held. Difficulty was experienced from the fact that, while a large number of those interested in the movement were present at the various meetings, the attendance was irregular and fluctuating. Many came occasionally and were conspicuous at some of the councils, but failed to return. Yet, notwithstanding these changes, there remained a permanent nucleus, a faithful few, who persevered with industry and zeal in the endeavor to organize the new patriotic order. In addition to the first three names on the list, five or six new members of the temporary organization were elected April 20th and others were elected from time to time. The form of the organization was still unsettled. Some changes from the original plans were proposed. It was a custom for each member to present at the meetings written schemes; some were adopted and others rejected. At times the discussions were marked by more or less asperity. At length the plan of organization was finished substantially as it now stands. We must admire the structure which cost so much patient thought and inspired labor. It is of composite architecture, showing plastic marks of the work of many minds and of the hopes for its perpetual life.

The hereditary feature of the order was adopted after heated dispute and in spite of earnest objections. It was copied from a similar feature in the Society of the Cincinnati. That order is now represented by about 500 direct and collateral descendants of its founders. This provision should insure to the Loyal Legion a prolonged life. Comparatively a few Revolutionary, perhaps not more than 100 in all, constituted at its origin the Society of the Cincinnati. The Loyal Legion has now more than 8,000 names of members of the First Class on its rosters. From the lineage of this vast membership our order should be perpetuated through many generations or for ages.

The plan of a permanent organization for the Loyal Legion having been perfected, the Commandery of Pennsylvania was installed November 4th, 1865, to date from April 15th in the same year, commemorating the day of the first meeting. Major General George Cadwallader was elected commander with a full list of officers. The officers of the previous provisional society which I have described are designated the founders of the Loyal Legion. Their zeal, their industry, their devotion to the duties of the apostleship which they assumed never failed. Principally to their labors we are indebted for the existence of the Loyal Legion founded as we believe in principles and in forms of administration which shall endure throughout a

prolonged future. For these reasons I believe that the personal facts which I have collected are of superior and lasting interest. I am their sole biographer.

Samuel Brown Wylie Mitchell is the first name on the lists of the Loyal Legion; his diploma and insignia are No. 1. He was born August 16, 1828; he died August 16, 1879, his 51st birthday. He was major and surgeon of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, serving from August 1, 1861, to August 24, 1865, when he was honorably discharged. He was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct. He was a native of Philadelphia, was educated and admitted to practice in that city. His medical skill was great and it was unequaled by his personal and professional popularity. He was a man of wealth and his social standing was high. He was recorder-in-chief of the Loyal Legion from the time of its organization to his death in 1879. In resolutions adopted by the Commandery of Pennsylvania at the time, he is described as "courteous, generous and hospitable to all and beloved by multitudes of friends." It is said that in his last moments of consciousness he expressed solicitude for the prosperity of the Loyal Legion.

Colonel Thomas Ellwood Zell was of Quaker descent and was born in Philadelphia June 6, 1828. His christian name is the name of the famous Quaker friend of John Milton and is associated with a golden age in English literature. He was highly educated and several years of his early life were spent in home and foreign travel. He was engaged in business in Philadelphia and became the head of the publishing house bearing his name. He was a captain in the 121st Pennsylvania infantry and Lieutenant Colonel of the 3d battalion of Pennsylvania infantry; was honorably mustered out January 29th, 1864. After he retired from the military service he resumed business, establishing branches of his publishing house in New York, London, Paris and Chicago. He published Zell's Universal Encylopedia, a monumental work of literary industry and enterprise. He lives in Philadelphia and has a winter residence at the town of Zellwood in Florida. He is second on our lists with diploma and insignia No. 2.

Peter Dirck Keyser, the third of the conspicuous trio regarded as the founders of the Loyal Legion, was born in Philadelphia February 8, 1835. As his name indicates he was of Dutch descent, tracing his ancestry to pilgrims from Holland who settled in this country in 1680. He was captain in the 91st Pennsylvania infantry from September 21st, 1861, to August 15th, 1862, and served in the medical department of the Army in 1864 and 1865. After the war he became eminent in schools of surgery and ophthalmology and held various civic and

professional positions. At the time of his death he was chancellor of the commandery-in-chief. His diploma and insignia are No. 3.

It is a remarkable fact that neither of the men who mainly performed the work involved in perfecting the organization of the Loyal Legion and devised the elaborate plan of hereditary membership, left a son to succeed him by inheritance. Col. Zell is represented in the Second Class and will be succeeded in the First Class by his nephew, Commander C. Ellwood Colahan of the United States Navy. Neither Dr. Mitchell nor Dr. Keyser left a successor. The insignia of each, number one and number three, lapsed and is vacant.

Beginning with the Pennsylvania Commandery the various commanderies were organized in the following order:

	Dating From	No. of members Aug. 1, 1899.
Pennsylvania	April 15, 1865	1,175
New York	January 17, 1866	1,296
Maine	April 25, 1866	163
Massachusetts	March 4, 1868	929
California	April 12, 1871	714
Wisconsin	May 15, 1874	*222
Illinois	May 18, 1879	663
District of Columbia	February 1, 1882	747
Ohio	May 3, 1882	856
Michigan	February 4, 1885	310
Minnesota	May 6, 1885	313
Oregon	May 6, 1885	70
Missouri	October 21, 1885	305
Nebraska	October 21, 1885	117
Kansas	April 22, 1866	216
Iowa	October 20, 1886	255
Colorado	June 1, 1887	237
Indiana	October 17, 1888	308
Washington	January 14, 1891	71
Vermont	October 14, 1891	105

Until 1885 the Commandery of Pennsylvania was regarded as the chief legislative and judicial body of the order. General Cadwallader was annually re-elected commander of the Pennsylvania Commandery and was acting commander-in-chief until his death in 1879. General W. S. Hancock was then elected commander of the Pennsylvania Commandery and continued in that office by repeated re-elections, serving at the time as acting commander-in-chief until 1885. In that year the Commandery-in-Chief of the United States was organized and installed and General Hancock was elected commander-in-chief. He was re-elected in 1886 and died during that year.

*Total membership June, 1902, 195.

Here I would do less than justice to my feelings and less than what I regard as justice to the honored dead if I should fail to pay a passing tribute of eulogy to the memory of one of the most distinguished members of this order, and its commander-in-chief for seven years—that superb and ideal soldier, that immaculate patriot, that cultured scholar and gentleman, that all accomplished American fellow-citizen, General Winfield Scott Hancock. It was not my fortune to know him during the Civil War, as I served with troops at a distance from the scenes of his several commands. I became acquainted with him while he was in command of the Department of Dakota, with headquarters at St. Paul, and I was a resident of that city from 1868 to 1872. Perhaps this gave me a better opportunity to observe all the merits of his character than was enjoyed by those who knew him only as a military commander. I found that his every day conversation was that of wisdom tempered with sweetest affability and by fascinating humor. By humor I do not mean conundrums, puns, coarse jokes and immodest stories. I mean that softening, mellowing, chastening influence—that beauty and grace of the mind, which clothe every thought in a drapery of loveliness. He had the sublime inspiration of uncommon common sense. He had many gifts. If his mind had been otherwise directed—if he had not been a great soldier, he would have been a great writer or a great orator. His remarks on men and things, on the events of the times, on politics, on the movements of history, were rich in interest and instruction—they were the efflorescence and fruit of his seasoned experience and observation. His personal, moral and social qualities were such as to make him one of the most delightful of men—such a man as all other manly men admire, such a man as women inevitably love. His name is a consecration on the pages of American history where it appears.

The commanders-in-chief who succeeded General Hancock were Lieut. General Philip H. Sheridan from 1886 until his death in 1889; General Rutherford B. Hayes from 1889 until his death in 1892; General Lucius Fairchild from 1892 to 1895, in which year he died; General John Gibbon in 1896, his death occurring in that year. General Gibbon was succeeded by Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, who served until Oct. 18, 1899; Lieut. General John M. Schofield has been commander-in-chief ever since that time.

Colonel John Page Nicholson has been recorder-in-chief of the Loyal Legion since 1885. He entered the military service in 1861 as a private in the 28th Pennsylvania Infantry; was appointed lieutenant in the same regiment in 1862; was subsequently promoted from rank

to rank and March 13, 1865, was appointed lieut. colonel as a reward for gallant and meritorious conduct during the war. As in the case of the recorder of this commandery, it seems to have been considered wise policy to clothe the faithful compiler and custodian of our records with something resembling a permanent tenure of office.

The Commandery of Wisconsin was organized at a meeting held at the Newhall House, Milwaukee, May 15, 1874, by the following named companions who had been elected to the order through the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts: General C. S. Hamilton, of Fond du Lac, Wis.; Colonel C. D. Robinson, of Green Bay, Wis.; Colonel James H. Howe, of Kenosha, Wis.; Major W. A. Collins, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Capt. D. R. May, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Capt. J. B. Oliver, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Capt. I. M. Bean, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Capt. G. W. James, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Capt. G. W. Bacon, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Major James Sawyer, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Capt. Edward Ferguson, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Lieut. Colonel J. McC. Bell, of Milwaukee, Wis.; and General E. W. Hincks, of the Commandery of New York. General C. S. Hamilton was chosen chairman and Capt. I. M. Bean secretary.

In the election of officers Colonel James H. Howe was chosen commander and Capt. Garth W. James recorder. The commanders of the Wisconsin Commandery since that time have been as follows:

Col. Charles D. Robinson	50th Wis. Inf	1875 and 1876
Brig. Gen. E. W. Hincks	U. S. V	1877 and 1879
Capt. Garth W. James	54th Mass. Inf	1878
Major Gen. Chas. S. Hamilton	U. S. V	1880
Capt. Irving M. Bean	5th Wis. Inf	1881 and 1882
Col. Charles A. Hamilton	7th Wis. Inf	1883
Brig. Gen. Lucius Fairchild	U. S. V	1884, 1885 and 1886
Capt. George W. Burnell	10th Vt. Inf	1887
Capt. George I. Robinson	Chicago Bd. of T. Btty	1888
Lieut. Col. C. D. Cleveland	2d Conn. H. Art'y	1889
Maj. Charles H. Anson	1st Vt. Art'y	1890
Lieut. Edward Ferguson	1st Wis. Inf	1891
Lieut. Col. Joseph McC. Bell	A. A. G	1892
Bvt. Brig. Gen. F. C. Winkler	26th Wis. Inf	1893
Capt. George E. Sutherland	13th H. Art'y, U. S. C. T	1894
Lieut. Henry B. Harshaw	2d Wis. Inf	1895
Major Charles H. Ross	13th Ind. Inf	1896
Lieut. Cornelius Wheeler	2d Wis. Inf	1897
Capt. F. H. Magdeburg	14th Wis. Inf	1898
First Lieut. Theron W. Haight	24th New York Inf	1899
First Lieut. Frank A. Anson	1st Vt. Art'y	1900
First Lieut. Walter Kempster	10th New York Cav	1901
First Lieut. Albert H. Hollister	30th U. S. C. T	1902

The recorders of this commandery have been as follows:

Capt. Garth W. James.....54th Mass. Inf.....1874 to 1876
Lieut. Col. Joseph McC. Bell.....A. A. G.....1877 to 1881
Lieut. Col. John L. Hathaway.....A. C. S.....1882 and 1883
Lieut. James R. Saville.....U. S. V.....1884 and 1885
Chandler P. Chapman.....U. S. V.....1886
Captain Charles King.....U. S. A.....1887 and 1888
Capt. A. Ross Houston.....U. S. V.....1889 to present time

The Order of the Loyal Legion is constituted of officers and honorably discharged officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, regular or volunteer, who actually served in the war for the suppression of the rebellion. These are members of the First Class. Members of the Second Class are the oldest sons or lineal descendants of members of the First Class. On the death of the person whom they represent they may become members of the First Class by inheritance. Members of the Third Class are civilians distinguished by acts of eminent patriotism during the war for the Union. No members of this class have been admitted to the order since 1890.

The officers of the state commanderies are the commander, senior and junior vice commanders, recorder, register, treasurer, chancellor, chaplain and a council of five.

The commandery-in-chief is constituted of the commanders, the senior and junior vice commanders and recorders, all past and present, of the state commanderies. Its meetings are held annually at Philadelphia, which is regarded as the headquarters of the order.

There is a congress of the order constituted of the commander-in-chief, the recorder-in-chief and three delegates from each state commandery. This body assembles once in four years. It is a legislative body having power to revise the constitution and rules of the order.

The insignia of the order is a cross of eight points, gold and enamel, with rays forming a star, pendant from a red, white and blue ribbon. In the center is the inscripton, "Lex Regit, Arma Tuenter," Law Rules, Arms Defend. On the other side is "M. O. Loyal Legion U. S., MDCCCLXV." Each member has a diploma which, with the insignia, bears a number corresponding to that of the sequence in which he is registered on the rolls of the order. A rosette or button of red, white and blue is worn for recognition. There is no uniform, but on occasions of ceremony members may wear the uniform of their rank in the service.

In each state commandery at its various meetings "papers," as they are called, are read by members appointed for the purpose. The "papers" are histories of campaigns, of battles or of isolated events in the war, or they may be essays on war topics or may be varied in

other respects. I venture to say that, if all the "papers" read in the various commanderies since their organization should be compiled and judiciously edited, they would form a library of war literature unequaled in interest by any similar collection in the world. Many of these "papers" have the force of style displayed in Cæsar's Commentaries on his own campaigns; some have the epigrammatic brilliancy of Macaulay's best rhetoric. They form a mine of knowledge from which the future historian may extract the most valuable materials for his work, which will endure to all time.

There can be no greater history—no more important and instructive chapter in the annals of nations can be written—than is contained in the records of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. Our great names—those of Grant, of Farragut, of Sherman and Sheridan, are as splendid as any in the world. In our own commandery names can be recited, those of the living and those of the dead, who were heroes, who fought with unexcelled bravery on many battlefields, and who commanded troops with patriotic valor, skill and discretion. Many sitting before me participated in actions during the Civil War where more men were killed in a single charge lasting twenty minutes than were killed during the entire late war with Spain, including the casualties in the Philippines. Their deeds add luster to the name of this order; their deeds add luster to the story of American arms.

The comparison of the Loyal Legion with the Society of the Cincinnati is a natural suggestion. But along the arches of immortal fame, none of the illustrious names on the muster rolls of the Society of the Cincinnati, except that of Washington alone, shall be emblazoned above the illustrious names on the muster rolls of the Order of the Loyal Legion. The Society of the Cincinnati was formed to commemorate the events of the war to establish the American Union and to establish the institutions of American liberty. The Order of the Loyal Legion was formed to commemorate the events of the war by which the American Union and the institutions of American liberty were preserved from overthrow. The services of the members of this order were no less useful, were of no less vital importance to the country and to mankind than were those of the founders of the Republic. If the Republic was worth creating it was more than worth saving. Our laurels, the laurels of every member of the Loyal Legion in all its branches—the laurels of every soldier who imperiled his life for the Union, are a priceless possession; they form a wreath of imperishable glory.

E. A. CALKINS,
Lieutenant Colonel 3d Wisconsin Cavalry.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

An analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

In the periods immediately succeeding wars, whether great or small, the world always takes more interest in questions of organization, consequently we find in current military literature a great variety of articles on this subject. The most important of these relate to our coast artillery, our cavalry, our medical department, our navy (especially the engineers) and the British navy. They are as follows:

1. A Step Forward.—*Journal U. S. Artillery,* January-February.
2. Coast Artillery Organization.—*Same.*
3. Organization of the Personnel for the care of Electrical Apparatus at Posts.—*Same.*
4. Mounted Rifles.—*U. S. Cavalry Journal,* January.
5. The Medical Department of the U. S. Army Transport Service.—*Journal Military Surgeons,* January.
6. Conduct of the Naval Medical Officer During an Action.—*Same.*
7. How Best to Meet the Navy's Greatest Need.—*Proc. Naval Institute,* December.
8. Naval Administration.—*Same.*
9. The Question of Naval Engineers.—*Same.*
10. Conscription or Compulsory Volunteering.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* January.
11. Origin, Evolution and Future of the Personnel of the British Navy.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* January.
12. The Admiralty Scheme.—*United Service Magazine,* February.
13. The Royal Marines.—*Same.*
14. The New Organization of the Belgian Army.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* January 10.

15. The German Cavalry.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 46.

16. Shall the Canteen be Restored?—*Army and Navy Journal,* December 27 and January 17; *Army and Navy Register,* February 7.

17. Changes in the World's Armies.—*Internationale Revue,* January.

The *first* of these articles is a clear and strong presentation of the advantages which have been derived from the reorganization of the Artillery into a Corps and the appointment of a Chief of Artillery. The promotion of the chief to the grade of Brigadier General since this article was printed is not only well merited on the part of the present incumbent of the office, but was demanded on principle: the responsibilities involved were alone sufficient to warrant it.

The *second* article, by Captain Frank W. Coe, Artillery Corps, deserves careful consideration, in view of the fact that before long the Coast Artillery *must* be increased; if for no other purpose than to care for the material which is being installed as the new fortifications are being completed, and much more if the government desires to have its coast defenses efficient and properly prepared.

One of the most important points in the article is the contention that three reliefs are not necessary for our sea coast guns. In our opinion neither the Spanish War experience nor that of the maneuvers we have had furnish sufficient data to draw such a general conclusion in the face of the world's accepted view on the subject. We agree perfectly that the maneuvers seemed to indicate that one relief would be sufficient (except for certain special details and stations fully explained by the author), but it is not safe to go too far in drawing conclusions from limited experience, and in some of the recent naval maneuvers this very point was met by the Admiral's plan of attack; he divided his squadron into four divisions, which took turns in steaming by and bombarding the forts, so that each division had a long rest between actions, while the forts were kept busy all the time.

Coast Artillery differs from Field Artillery in that the former is always exposed to the enemy's attack and is on the defensive from the beginning, and must, in consequence, be prepared for attack at all times. A defect in organization or strength of garrison may therefore be fatal at the only point on the coast that the enemy may strike. It is wise to make perfectly sure before making a radical change, and in our opinion three reliefs are still necessary at the guns, and that force should be provided for war, at least until further experience proves it unnecessary.

Another important point in this paper is the question of the

command of a mortar battery. There is no doubt whatever in our minds that the whole battery should be a *unit,* but when the author says it is "a thing to be handled by the fire commander as he would handle one of several Gatling guns in a street fight," and that "The responsibilities which the commander of one of these units shoulders is about the same whether it be a battery of two 8-inch guns manned by eighty-two men, or a battery of sixteen mortars manned by 328 men," we must differ decidedly. The mortar battery is certainly as important and responsible a command as a battalion of infantry, and each pit corresponds in importance to a company of infantry. This does not mean that the *unit* of command idea need be lost sight of, but that the unit of organization should be determined by the men required for each pit, the range-finding and other details outside the pit corresponding exactly to the infantry battalion staff.

We have unduly emphasized these two points because they are practically the only ones on which we differ from the author. A careful study of the subject would certainly be timely for the Coast Artillery, because it will not be long ere we must make up our minds as to what is actually needed in the way of troops to man our guns and officers to command them, and Captain Coe has opened the way for the foundation of a rational system. Whether one or three reliefs are required for the guns, or whether a mortar battery is a proper command for a major or a captain, the author's arguments on the great points discussed are strong and conclusive, and these are (1) the necessity for a more flexible organization, other than a company of fixed strength, and determined by the guns and emplacement alone; (2) an increase of the strength of the Coast Artillery troops to give *one relief* for the armament now installed, and a future increase provided for to give *one relief* for the new armament as fast as it is completed; (3) observe sergeants (with, in our opinion, the rank and pay of electrician sergeants).

The *third* of the above papers is by Captain Henry C. Davis, the instructor in the Department of Electricity at the Artillery School, and outlines a system by which the electric plants at Coast Artillery posts may be properly cared for.

The article on *Mounted Rifles* is a very readable one, and constitutes a very sensible view on the question of mounted infantry.

Major Kilbourne's account of the *Medical Department of our Army Transport Service* is of interest and value to us all.

The *seventh* article is of vital importance to the navy, and cannot be too thoroughly studied. The need of the navy in officers was deeply impressed on us in our recent service with the navy in the Caribbean

Sea. The object of this paper is to indicate the best way to obtain the number and kind of officers required. To give an idea of the points raised in this paper we venture to summarize them: Increasing the capacity of the Naval Academy to 1,440 (the capacity of the quarters now building is 720); increasing the number of cadets at the academy to 2,000 for a few years only, "to make up for the neglect and short-sightedness of the past twenty years"; changing the entrance age limits to sixteen to nineteen (they are fifteen to twenty now), thus giving more uniform classes; and appointments by competitive examination only, whether made by Representative, Senator or the President, besides fifty at large by competition.

The article is far more comprehensive than this outline suggests and goes into the details of each course, the practical work at the academy, and the practice cruise at sea.

The *eighth* article is the second of Rear Admiral Luce's contributions on Naval Administration, referring to the navy's need of a real General Staff, "charged with the duty of preparing plans for naval campaigns, and of directing, under the Secretary of the Navy, the military operations of our several fleets and squadrons."

The purpose of the next article, on *The Question of Naval Engineers,* is best explained by the author's introductory remarks:

"A majority of the officers of the navy believe that the amalgamation of the line and the engineer corps in 1898 was the best solution of the difficulties laid before the board presided over by President Roosevelt, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. At the same time, it is probable that few officers are of the opinion that the present outlook is satisfactory and that matters should be left as they are."

This article should be read in connection with the *ninth* article under Military Education and Training, entitled "Against Combined Training," (*United Service Magazine,* February) from which it appears that the British are having similar difficulties.

The *tenth* article is a general discussion of the needs of Great Britain for the defense of the Empire, and changes necessary to obtain the requisite force on land.

The *eleventh* paper discusses the needs of the British navy in its personnel, and recommends the abolition of the Royal Marines, the Accountant Department and the Chaplains. The paper was discussed by Lord Charles Beresford and others. The next paper relates to the same subject, and its author is also opposed to the engineers of the navy having *command* aboard ship. The *thirteenth* article is an argument in favor of abolishing the Royal Marines.

The article on the German Cavalry considers the necessity for increasing this force, in view of the fact that the Triple Alliance can place but 449 squadrons on its eastern frontier, while Russia can assemble 711, and but 198 squadrons on its western frontier, to which France can oppose 236.

The articles on the Army Canteen are worthy of attention by our legislators. The army itself is as much interested in the good behavior, moral conduct and general efficiency of its members as any outside organization or individuals, and, we believe, know better what is best for the private soldiers. The sale of beer at the canteen is believed to be advantageous by those charged with the responsibility for the discipline and general conduct of the soldiers, and should therefore be allowed.

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

The articles on this subject are also quite numerous, and relate principally to drill and maneuvers:

1. The Cavalry School of Application at Sumner.—*U. S. Cavalry Journal,* January.

2. A New System of Infantry Drill.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* January 24, 31; February 7.

3. The New Infantry Drill Regulations.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* January 24, 31.

4. Thoughts About Cavalry.—*U. S. Cavalry Journal,* January.

5. Cavalry in Battle.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* January 24, 31.

6. Army Training School.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* January 17.

7. Drill Regulations for ten-in. and twelve-in. B. L. R.—*Journal U. S. Artillery,* January-February.

8. A Staff Ride as a Means of Military Education.—*United Service Magazine,* February.

9. Against Combined Training.—*Same.*

10. The Fort Riley Maneuvers, 1902.—*U. S. Cavalry Journal,* January.

11. The Maneuvers between the Navy and the Coast Artillery.—*Proc. Naval Institute,* December.

12. The Army and Navy Maneuvers as Viewed from Afloat.—*Same.*

13. German Naval Maneuvers.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* January.

14. Training of Gun Captains.—*Proc. Naval Institute,* December.

15. The Training of Landsmen.—*Same.*

16. The German Maneuvers of 1902.—*Internationale Revue, Suppl.* 46.

17. Naval War Game (Jane's).—*Scientific American Supplement*, January 31, February 7.

The *first* of these is by Captain T. B. Mott, Artillery Corps, Military Attaché at Paris, and gives a good account of the great French cavalry school derived from actual observation and inspection, illustrated by some good photographs.

In concluding, the author draws these lessons for our own service:

"There exists in and out of our army a belief not only that West Point is a magnificant school of horsemanship, but that the graduate of West Point is a better rider and horseman than the graduate of any other institution in the world. It makes no difference that the holders of this opinion have never been outside of American territory or had a chance to make the comparison, the opinion is prevalent, and it is pernicious, since any opinion which causes us to overrate ourselves is a bar to progress.

"Horsemanship may be considered as ability to ride, ability to train a horse for riding, and that general knowledge of the animal which fits the rider to get the best work out of his mount.

"An accomplished officer of cavalry or light artillery should be a horseman in all three senses of the word, and an instructor to boot. In our service, he may or he may not be, this depending wholly upon the individual, since we have no school where all mounted officers must necessarily accomplish a complete course in horsemanship.

"West Point is not such a school, and that we have no such school outside of West Point, is due to the prevalent belief at West Point and in the army at large, that the Military Academy sends out its graduates armed with a sufficient knowledge of horsemanship. The graduate himself, unfortunately, believes this more firmly than anybody else, and this is bad for him and bad for the service.

"What then is wrong? Our standard both of horses and horsemanship. The quality of horsemanship taught at West Point is all right, but the *extent* of the knowledge imparted is insufficient; as far as the training goes it is excellent; its insufficiency is entirely due to two causes, lack of time and lack of tools. If this insufficiency were known and acknowledged, there would be no danger for the service. Means would be provided to continue and perfect the work well and correctly begun; unfortunately the almost universal belief that the graduate is fully prepared to exercise the office of teacher to the horses and recruits of his regiment, bars the way to the rapid and

necessary progress he could make from being a good rough rider to being a capable horseman.

"How can it be improved? First, by having at West Point in addition to a sufficient number of the present type of horses for cadets to learn on, twenty perfectly trained thoroughbreds for riding hall work and twenty perfectly trained hunters for outside work; if this is impossible, ten of each. These horses should be ridden only by first classmen, and those who have not shown sufficient aptitude should not be given these horses till their last six months.

"A cadet who has ridden for one year such horses as these would have indelibly fixed for all time his standard of the type of horse proper for the service of a mounted officer; he would probably never be content until he owned one equally good, and to do so is well within his means.

"Riding such horses under the eye of a watchful master would exhibit every fault committed by the rider and show the latter, as only experience can, the standard he should aspire to in his work of training young horses himself.

"The French second lieutenant joins his regiment three years after entering St. Cyr, having devoted (1,500+720) 2,220 hours to learning riding, training and horsemanship; this on the very best horses of every class, with every accessory that money can buy, on all sorts of ground, over all kinds of obstacles, and directed by the most accomplished horsemen on the continent.

"The difference between 215 hours, devoted in three years to the American's instruction, and 2,220 hours, devoted during an equal period to the Frenchman's instruction, is rather glaring, and one must be inspired by an overwhelming contempt for the French race, and a prodigious ignorance of the French cavalry officer, if these figures and facts related above leave him convinced that the American cavalry officer has nothing to learn in France."

The *second* article, by Colonel Serjeant, commanding the 5th battalion, the Rifle Brigade, is a new infantry drill system.

"The following advantages are claimed for this system by the originator, viz., that:—

"(1) It is the most suitable yet originated from which to develop an infantry attack or counter attack, whether by small units or in force, because it involves as little sacrifice of time, energy and life as possible under the remarkable conditions of modern warfare.

"(2) It is equally satisfactory for the handling of men, whether in close or extended order, because it furnishes all the conditions

necessary to the thorough and efficient control of the men in both these formations.

"(3) It is applicable to mounted infantry.

"(4) It provides for the establishment of ready administrative control.

"(5) It embraces four important elements essential to the successful manipulation of infantry and mounted infantry, viz., simplicity, order, mobility and potentiality.

"The following is a brief general description of the system:

THE SUB-SECTION.

"(1) The sub-section consists of a row of five soldiers placed side by side, occupying, and equally dividing, five yards of frontage. It is numbered from right to left consecutively, viz., from one to five; No. 3, a corporal, acting corporal, or chosen man being its leader. The sub-section constitutes the tactical unit of the half-section and the minor tactical unit of the section

THE SECTION.

"(2) The section consists of four sub-sections placed parallel to each other, comprising twenty corporals (or acting corporals) and men, occupying, and equally dividing, an oblong space of five yards of frontage by four yards in depth. These sub-sections are numbered from front to rear, viz., one to four consecutively. The section is divided into two half-sections (each containing two sub-sections), termed "front" and "rear" half-sections. When detached from the section each half-section is commanded by its leading sub-section leader. Sub-sections Nos. 1 and 3 should contain the second scouts. The section is commanded by a sergeant or acting sergeant, and it constitutes the tactical unit both of the sub-division and half-company and the lesser tactical unit of the company."

The *third* paper relates to the new French infantry drill regulations of October 8, 1902, differing but little from those of 1901. In this new manual *part arms* and the *volley*, in firing, are abolished; one entire chapter is new, that of the *School of the Section.*

The *fourth* and *fifth* articles refer to the use of cavalry tactically, as well as to its training.

The *sixth* proposes a system for the training of minors to become private soldiers in the army, and the establishment of training schools for the purpose.

The *seventh* article explains itself. Captain Vestel, the author, has

given considerable attention to the subject, and there is no doubt but that the present Drill Regulations require modification at nearly all emplacements, and admit of improvement.

The *eighth* paper is on Staff Rides of Instruction, so generally resorted to on the continent to instruct officers in tactics, general staff duty, etc., and now ordered for all army corps, divisions and even regiments in the British Army. A staff ride is, in reality, solving a tactical problem in the field without troops, by actually riding over the theatre of operations with a class of officers under instruction, and discussing the phases of the problem as it progresses.

The *ninth* paper (already referred to) is an argument against the combined training of line (or executive) and engineer officers of the navy.

The paper on the Fort Riley maneuvers is taken from the excellent official report on the subject by Colonel A. L. Wagner.

The next paper is a complete account of the maneuvers between the navy and the coast artillery last September, from the coast artillery standpoint, while the following article is from the navy standpoint, by Lieut. Comdr. Roy C. Smith, who took a prominent part in preparing the Rules for the Maneuvers, and in the maneuvers themselves. The rules were remarkably good, considering that no previous attempt had been made to compare forts and ships in this way, and the fact that they were criticised only shows that both services were anxious to assist in improving and perfecting them for the future.

The article presents the main features of the mimic campaign in a thoroughly fair spirit, and the conclusions are practically what are admitted on all hands. The various attacks are set forth in their true light, and the results attained by the fleet are not exaggerated. The entire paper is an excellent study, especially for the coast artillery.

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

The articles on these subjects are comparatively few this month, and comprise:

1. The Campaign in Virginia, 1864-5.—*Internationale Revue, Beiheft,* 36.

2. Biographical Sketch of Emilia Aguinaldo.—*U. S. Cavalry Journal,* January.

3. Strategy and Tactics in Mountain Ranges.—*United Service Magazine,* February.

4. What has the Boer War to Teach us as Regards the Infantry Attack?—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* January.

5. Tactical Problem.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* January 17.

6. The Tactics of the Gun.—*Proc. Naval Institute,* December.

The *first* of these is a German study of our great campaigns at the close of the Civil War.

The *second* is an interesting sketch of Aguinaldo's life.

The *third* is really a discussion (by T. Miller Maguire, LL. D.) of the military geography of India, and more especially of Afghanistan. The introduction is interesting, and has food for though in it:

"It is almost vanity to dwell much longer on any strategic lessons from Europe. It has taught all that it can teach, and its day of pre-eminence among the continents is over. For certain reasons, ethnical, religious and commercial, and largely because it was difficult to shake off the sway which the Roman Empires, Western and Eastern, held over the imaginations of mankind, the peoples of Western Europe fancied that they had for ever established the predominance of their religions and their fashions and their arts, the latter two especially being, in my mind, paltry compared with the magnificent creations of the East. Even European manufactures and coarse industries depending on coal and iron and electricity will soon have not a chance of rivalling the products of Asiatic labor.

"As Napoleon pointed out a hundred years ago, there will be nothing of weight in Europe compared with Asia and America before the year 1950. Already the British on the western flank of Europe welcome the alliance of the Japanese on the eastern flank of Asia.

"When either the Panama or Nicaragua Canal is opened, the most stupendous strategic and commercial event in all history will have occurred, and the power of Europeans who dwell west of the Niemen will be gone forever. Even now they do not live on the produce of the soil, and their people emigrate with enthusiasm, in numbers far surpassing the southward migrations of the Goths. Eastward as well as westward the course of Empire takes its way. In order to turn the balance of European power, we do not go to the Rhine or the Danube, but to China. Fortunately, Canadian, Australian and Indian statesmen have foreseen all this—and the British occupy Esquimault, New Zealand, and Singapore.

"Modern inventions alone, without any reference to the innate natural force of the lands bounding the Pacific Ocean, would tend to displace Europe. The electric power of the St. Lawrence basin is already recognized, but that which will radiate from the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi may soon leave the Buffalo enterprise in the shade.

"Siberia has ten times the potentialities of wealth of every kind that are available in the whole Northern European plain.

"Massy and ponderous Africa, monstrous Australia and Southern America, with its forests and waterfalls, will assert an equality with Europe whenever roads, and better still, railroads, shall cross them in all directions and traverse their deserts and mountain ranges.'

"The advantages, on the other hand, which Europe derives from its backbone of mountains, its radiating rivers, and its generally well-balanced outline, are not as great now as they were when man was dependent exclusively on the resources furnished by nature.

"The case of Germany is rapidly becoming as bad as England. The Germans must acquire Asian and American soil of a temperate character, and also tropical land, and must become a great sea power, or its people must cease to marry.

"Every day confirms me in a doctrine which I have preached for years—that on Asia and the American side of the Pacific depends the future of all European peoples. Africa cannot help them very efficiently for a long time to come. I always like to have a good authority for my statements, and here is a summary of the views of the most competent contemporary German authorities:—

"'Germany is estranged from her mother-earth to a formidable extent" (Voight). She must import on a great scale, and she can only pay for her imports by a great export trade. "Here we are," writes Seering, "a people of nearly sixty millions, on a territory smaller than Texas, with a yearly increment of 800,000 souls, with a gigantic export industry and foreign trade, threatened in the highest degree by the policy of exclusion and annexation on which the world-empires have embarked." The facts of population (or emigration) point in the same direction, to the vital and primary importance of "overseas." Germany sent out five or six millions of her children in the nineteenth century, and lost them. Is she to send out twenty millions in the twentieth century, and lose them, too? If she is not to lose them, there must be German colonies for them to go to (Schmoller). Plantation colonies are also needed in tropical regions to grow the tropical products which Germany requires. From every point of view we come round to the same conclusion. Germany is absolutely dependent on foreign trade, and that trade cannot be regarded as secure unless protected by a great fleet.'

"Before twenty years have passed the routes of Xerxes, Alexander, Julian, and the Crusaders in the East will be as familiar as household words to the men in the street, and then the game players of the British Government will just begin to study them, and the enormous resources of the countries which they traverse. Such is the theory of Emile Réclus.

"It amuses me to read the elaborate debates in our local Parliament at Westminster about the paltriest futilities, such as antiquated and absurd minutiæ of education, or elaborate details of abortions of Home Rule and fantastic cures for tipplers; whereas, in point of fact, the acquisition of one Pacific island by New Zealand will have more influence on our future history than every bill which our local Parliament has passed for the past fifty years. The Manchurian Railway is of more fateful significance than all the military tomfoolery of Mr. Brodrick and his henchmen. In like manner, when we come to strategy, the tremendous maneuvers in Asia from the days of the Medes and Persians even to the Russian advance on Blagovestchensk, the fell incursions of Zenghes Khan from Mongolia to Russia and back to Pekin and the operations of Timurlane's 80,000 cavalry from Samarkland over the mountains and on to Delhi, make even the Franco-German War appear to be a mere trifling incident in the world's history."

The *fourth* article is by Colonel Von Lindenan, of the German General Staff, an article that appears to us of such great value that we will quote from it somewhat liberally:

"England found at the beginning of the war the truth of the old maxim that weapons which are not modern become the most expensive that can be used.

"And England's army had to learn yet another old truth on the battle-field, which had been forgotten in the changes of time. *Tactical formations are governed by fire effect, modern weapons govern modern formations.* Because England's old regiments did not understand at the beginning how to solve this problem of new formations, and did not recognize the fundamental principles which promised success even against modern firearms, they at first failed in their attacks, and their failure was the more readily brought about as they began their attacks under conditions which, in German opinion, did not seem to promise success. The defender had the advantage of the ground; that could not be altered. The advantage which the superiority of weapons could have given to the attacker was overlooked. Superiority in numbers was, indeed, assured; but this could have been turned to far greater use than was actually done. Everything accordingly turned on the skilful use of forces; but here again was failure. The British Army, trained for years past in savage warfare, and overconfident, experienced a very unpleasant surprise when first exposed to the effect of modern firearms in South Africa. But this effect of modern firearms would have been equally a surprise to the troops of

other armies. *In face of the conjoint rapid fire from the small-bore magazine rifle, and the quick-firing field gun, no army should have attempted the attack over the open smokeless battle-field.*

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"And it was only because the German infantry succeeded on its own initiative in throwing overboard the old attack formations during the campaign of 1870, formations which had cost it some of its best regiments in the early battles, that it was spared further sad experiences in the subsequent course of the war. But we all agree that the price at which our infantry bought their experiences was a very costly one. It must be admitted that those who maintained these losses should have been avoided, had due regard been paid to the experience gained by the troops in the battles of 1866, were justified in their criticisms. These lessons had simply been ignored.

"There appeared, in the year 1805, a book by Heinrich Dietrich v. Bülow, entitled 'Modern Tactics,' in which it was stated: *The battles of the future will be decided by the fire of the skirmishers.* Bülow also declares that the use of ground by skirmishers is extremely important, and even hints that creeping on the stomach should be carefully practised. 'How much blood would have been spared if the Prussian Grenadiers and Musketeers had only ventured to lie down when under the enemy's fire!' says General v. der Goltz, speaking of Rossbach and Jena.

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"It was only misfortune that brought the new formations of 1813 to the test. In contradistinction to this, the happy course of the war of 1866 caused the lessons which had been learnt, with regard to the employment of infantry to be forgotten and led to the costly sacrifices of 1870 already mentioned. Even when the splendid troops, in the course of the war of 1870 had shaken themselves free of the old and dead formations, and made the swarms of riflemen the principal fighting formation for infantry, 17 years in the feeling of victory passed by, and it was not until 1st September, 1888, regulations confirming the lessons learned in the battle-field itself were issued to the infantry."

Comparing the German and British drill regulations the author, after describing the British mode of attack in three lines,* and the advance of the first line, proceeds:

"The way in which the attack of the two following lines is carried

*Derived from the French, as is our own. J. P. W.

out in peace-time caused the action of the leading line to be continuously curtailed, and made the heavy onslaught of the second line chiefly an advance of drums, trumpets, and hurrahs.

"Still more questionable was the use made of the third line, which, in a defensive position, awaited the outcome of the fight in order to cover the retreat or take up the pursuit. The manner of employing fire was very different in the two regulations. The British preferred the volley, the German relied on the well-aimed individual fire of the marksmen. The small stress which was laid on the training of the individual men on the range was due to this view of the British, although the number of rounds allotted to each man in the year was amply sufficient for his proper training in marksmanship.

"With regard to the deployment of the shooting line, it was laid down in the British regulations that the interval between each man should be stated. A shooting line in single ranks arm to arm was contemplated in section 48. Close firing lines were nearly always made use of in the beginning of the war. It was only on the arrival of Lord Roberts in the country that more open formations were adopted.

"Finally, differences existed between the two regulations with respect to the opening of fire, which were afterwards to prove fateful on the South African battle-fields. Whilst sections I. 132 and 133 of our drill regulations, taken in conjunction with section 160 of *our* musketry instructions, define the limits of the short, medium, and distant ranges, short ranges being reckoned up to 600 metres and medium up to 1,000 metres, the British drew the line between short and medium ranges at 500, that is to say, about 460 metres. It therefore placed this range, in spite of the increased effect of firearms, 140 metres nearer the enemy. It is only under quite exceptional circumstances that firing ought to be opened at ranges over 800 yards (735 metres); accordingly, whereas medium ranges, according to British ideas, commenced 265 metres after ours, it was clear that the fire of British infantry opened at a later stage in the fight than would have been the case with us."

The *fifth* article is one of the usual tactical problems in the *Revue du Cercle Militaire,* most of which are worthy of study.

The *sixth* article is a tactical study of the use of guns aboard ship to obtain the best firing effect, and the fleet tactics best adapted to this end. The author (Lieut.-Comdr. Niblack) is well known as an authority in the Navy

WARSHIPS.

The articles enumerated under this head are only those of greatest interest to us, and comprise:

1. The Most Powerful Battleships of the Principal Powers.—*Journal U. S. Artillery,* January and February.

2. The Battleship Braunschweig.—*Jour. Royal United Service Institution,* January.

3. Trial of the Maine.—*Same.*

4. Submarine Torpedo Boats.—*Scientific American Supplement,* February 7.

5. Submarine Boats.—*Proc. Naval Institute,* December.

6. Operations of French Submarines.—*Journal U. S. Artillery,* January and February.

7. Changes in the World's Navies.—*Proc. Naval Institute,* December; *Internationale Revue,* January.

The *first* article (a translation from *Armée et Marine*) sets forth what may be called the philosophy of recent naval constructions, and presents (fully illustrated by diagrams) the characteristics of the following recent battleships: Benedetto Brin, Regina Margherita, Vittorio Emanuele, Regina Elena, the Wittesbach class, the Georgia class and the design for our new battleships, the Duncan class, the Queen, the King Edward VII class, the Hatsuse class, the Tavrichesky, the Borodino, and the Republique.

The *second* article, an account of the trial of the Maine, is particularly interesting on account of the recommendations of the Board as to the proper way of conducting speed trials. The Maine made 18 knots.

The *third* article describes the 13,200-ton battleship Braunschweig, launched on December 20, 1902. The heaviest guns are 11-inch, and the belt armor between barbettes is 9-inch, the turrets 10-inch.

The *fourth* article is a very complete description of submarines, fully illustrated, including the Adder, Holland, Gustave Zédé, Gymnote, Goubet's, the Turkish Nordenfelt, and a few old types to illustrate the development of the subject.

The *fifth* article is the same paper as the *fourth.*

The *sixth* describes the operations of the French submarines in recent maneuvers, at Cherbourg and Ajaccio.

The *last* articles are mentioned merely to indicate where the latest information on changes in the world's navies are to be found.

MILITARY GEOGRAPHY.

A few interesting articles on this subject have appeared:

1. A question of exchange in the Mediterranean.—*Journ. Royal United Service Institution,* January.

2. Australian Naval Defence.—*United Service Magazine,* February.

3. Imperial Federation.—*Same.*

4. Bizerta—*Journ. Royal United Service Institution,* January.

5. The Position of Italy in the Mediterranean.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 46.

The *first* of these is a very interesting article, and contains some historical facts that many of us have probably forgotten, therefore we venture to quote a few extracts:

"Much has been said and written lately about the question of naval docks at Gibraltar. The primary object of these docks in time of war would be to keep up the speed of the fleet in adjacent waters by affording opportunity to the ships of having their bottoms cleaned. The repair of minor injuries received in action could also be carried out, but heavy pieces of work entailing large forgings, etc., would necessitate the vessels being sent home.

"Gibraltar has belonged to Great Britain since 1704, and it seems somewhat unfortunate that the construction of docks has only been undertaken when they are no longer safe from the fire of a possible enemy. There is no doubt that the docks at present being constructed on the west side are exposed to the fire of a long-range artillery from the Spanish mainland adjoining the bay. To protect this dock from the eastern gales it would be necessary to construct immense breakwaters, in deep soundings, at a cost of many millions of pounds. A very serious problem presents itself. Can we obtain the strategical objects aimed at in a more complete and satisfactory manner by any other means?

"The answer appears to be Yes, if we will give up Gibraltar to Spain in exchange for other territory.

"Many people are in favor of exchanging Ceuta, the opposite Pillar of Hercules for the Rock, in the belief that docks could be constructed there where our ships could repair and refit in safety. This is not the case.

"An examination of a chart or map of the country near Ceuta will show that the peninsula, from a military point of view, is much the same as Gibraltar, with its faults intensified.

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"No place in the western waters of the Mediterranean seems to meet the case better than Minorca, with its magnificnt harbor of Port Mahon.

"An examinaion of a large scale map will show that Port Mahon offers great facilities for the construction of docks secure from attack. The harbor consists of an arm of the sea, about three miles long, with deep water creeks running off it on both sides, and two or three islands in the middle. Its width averages about half a mile. There is excellent anchorage for a large number of the heaviest battle-ships, the holding ground consisting mostly of sand, shells, and gravel. Along its sides run hills protecting it from fire, and offering sites for forts with a good command of the surrounding country. The highest points of these hills are at the entrance to the harbor, where the old Fort St. Philip and the modern and powerful La Mola deny the passage.

"If there are no engineering objections, Port Mahon thus appears to be an ideal place for the construction of dry docks. Its position is about six hundred miles from Gibraltar, which may at first seem an objection, but further examination will show that it is in a grand naval strategical position. It lies, more or less, at the centre of a circle, on the circumference of which are the great naval ports of Cartagena, Toulon, Genoa, and Spezzia. Should the fleets of possible enemies be attempting to combine for any of these ports, no better naval base could be asked for than Port Mahon for a blockading fleet. It also lies in a direct line between Toulon and Algeria, and would menace the communication between the south of France and that great French colony.

"Minorca was captured by the British four years later than Gibraltar, *i. e.*, in 1708, after little resistance. We held it, with great advantage to the fleet, till 1756. In this year a great French expedition was planned against it. The British fleet was enticed away on other work. Then the Duc de Richelieu, with fifteen thousand men in a hundred and twenty transports, convoyed by La Galissonière with twelve sail of the line, laid siege to Port Mahon, in which was a meagre garrison under General Blakeney.

"They held out most gallantly in Fort St. Philip for seventy days, but eventually capitulated with the honors of war. It was during this siege that the relief was attempted by Byng, without success. For this he was superseded and eventually tried by court-martial and shot.

"In 1763 we regained Minorca by exchanging it for Cuba and the Philippines, so recently lost by Spain to the United States of America. We once more lost Minorca, after a memorable siege, in 1782. On this occasion the expedition started from Cadiz, under the Duke of

Crillon, as if to attack the British West Indies, but turning round, slipped through the straits and sailed for Minorca, where they landed eight thousand men. General Murray, the Governor, retired into Fort St. Philip with his small force of four regiments, and did not surrender until it had been reduced by scurvy and other diseases to six hundred.

"Minorca capitulated to Sir Charles Stuart in 1798, after the battle of the Nile, but in 1802 the then Government, thinking Malta sufficient for our wants in the Mediterranean, ceded it to Spain under the treaty of Amiens.

"This proposed exchange of Gibraltar for other territory is one of old standing, having been proposed by several Ministries. As far back as 1757, Pitt proposed its restoration to Spain in exchange for Minorca. No doubt that great statesman saw that, from one point of view, Gibraltar is a weakness to Great Britain. It is the bait which could be held out to Spain by any Power wishing to induce her to join an alliance against us. Spain may not appear to be a very favorable antagonist at present, but the use of the ports of Ferrol and Cartagena would be of great assistance to the alliance.

"To sum up, the advantages to be gained by the exchange would be:—

"1. A superior strategical position in the Mediterranean.

"2. The provision of docks in a secure position at Port Mahon, at less cost than in Gibraltar.

3. More friendly relations with Spain."

The *second* and *third* of the above articles refer to the questions of Australia's proper contributions to the British Navy, and of her federal union with the mother country.

The *fourth* relates to France's great new naval base in Algeria, giving an account of the works under construction there, with a plan of the port and its vicinity, and a sketch of the arsenal at Sidi Abdallah.

The *fifth* article takes up the question of Italy's strategic position again (as a member of the Triple Alliance) and considers the strength and value of her navy now and in 1906.

SMALL ARMS AND EQUIPMENTS.

There are but four articles on this subject, three of which relate to the automatic pistol and one to the lance:

1. Automatic Colt Pistol.—*U. S. Cavalry Journal,* January.
2. Automatic Pistol, Borchardt-Luger System.—*Same.*

3. Comments on the Luger Automatic Pistol.—*Same.*

4. The Lance as a Weapon for Cavalry.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* January.

The *first two* of these articles are descriptive, and are fully illustrated, while the *third* contains comments on the Luger pistol by a number of cavalry officers, giving the results of their experience with it.

The *fourth* article brings up the question of the lance again, and since Russia has just decided to give up this weapon (except for the front rank) it may be interesting to follow the author's arguments.

After stating in full all the advantages, real and ideal, claimed for the lance, the author emunerates a long list of disadvantages and reaches the following conclusions:

"The friends of the lance are pursuing a phantom, and are deceived by appearances. The lance can be opposed successfully; Charles XII. found out how to deal with the lances of his innumerable enemy.

"It is largely a matter of nervousness; one man may feel it more than another. But he who is nervous before a lance will be equally so if he be armed with one. It is the picture of that 'serried rank of steely points' that appalls—and we can show that this need not be so. In Germany every attempt is made to keep the ranks closed as far as possible. To meet lancers successfully they must be opposed by troops of equal value. The inferior men will always come off worse. The object in view is to force gaps in the opposing line of lancers for the swordsmen."

The author then states the measures to be taken to oppose the lance and continues:

"The successes of Charles XII. were won by the splendid qualities of the Swedish cavalry against overwhelming numbers of irregular lancers. These qualities are the secrets of his successes.

"In 1889, when the lance was brought into the German Service, the French *Revue de Cavalerie* supported its adoption in France simply on the ground of following others. One must always bear in mind that the chief argument for the lance is the *moral impression* it arouses, and that this is obtained only by the weapons of the front rank, and that its great drawbacks exist chiefly in its adoption by the rear rank; also that the remaining drawbacks are, to a certain extent, avoided by arming only the front rank with them. But there is no argument for arming only lancer regiments with the lance. It is either all or nothing.

"*Seidlitz* is quoted in conclusion. In the charge it is a matter of

indifference what weapon the soldier carries. The chief thing is that *he should be well mounted*; and he should bear in mind the unshakeable resolution to ride down his enemy with his horse's breast. In the mêlée the sword and mace are the only weapons practicable."

"This riding-down can also be effected in open fighting, especially with well-trained horses and where an enemy can be charged obliquely.

"The freedom of movement of the swordsman in the mêlée is not restricted by his weapon; and this should be used incessantly in single combat against lancers. A passive attitude leads to the swordsman's undoing. The success of the lance is due to poor swordsmanship.

"In Russia the question of the lance has again been brought forward. General Dochturov stated that many years back, when the question was first raised: 'The arming of the cavalry for the charge is of little value. A badly trained body of poor armed horsemen will always be inferior to an armed but bold and well-mounted enemy.'

"Colonel de Witte declares 'that changes, and many of them, may come about in the arming of cavalry; and we need not be at all surprised that if the whole Russian cavalry were to adopt the lance, the Germans should discard it immediately.' "

ARTILLERY AND FORTIFICATION.

The following are the principal articles under this head:

1. Formula for determining the deviating effect of wind.—*Jour. U. S. Artillery*, January and February.

2. The S. S. Nautical Range Finder.—*Army and Navy Journal*, December 27.

3. The 16-inch Army Gun.—*Same*, January 24.

4. French Rapid Fire Field Artillery.—*Journ. U. S Artillery*, January and February.

5. Field Guns at the Instant of Firing.—*Same*.

6. Armor, Projectiles, and Military Explosives.—*Jour. U. S. Artillery*, January and February.

7. New Designations for Smokeless Powders and Explosives.—*Same*.

8. New Explosives and Powders in Italy.—*Same*.

9. Electricity in Permanent Sea Coast Defenses.—*Same*.

10. The Torpedo Virator.—*Jour. Royal United Service Institution*, January.

11. Rapid Fire Field Guns at the Düsseldorf Exposition.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 46.

12. The Mode of Combustion of Modern Powders.—*Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift*, 1.

13. Sights for field-guns (latest Krupp).—*Same.*

14. Steel projectiles and shields for field-guns.—*Same.*

15. Loss of energy in firing, by loss of heat given to the weapon. —*Same.*

The *first* of these is a solution of a difficult problem in ballistics by Major Whistler of the Artillery.

The *second* is a description of a new range finder for use aboard ship. It is a mathematical and mechanical device for obtaining immediately and simply by inspection the result of what is known as Buckner's method, which consists in measuring the angle between the visible horizon and the water line of the object, the range of which is required. Its construction and use are similar to those of the sextant.

The *third* article relates to the new army 16-inch gun, recently tested at Sandy Hook:

"The successful trial of the 16-inch rifle at Sandy Hook on Saturday, January 17, has converted into advocates for such ordnance many in and out of the Ordnance Corps, who were at least doubtful as to the expediency of building guns of this caliber. The big gun not only realized the most sanguine expectations concerning it, but it furnished a complete vindication of the accuracy of the advance calculations of Col. J. M. Ingalls, U. S. A., retired, as to what it would accomplish, which had been called in question by foreign experts. The greatest elevation of the gun on the proof carriage is four degrees. Taking the initial velocity of the 2,400 pound shot at 2,300 f. s., the computation by Ingalls's formula, gave a theoretical range at this elevation of 6,387 yards. In the trial of the gun, observations from the base end stations showed an actual range of 6,350 yards, or within 37 yards of the computed range; a difference of less than six-tenths of one per cent. Ingalls computed the extreme range, with the same weight of shot and the same initial velocity, at 20.9 miles. Allowing the same per cent. of difference, and the maximum range should be 20.691 miles, or one-half of the distance between Washington and Annapolis. The Artillery will be delighted to find Ingalls's formulas so reliable. Foreign ballastic experts claimed that his calculations were some miles in excess of the possibilities of the gun.

"When the 16-inch gun was fired with an elevation of 1 degree, 25 min., it ranged 2,500 yards. The loss in velocity of the 16-inch projectiles for the first 450 feet was not over 17 feet, or about four per cent. of the velocity over the same initial space of 450 feet. This is due to a fact which should be emphasized in this connection, this is,

that sectional density, or ratio of weight of projectile to area of cross section, increases with the caliber. Comparing the sectional densities of the 12-inch and the 16-inch projectile, both of the same form, we find that they stand in the ratio of eight to twelve in favor of the 16-inch. The maximum ordinate of the 16-inch projectile for a range of one and one-half miles may be rightly stated at ninety feet. The danger space for a battleship includes this entire distance of one and one-half miles from the muzzle, and over the arc of a circle traversed by the gun.

"This is a great gain in effectiveness over the 12-inch gun, and the Chief of Ordnance, General Crozier, is quite correct when he states that the successful performance of the 16-inch gun at Sandy Hook, if it does not lead to the manufacture of more guns of like caliber, will at least result in the building of a gun of caliber intermediate between the 16-inch and the 12-inch, or say 14 or 15 inches. This intermediate gun will probably be the next in order. All artillerists know what flat trajections signify, and the value of the recorded performance of the new gun.

"We heartily congratulate Colonel Farley, we hope by the time this article is read, General Farley, on the triumphant conclusion of the great task he has had at Watervliet in completing this gun. It will be a monument to him and to all who have had any part in the conception, progress and completion of the work now so happily brought to a conclusion. General Crozier is quoted as saying at the conclusion of the trial at Sandy Hook: 'The tests that have been made to-day have demonstrated that if guns like this are ever needed by this country they can be turned out successfully here. When a gun has handled the largest charge of smokeless powder ever put into a gun, as this one has, it is safe to say that it is an absolute success. Everything has worked to our satisfaction.' "

The *fourth* article contains a detailed description of the new French field gun, illustrated by diagrams giving the nomenclature of all the parts.

The *fifth* article reproduces photographs of the three latest types of rapid-fire field pieces at the instant of firing, and illustrated graphically the advantages of the system in which the gun recoils on its carriage, instead of the carriage recoiling on the ground.

The *sixth* is an excellent article by Captain Jamieson, Ordnance Department, on the work of his department at the Proving Grounds, and on modern armor, projectiles and explosives, illustrating by the trial of the army 12-inch rifle and the Gathmann gun, using explosive

D or maximite and guncotton, respectively, as the bursting charge. The article is well illustrated.

The *seventh* article is timely, and will probably lead to the adoption of some general system of nomenclature by all the nations.

The *eighth* article describes the new Italian powder *Pertite,* which is merely a form of picric acid, with some improvements in the process of manufacture.

The *ninth* article on "Electricity in Permanent Sea-coast Defenses," by Major Goethals of the Engineers, is of great interest to the Coast Artillery especially, but is also of use to the general reader. Electricity is coming more and more into play, and already the coast forts need expert electricians to assist them in taking care of the electrical plants.

The *tenth* article describes an invention by a Norwegian naval officer, which is of great value.

The ordinary torpedo, with permanently deflected gyroscope, will, after turning through the angle for which it was deflected (30, 45, 90, etc., degrees), move straight ahead, but by this invention the rudder is kept hard aport (or starboard) for some time after the torpedo turns through this angle, so that, instead of moving straight ahead, the torpedo keeps turning till it is *in the original line of sight* (along the longer axis of the torpedo boat, in the direction of the target).

Now, according to the old method, the distance of the target from the torpedo boat must be accurately estimated, or the torpedo will miss it, but with this improvement, since the torpedo finally runs *along the line of sight,* the range makes no difference.

The invention has been tested at the Norwegian naval proving grounds at Horten, and proved efficient.

A torpedo boat with two torpedo tubes, one with the torpedo gyroscope deflected 30 degrees to the right, the other 30 degrees to the left, can thus have all-round fire.

The *eleventh* article describes and illustrates the Ehrhardt field and mountain guns, with and without shields, at the Düsseldorf Exposition.

The *twelfth* article is a mathematical discussion of the mode of combustion of the modern smokeless powders, and constitutes a valuable contribution to ballistics.

The *thirteenth* article is an excellent article, illustrated by drawings and photographs, on the latest forms of Krupp sights for field guns. It is a study in itself, and reveals great progress in this subject.

MILITARY HYGIENE.

The following articles are explained by their titles:

1. Experiences of the British Army Medical Services in the War in South Africa.—*Journal Military Surgeons,* January.

2. Character Study in the Examination of Persons for Military Service.—*Same.*

3. Report of Cases of Bolo Wounds.—*Same.*

4. Some practical Suggestions on Tropical Hygiene.—*Same*

5. Surra.—*U. S. Cavalry Journal,* January.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. The Airship of L'Hoste.—*Scientific American Supplement,* February 14.

2. The New Lance Boat of the German Army.—*U. S. Cavalry Journal,* January.

3. The Svea Hill-climbing Bicycle.—*Scientific American Supplement,* February 7.

4. The Means of Military Communication and Transportation.—*Internationale Revue,* Supplement 46.

The Company Cart.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* January.

6. The Present State of Wireless Telegraphy.—*Scientific American Supplement,* January 31.

7. War Dogs.

8. Peoples of the Pacific.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* January.

9. Breeding in Canada of Horses for Army Use.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* January.

The only article we have space left to treat of more fully is the one on the company cart, a result of experiences in South Africa:

"In these days, when mobility and decentralization are so much sought after, I often think much might be done to make a company more self-supporting. Under present arrangements no company can have its regimental headquarters for even one night without first indenting on the transport department or on the regimental transport officer for a wagon to take out its kits, rations, etc.; or even if a section is required to go out as a picket, the same steps have to be gone through to procure a pack-mule to carry out their blankets. Now, all this is against mobility, and might be simplified by giving each company (when in service) its own cart with four mules; and though

the expenses might be a trifle more than under existing arrangements, yet the comfort and the efficiency of the men would far out-balance this small outlay. No one but a company officer knows what a difference to his men's comfort such a cart would be. During the early part of the present war, in Natal, infantry regiments had only one water-cart allowed them. These carts hold about enough water for the supply of four companies, so it can be imagined how often a company officer saw his men returning from the cart with the old story 'No water left.'

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"Having, I trust, now shown the need of a cart of some sort, let me state what I consider would be the most useful general type of cart for this purpose, and unhesitatingly I say the 'Scotch cart,' so well known in South Africa, is *par excellence* the best for this purpose. For those who are not acquainted with this cart I would explain that it is a two-wheeled box cart, fitted with a Cape brake and drawn by four mules, with pole draught; it carries 1,000 lbs. weight. The only addition that I propose making to this cart is to fit in two small galvanized iron tanks below the body of the cart, but not coming below the axle-tree (one being in front and one behind the axle-tree, and filled through funnels on each side). These tanks should hold six gallons of water each, which allows about one pint for every man in the company, and when full would weigh about 75 lbs. each. I think also that a raised seat might be added to the cart for the driver and the soldier in charge of the cart and the water supply, as a raised seat gives more space in the body of the cart. In this cart I would carry the following articles, viz.:

80 great coats,	weight	640	lbs.
4 camp kettles,	"	36	"
1 axe,	"	7	"
1 water bag (canvas)	"	4	"
2 boxes ammunition,	"	160	"
2 tanks of water	"	150	"
Total,		997	

"Although 100 is the usual paper strength of a company, 80 is nearer the marching strength. Of course, the usual regimental baggage wagons would be required to carry the men's blankets, spare kits, etc., but one wagon less will be required owing to the greatcoats and

part of the cooking utensils being on the company carts. Again, the company carts can be utilized to take out the blankets, etc., to the companies on outpost, and so relieve the regimental wagons of this extra work. A company supplied with a company cart can at once settle down either in camp or on outpost, where teas can at once be cooked, and if it is wet or cold the men have their greatcoats ready at hand to put on, instead of having to wait about in the cold, sometimes for hours, before their things arrive. With the water-tanks on the cart there will always be a ready supply of water for the teas or to cook the dinner. I propose putting small pack saddles on the two leading mules, which would in no way interfere with the draught, and could be used if a section or any small party is required to go out to any place where the cart could not accompany them."

OUR EXCHANGES.

Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.—*Monthly, 22 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London, S. W. Per year 24s.*

Army and Navy Gazette.—*Weekly, 3 York Street, Covent Garden, London. Per year £1 12s. 6d.*

Military Mail.—*Weekly, 2 Amen Corner, E. C., London, England. Per year 8s. 8d.*

Notes on Naval Progress.—*Occasional, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.*

Journal of the Military Service Institution.—*Bi-monthly, Governor's Island, New York City. Per year* $4.00.

Journal of the U. S. Cavalry Association.—*Quarterly, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Per year* $2.00.

Army and Navy Journal.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $6.00.

Army and Navy Magazine.—*Monthly, Washington, D. C. Per year* $3.00.

Army and Navy Register.—*Weekly, Washington, D. C. Per year* $3.00.

American Shipbuilder.—*Weekly, 7 Coenties Slip, Water Street, New York City. Per year* $2.00.

Journal of the Association of Military Surgeons.—*Monthly, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Per year* $5.00.

Revue du Cercle Militaire.—*Weekly, 37 Rue de Bellechasse, Paris. Per year 27 fr.*

Scientific American.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $3.00.

The Literary Digest.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $3.00.

The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News.—*Fortnightly, Calcutta, India. Price per year* 15*s.*

Our Naval Apprentice.—*Monthly, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I. Price per year* $1.50.

United Service Magazine.—*Monthly,* 13 *Charing Cross, S. W. London. Per year 27s.*

Internationale Revue.—*Monthly, Blasewitzer Strasse* 15, *Dresden. Per quarter* 8 *fr.*

Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute.—*Quarterly, Annapolis, Md. Price per year,* $3.50.

Journal of the U. S. Artillery.—*Bi-monthly, Fort Monroe, Va. Price per year,* $2.50.

Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift.—*Ten numbers a year, Kochstrasse 68-71, Berlin, S. W., Germany. Price per year,* 10 marks ($2.50).

NAVAL LEGISLATION IN THE SECOND SESSION OF THE FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

It remains for subsequent Congresses to determine the motive of the unanimous consent to the continuation of the building programme of the Navy of the United States that is the most remarkable feature of the naval legislation of the second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress. Whether an appreciation of the duty of the Navy as the police force and guardian of the Western Hemisphere has come, or whether the approval of the propositions of the Committee on Naval Affairs was a transitory effect of the Venezuelan episode, the passage of the Naval Appropriation bill through the House of Representatives was unprecedented in its tranquillity, and the bill remains, after passage, practically in the semblance in which it left the committee room.

There is reason for hope that the motive first suggested is really in effect. The United States has built navies for war purposes. Congress agreed to the inception of the new Navy as a matter of national pride and has assented to its development as an aid to American shipbuilding. But it has never assented to the theory of an adequate ocean police force until the immediate present.

It is probably true that the building programme of last year was planned as the sole work of the Fifty-seventh Congress in that line. Even up to the beginning of this session of Congress, it was safe to predict opposition to further authorizations, with the chances strongly that the opposition would be successful. The events of the winter have changed all that, possibly changed the underlying theory of the country with respect to the Navy, and the lesson may make it possible to ultimately possess for each of the great strategic stations a squadron of the number of battle units the importance of each station may demand, with their auxiliary vessels complete.

The Naval Appropriation bill of the present session, which contains practically all the constructive naval legislation that will be effected this year, is to the parliamentarian an extremely interesting example. No measure in the history of the House has more completely evidenced the domination of the committee room. The Congressional Committees of Appropriation and Naval Affairs have never

been so closely in touch with the Navy Department. The Secretary of the Navy went directly from the room of the former committee to his bureau. He carried with him the view point from which the Committee on Appropriations regards department appropriations. Moreover, he carried with him the unquestioning faith of the members of the House in his judgment of matters of necessity. The Committee on Naval Affairs practically accepted every point on which the Secretary of the Navy made a statement of actual need and the Committee on Appropriations and the House, upon the statement of the Naval Committee of the findings of the Secretary, approved appropriations and programme, including the increase of the personnel and the materiel.

So complete a reliance on the judgment of the Secretary of the Navy is more than a great compliment; it is a great responsibility.

Thus it developed that legislation, which, if its spirit is followed, will create an adequate Navy, adequately equipped, was completed in a committee room, attached to an appropriation bill and approved by the House of Representatives, practically by unanimous consent.

The most pregnant of the matters of new legislation was not such, strictly speaking. Technically, the authorization of three first-class battleships and one armored cruiser was germane to the bill. Actually, and from any theory previously held by Congress, the authorization was a departure. In the completion of the work already authorized, the American shipyards have sufficient building to warrant Congress in postponing further authorizations. For purposes previously contemplated in connection with the Navy of the United States, the time required for the completion of the previous authorizations would have warranted the Fifty-seventh Congress in following the plan of the Fifty-sixth and in making but one set of authorizations in its life. The act was extraordinary and must be taken:

a. As an emergency measure, or,

b. As the inception of navy-building with a definite purpose and upon a definite programme.

With the Naval Committee there is no doubt that "b" is the case. With the majority of the members of the House, it is largely a matter of "a" with a strong tendency toward "b," dependent on the course of events.

As showing a minor matter of policy, the remainder of the building programme is of interest. The Navy is definitely committed to the policy of training landsmen and apprentices on sailing ships. Two steel ships and one wooden brig to be propelled by sail are authorized. Economy in operation, capability to remain a longer time at sea

and away from large ports, and the alertness resulting from work aloft carried the proposition against the obsolete nature of a large part of the instruction that must necessarily be given. A member of the House argued against the authorization with much disadvantage to his argument for want of technical information, but the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy outbore the objection. It is understood that as between the training ships and a new gunboat, the Secretary was strongly in favor of the former.

Technically, the new legislation in the bill is that providing for an increase in the commissioned personnel. Actually, of course, it is merely the consequence of authorization of new ships. It is provided that there shall be allowed at the Naval Academy two midshipmen for each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress, two for the District of Columbia and five each year at large. This provision, if accepted by the Senate, will supersede all previous legislation. Instead of one midshipman from each Representative district, there will be two; instead of two midshipmen from each State at large, there will be four, two appointed by each Senator; and instead of the Presidential appointments, by which ten midshipmen are maintained at the Academy, there will be five Presidential appointments each year, these to include appointments to vacancies created by graduation, etc., in the present ten Presidential appointments.

To make room for the additional number of officers to be graduated under this provision and to prevent a "bunch" in promotions, the bill provides for thirty additional lieutenant-commanders, fifty additional lieutenants, and such total numbers of lieutenants of junior grade and ensigns as may qualify under existing law and the provisions of the act. This provision for the future is based on the estimates of the Department, on the experience of the Navy, and, so far as events and the course of promotion can be foreseen, it is believed that it will prevent a stagnation in promotion and will provide for an increase of rank in fair proportion to age and length of service. Twenty-five per cent. of the increase in the grades of lieutenant-commander and lieutenant is to be available each year, and it is expected that the first results of the increase in the number of midshipmen will be satisfactorily handled.

But there is no question that further legislation must be effected to take care of the increase in the personnel when the results of the policy of doubling the number of the midshipmen are fully realized, and the present increase in the two grades above mentioned must be regarded as only a preliminary to a future very considerable increase in these and the higher grades.

The provision for the increase in the number of midshipmen is by no means a simple proposition as it comes from the House, for it has been complicated by an eleventh hour amendment which gives its meaning necessity for careful construction, and may have played havoc with the plans for preventing stagnation in promotion. The original provision is as follows:

"There shall be allowed at the Naval Academy two midshipmen for each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress, two for the District of Columbia, and five each year at large: Provided, That the additional Congressional appointments authorized by this act shall be made at such times as may be determined by the Secretary of the Navy, who shall equitably distribute the increase among the several States, Districts and Territories, so that ultimately, if practicable, each Senator, Representative and Delegate may recommend for appointment during each Congress one midshipman."

Thus far the provision as framed by the committee and upon the basis of the computations of the Bureau of Navigation as to the number of midshipmen who could be successfully handled in classes at the Academy, and whose introduction into the service could be arranged without stagnation in promotion. The further proviso was added in the House that:

"Provided further, That immediately upon the passage of this Act, each Senator, Representative and Delegate who has not had an appointment during the Fifty-seventh Congress, or in whose State, Territory or District a vacancy shall exist on or before March fourth, nineteen hundred and three, shall be permitted to recommend one midshipman to the said Naval Academy."

Until this complicating provision becomes a part of the completed Act, it would lead to confusion to attempt its analysis or to endeavor to point out in what respects it would change the computations which have been made in the effort to secure the amalgamation of an increased number of officers without creating disadvantages in promotion.

Back of the proposition is a complication which exists under the law as it stands at the present writing. In the redistricting of the states under the apportionment law, based on the census of 1900, a large number of midshipmen now at the Academy were transferred into new districts. The members representing these districts had anticipated making nominations under the present law on March 5 of this year. But the midshipman is credited, not to the district from which he was appointed, but to the district in which he has a residence, so that it has happened in a number of cases that a Representative is

accredited with a midshipman whom he did not appoint and is deprived of an appointment which he expected to make.

Again, there are cases in which midshipmen having failed to keep up with their class have resigned and their reappointment was desired. Either a member who was not re-elected, or a member whose district was changed, desired to make the re-appointment. The provision last quoted was intended to provide a remedy for both of these conditions, and received support on that ground without much inquiry whether the effect would be to interfere with the successful working out of the very serious problems involved.

It is not probable that the Naval appropriation bill will be enacted before March 4. With the end of that legislative day, the Fifty-seventh Congress ceases to exist and members who have not beeen re-elected will cease to be "Senators, Representatives and Delegates." Unless a previous designation is made to take effect on the passage of the bill, it is probable that the right of designation would be lost to members who have not been re-elected.

Thus the number of designations to the coming class at Annapolis is entirely problematical, and any computation as to the number of commissioned officers who will enter the service as the first result of the increase in the number of midshipmen is impossible.

The foregoing are the most important features in the bill now approaching completion, but there are a number of other provisions scacely less interesting.

In accordance with the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy in his annual report, the number of possible promotions to commissions from warrant officers is doubled. (From six to twelve).

The increase in the staff corps has been placed as follows after careful scrutiny by the Secretary of the Navy and reduction from the estimates of the heads of bureaus:

Medical corps: Thirty additional surgeons and one hundred and twenty additional passed assistant and assistant surgeons, of which not more than twenty-five assistant surgeons are available in each year.

Pay corps: Two additional pay inspectors, thirty-six additional paymasters, twenty-six additional passed assistant and assistant paymasters, of which not more than twenty assistant paymasters may be appointed in one calendar year.

Construction corps: Twenty-nine additional naval constructors and assistant naval constructors, of which not more than five assistant naval constructors can be appointed in one year.

Civil engineers: One additional civil engineer and twelve assistant engineers, of whom six shall have the rank of lieutenant, junior

grade, and six the rank of ensign. No more than three assistant civil engineers shall be appointed in each year. Pay is provided for assistant civil engineers as follows: First five years, on duty, $1,500; leave or waiting orders, $1,000. Second five years, duty, $1,800; leave or waiting orders, $1,200. Subsequent duty pay, $2,100; leave or waiting orders, $1,400.

Increase in the grades of lieutenant commander and lieutenant shall be filled by promotion of not exceeding twenty-five per cent. of the total increase in each year.

The following increase of commissioned officers is made in the Marine Corps, with 720 non-commissioned officers and privates: One colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, five majors, twelve captains, twenty-five first lieutenants, twelve second lieutenants, one assistant adjutant and inspector with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, two assistant adjutants and inspectors with the rank of major, one assistant quartermaster with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, five assistant quartermasters with the rank of captain, one assistant paymaster with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, one assistant paymaster with the rank of captain.

The promotions in the Marine Corps are to be made in accordance with seniority and existing law, and second lieutenants are to be taken, first, from graduates of the Naval Academy; second, from meritorious non-commissioned officers; third, from civil life, the latter appointees to be between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-seven years. Appointments to staff vacancies in the grade of field officer must be taken from the active list of officers not below the grade of captain and who have seen not less than ten years' service as commissioned officers of the Marine Corps, and staff appointments with the grade of captain must be made from officers on the active list not below the grade of first lieutenant.

On motion of Representative Dick a similar provision to that which forbids hazing at West Point under pain of dismissal and disqualification was enacted for Annapolis.

In matters of subordinate materiel, the most important provision is, perhaps, the increase of the appropriation for target practice, outside of ordnance material to $120,000. It means facilities for want of which the Navy has been much hampered.

Four hundred thousand dollars is appropriated for beginning the steam engineering laboratory at Annapolis. An attempt was made to place the project under the appropriation for the buildings for the Naval Academy, but the friends of both propositions successfully opposed the amalgamation. There is an increase of two millions in the

total authorized cost of the new buildings at the Academy, making the total ten millions, a sufficient amount, it is now believed, for adequate construction.

The policy of manufacturing smokeless powder by the government is approved by an appropriation of $55,000 to enlarge the smokeless powder factory at Indian Head.

Five thousand dollars is added to the contingent, Navy, to provide for inspection by Congressional committees of the various naval stations at home and abroad.

An ordnance engineer and computing draftsman is provided at the Washington Navy-yard to take the place of the services of a commissioned officer in view of the greater demand for the services of commissioned officers at sea. The salary is three thousand dollars.

The completion of the removal of Henderson's Point at Portsmouth is provided for and the establishment of the naval prison at Portsmouth by removal from Boston is assented to by appropriation made.

Instead of the location of a naval magazine at Chelsea, Mass., for some time urged, provision is made for the selection of a site by a board of naval officers. It is to be on the New England coast, north of Cape Cod, and suitable for the use of Boston and Portsmouth.

The buildings at the Naval Hospital, Yokohama, are to be replaced.

Somewhat as an after thought and in spite of the well known position of the Secretary of the Navy that the possibilities of the submarine boats already built and now building should be developed before further expenditure, the Secretary of the Navy is athorized to purchase or contract for submarine torpedo boats to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars, in his discretion. It is provided that any American inventor or owner may have an opportunity for test or comparison before August 1, 1903, and that any boat in the discretion of the Secretary may be purchased or contracted for. The provision seems to have been dictated by a desire to "do something" in the submarine line, rather than with the expectation of results, but it places the Secretary in the position of being able to take advantage of any developments during the year.

The only proposition of weight in the committee programme that failed was that in respect to the location of the Naval Training Station on the Great Lakes. The Committee on Rules had been asked to cover this, as it had covered other new legislation which was contrary to the House rules on the consideration of appropriation bills by a special rule. This the Committee on Rules declined to do, and the proposition that the board on the selection of the site, which had pre-

viously reported a zone location, should select a definite site, was ruled out on a point of order. It was suggested that the opposition to giving this provision the protection afforded the increase in the personnel was due to the desire of Pennsylvania and Ohio members to see the station established on Lake Erie, the board having recommended the shore of Lake Michigan.

Under the head of unsuccessful and probably unsuccessful propositions in the Naval legislation of this session there are several matters of interest. The status of the chaplains in the Navy is the subject of some proposed legislation and of a very large amount of correspondence. It has been proposed to increase the number to thirty-four and to give the chaplains the pay of the corresponding rank in the line. An answer to this is made that chaplains have been receiving during the whole of their service larger proportionate pay, counting time of service, and that they should not expect to get large pay during the early years of service and increased pay for longevity equivalent to that of line officers who enter at small pay. It seems doubtful at this time if any action will be taken by the present session in the matter, especially in view of the statement made that the committee proposed to take up the whole question of personnel and Navy pay next session.

The proposition to provide athletic equipments and means for games and sports for the enlisted men went out on a point of order. This was one of Secretary Moody's early suggestions, but it found no sponsor in the House and died an easy death.

The definite statement was made on behalf of the Naval Committee that it was proposed to ultimately abandon the Port Royal station. Southern members endeavored to have the Naval prison transferred from Boston to Port Royal, but every suggestion for the use of the station was answered firmly by a member of the committee that the station must ultimately be abandoned.

Reference was made in course of discussion on the increase of the personnel to the former discharge of graduates of the Naval Academy for whom there were no places in the Navy. Mr. Kitchin endeavored to secure a limitation to the time of doubling the present number of midshipmen (as in the provision of last year, which gave Senators appointing power until the year 1914 only). It is interesting in this connection to note that a bill has been introduced to reinstate Annapolis gradutes formerly dropped because of lack of places. The bill will be strongly opposed, of course, if there is a probability of consideration. There is, however, small chance of even committee action this session, but it is a ghost whose opportune appearance deserved

more attention in connection with the unlimited provision for bi-yearly appointments than was accorded it.

It is necessarily unsatisfactory to attempt to sum up the total of the naval legislation of the second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress at this writing. Although it is understood that the Senate committee will recommend substantially the House propositions, Senatorial action has not yet been taken and there are also the chances of the eccentric hours of the close of the Congress. The general verdict must, however, be of approval. The House has come closer to a logical theory of and an adequate provision for the Navy than the Navy's friends had dared to hope.

H. C. GAUSS.

SERVICE SALAD.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

A LONDON newspaper recently called South America "The great modern disappointment," and it has been called "The Neglected Continent."

With an area of six million square miles; with limitless and varied resources; with every variety of climate; with a system of natural waterways unequaled elsewhere on the globe;—at the beginning of the Twentieth Century almost nothing has been done with it;—and nothing ever will be done with it so long as it is peopled and controlled by the hybrid race which now inhabits it; a race with a peculiar inaptitude for governmental and administrative science, destitute of all but revolutionary initiative, and not only totally unfit to develop the resources of the continent, but a positive hindrance to their development by others; though every prospect please, so long as man is vile, it is vain to look for progress. However we may deprecate the establishment of the principle that the less competent races must give way before the advance of the more competent, however we may cherish the idea that all men are equal, and kindred ideas, the march of events has shown but too clearly that, in point of fact, the less competent races *do* give way; that equality of all men is an "iridescent dream." The right of one individual to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is as great as that of another; but with the qualification *"quamdiu bene se gesserit."* The only one of these rights which approaches equality among all men is the right to life; it would be monstrous to distinguish between the humblest individual of whatever race, and the highest, in this respect. But as to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, each must be exercised only within limits, whether by individuals or collectivities. The theory that the liberty to do right implies the liberty to do wrong, repeated by the venerable senior Senator from Massachusetts a year ago in a debate on the Philippine question, is so utterly untenable, so subversive of the bed-rock principles of civilized life, both as to individuals and communities, that one is surprised to hear it from his lips.

It is now more than three-quarters of a century ago that President Monroe in his message to Congress enunciated the "doctrine" which bears his name. His pronouncement was made with the full approval, if not at the direct instigation of, the British government. At that time, in the words of De Martens, there was a "mania for interference" in the domestic concerns of particular countries, by "The Powers;" and it was with a view of forestalling any such interference as to the newly-born South American Republics, on behalf of Spain, that the "doctrine" was given forth. It was the more necessary as the *bete noir* of "The Powers" at that time was the spirit of popular revolt engendered by the French Revolution. The message stated that any attempt on the part of Europe to oppress these infant republics, or to control their destinies, would be considered a manifestation of unfriendliness to the United States. Possibly, at that

time, the feeling of devotion to the "principles of liberty," and the zeal for republican as against monarchial institutions, may have played some part in inducing the declaration; and so it contained. perhaps, a scintilla of altruism. But the men of that day and generation were not less cool and clear headed than the men of to-day; and the mainspring of President Monroe's action was, as it ought to have been, the desire to safeguard the interests of his own country, pure and simple. Great hopes were entertained from the replacing of "Spanish thraldom" by "government of the people," etc. Time enough had not elapsed to show how groundless were these hopes, and our commercial and other intercourse with South America in the future seemed to demand that nothing like European domination should ever be restored.

The use of the word "doctrine" has always seemed to me to be a mistake. The so-called "doctrine" is not and cannot be a part of international law. It is merely an assertion by the United States of its position as to a particular and localized question; of the same kind as would be the assertion by France, for example, that her interests forbade her to consent to the occupation of the Spanish throne by a German prince. Declarations of this character have not the inherent permanency of doctrines or principles, internationally speaking. This being so, may we not inquire, without being stigmatized as "un-American," whether our interests are still best subserved by adhering to President Monroe's declaration; whether it would not be better to recede from that declaration, reserving to ourselves the right to assume such a position as to any particular case, as the occasion may require?

Our distinguished President only the other day declared that the "Monroe Doctrine" should be the cardinal feature of our foreign policy; and it is safe to say that ninety-nine out of every one hundred Americans, without distinction as to race, color, or previous condition of servitude, not only agree with him, but agree *totis viribus*. And not so long ago, President Cleveland "would suffer no man to do the Venezuelans wrong, but reproved even kings for their sake!" But now, here and there, will be found a man who is beginning to be discouraged about it, and who is asking himself whether, after all, the game is worth the candle?

I confess that I am one such man. I may say that I go further, and am inclined to say very positively that the game is *not* worth the candle; that it is high time to come about and go on the other tack.

There is not, and never can be, any true *rapprochement* between the United States and the South American Republics; they are not *simpatica;* the difference between the two Americas is, as Demolins says, "as day and night." Our commercial and general intercourse with these republics during the seventy-five years of their existence has been absurdly small, and is so still. The reasons are manifold, of course; but it is chiefly because of their hopeless deficiency in all that makes for civilization. The name "Republic" as applied to them is a mockery; despite the high-sounding phrases in their Constitutions, etc., they are simply miltary dictatorships, lasting only until some new leader arises to become dictator in turn. It has been stated—I do not know how truly—that President Cleveland's protegé, now so hard pressed by England, Germany and Italy, has indulged in an average

of two revolutions a year during the whole course of her national existence; what possible chance is there for development under such conditions? *Et sic de ceteris;* not one of them has ever shown special friendship for the United States; on the contrary, while ever ready to invoke the Monroe doctrine upon convenient occasions, they lose no opportunity of snarling at us, and are extremely careless of the rights of Americans, as witness the trouble with Chile in 1891, the Bermudez Asphalt trouble with Venezuela not long ago, and more recently still, the attitude of the Brazilian press with regard to the American rubber syndicate in Acre. During the Spanish-American War, their sympathies were mostly against us, partly for racial reasons, and partly because of a notion that United States interference in Cuba threatened a like interference in South America. Then, too, there is their conscious inferiority in strength and in almost everything else, and the constant dread of our dominating influence. The various "Pan-American" congresses have been utterly barren of good results so far as we are concerned, and nowhere is there any ground for hope of advantageous intercourse with the great continent to the south of us, so long as existing conditions obtain; it would have been a good thing for the United States if the recent British-Venezuelan arbitration had resulted in the award of the mouth of the Orinoco to Great Britain.

The United States is beginning to realize its future, if not its present, need of foreign markets; and these markets should be in civilized control. For our own sake, I should welcome an influx of Englishmen and Germans into any of the "Latin Republics;" as soon as they were numerous enough to be felt politically, our trade and other relations would improve; for we could and would insist upon an "open door" policy, as we have insisted on it in China. That the Monroe doctrine is retarding the development of South America, there is no doubt. But for it the little republics would have to mend their ways, and business could be entered into, and capital invested, within their boundaries, with some sort of security; whereas now there is none.

We have no reason to fear exclusion under more civilized conditions. Americans as well as others would settle in South America, and we should still be free to assert our interests in any special case that might arise. No benefit to us or the world at large can come from preserving the *status quo* in South America.

There is another very serious aspect of the case, viz., the awkward and untenable position in which the "doctrine" places us with regard to other nations. The present imbroglio demonstrates this admirably. The allies have scrupulously respected the doctrine; and to all appearances, the amount of coercion thus far applied to Venezuela has only hardened her heart; why? Because in the first place, it has not hurt her much, and would not, if prolonged indefinitely; and in the second place, because she knows that no harsher measures will be permitted by us. Now, what are the allies to do? We say in one breath, "You can only use a certain amount of force to collect your claim, but if you fail, do not look to us." Would it not be a perfectly reasonable answer on the part of the allies to say,"We desire to respect your wishes as far as possible, but we must protect our subjects, and must therefore collect these claims by force ourselves, or ask you to do it for

us?" and if they should take that stand, what are we to do? I do not doubt that some way will be found out of the present difficulty; but such a situation should not occur again.

It seems more than likely that the action taken by the three powerful countries now blockading Venezuelan ports was intended in part as an "eye opener" for us; a demonstration that we can choose between a virtual protectorate over the wretched little republics, or the abandonment of the Monroe doctrine in its present form. We should not hesitate one hour!

LUCIUS S. LANDRETH.

THE GREAT STORM AT SAMOA.

THE great hurricane at Samoa commenced on Thursday evening, March 14th, 1889. The wind being first from the south, with rain, nobody appreciated that a cyclone of any great virulence could result, as it had to come over the mountain and did not blow much on the north side of the island where the harbor was. But on the 15th, it came out from the north and was very strong, raising a very heavy sea.

On the morning of the 16th the wheel-ropes of our ship were carried away, injuring several men at the wheel; the rudder was also soon carried away, and at 1 p. m. the barometer reached its lowest, 2919; and the ship finally bore up alongside the Vandalia about 8 p.m. that day. Next morning a rope was brought on by the natives from the shore.

My own experience in that great storm began Thursday evening. I was at the consulate, and growing uneasy about the weather. I had an Irishman to take me off to the ship, together with Paymaster Armes, who was returning to the Vandalia. The Irishman, unfortunately, got drunk while waiting for us, and as he went alongside the Vandalia, the paymaster, getting out, stepped on the gunwale of the boat, nearly overturning it. That was the last I ever saw of the paymaster, as he was lost, but the government honored his memory by making his son paymaster in his place.

The Irishman managed to fall overboard when the paymaster got out, and it was a pretty serious matter with myself how to get him back in, as it was a small boat, but the water seemed to sober him off considerably, and he obeyed my order to go forward to the bow before trying to get on board, while I stayed in the opposite quarter.

Meanwhile we had drifted down toward the Trenton, and were in some danger of passing her, but we finally got alongside, and I got on board all right.

It was impossible for the Irishman to go back against the wind, so he went on to the schooner lyng near the Trenton. Schooner and Irishman both were lost next day.

The American ships in the harbor were the flagship Trenton, the Vandalia, Capt. Schoonmaker, lost during the gale, and the Nipsic, stranded but got afloat afterwards. Besides these, there were three German ships, the Adler, the Olga and the Eber, and the British ship Calliope. Of these ships, the Olga was run ashore and floated off again the same as the Nipsic, the others were lost, except the Calliope, which steamed out to sea.

The loss of the Adler was very curious, as she was picked up and laid on the reef, without apparently being injured. Even the guns were

left in their places, but the ship lost fifteen men, who were washed overboard.

The Samoans showed great bravery in helping the sailors out of the heavy surf. Seumana Taffa, chief of the Apia District, did spendid work; and at the request of Admiral Kimberly, he was presented with a fine boat by our government.

The natives formed a chain by joining hands, and they were thus enabled to get out through the surf to a considerable distance, but it was very dangerous work.

The incident of the escape of the Calliope was very thrilling. She was steaming at about fourteen knots an hour, but she was able to make but one knot an hour against that terrible gale. As she slowly crept past the Trenton, it looked as if she must strike the Trenton's stern with her sharp bow, but she managed to get past us slowly, but with safety to both ships. When she was well past us our whole ship's company gave a mighty cheer, and although the wind was howling in our ears all the time the cheer was heard and answered on board the Calliope.

A well known London journal, speaking of the incident says "That cheer of the Trenton's men was the expression of an immortal courage. It was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood; the doomed saluting the saved."

All the officers and men deserve great credit for their conduct during the gale. Of course the officers of the Trenton came more directly under my observation, but repo: from the other ships show equally good conduct. Captain Farquhar, the present rear admiral, was on the bridge of the Trenton during the whole gale, and had charge of the management of the ship. As navigating officer I gave the orders, an carried out his instructions. The putting of the men in the rigging was a suggestion of my own, and Captain Farquhar has always given me the credit for it, and as his report shows, he thought at one time, at least, it saved the ship from being destroyed and all on board lost, for the water was deep, and it is doubtful if anyone could have been saved.

Captain N. H. Farquhar, U. S. N., in his report in regard to the disaster at Apia, Samoa, March, 1889, made the following statement, which was forwarded by Rear Admiral Kimberly to the Navy Department:

"Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, the navigator, was by my side the whole time, and to his excellent judgment, one time at least, the ship was cleared of a reef. Had we struck it, I fear few of the four hundred and fifty on board of the Trenton would be alive to-day."

And the Navy Department, in its reply to Rear Admiral Kimberly, said: "The flagship, now without steam or rudder, drifted almost at the mercy of the gale along the edges of the eastern reef, at times not more than twenty feet from total destruction. Every endeavor was made to control her movements, and her commanding officer states in his report that upon at least one occasion it was through the excellent judgment of Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, the navigating officer, that the ship cleared the reef and the four hundred and fifty lives on board were saved. The department notes with satisfaction your commendation of Lieutenant Brown, and also of Lieutenant-Commander Henry W. Lyon, the executive officer, for their efforts to save the ship."

And. in recognition of his excellent seamanship, and hitherto unknown and ingenious order, in putting the crew of four hundred seamen in the

rigging and thereby forming a living sail, and thus guiding the ship to harbor when sails could not resist the storm, his native State of West Virginia, in accordance with an act of the legislature, presented Lieutenant Brown with a sword inscribed as follows: "From his native State to Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, U. S. N., in accordance with joint resolution of the legislature of West Virginia, passed March 12th, 1891. For heroic conduct and brilliant seamanship on the flag-ship Trenton, at Samoa, March 16th, 1889."

The Congress of the United States in consideration of the services of Lieutenant-Commander Brown, promoted him to commander, on the retired list, he having previously been retired as lieutenant-commander on account of injuries incident to the service.

The destruction of the squadron under the command of Admiral Kimberly was practically the end of the old wooden navy. The Trenton (flag-ship) was a heavily sparred full rigged ship. She easily steamed 12 knots, through Magellan Straits and Smyth's Sound, the engines being in charge of Chief Engineer Herschel Main. Her great defect was that the hawse pipes entered on the berth deck. They were large and in spite of the great efforts of the crew under the direction of that excellent officer, Lieutenant-Commander Henry W. Lyon, the berth deck was flooded, and the fires under the boilers finally extinguished. This, with the loss of the rudder, left the ship helpless. and it was only by the use of that part of the spanker which still held on, and the men in the rigging, that the ship was steered alongside of the Vandalia, where she grounded on the reef.

R. M. G. Brown,
Commander U. S. N. (retired).

JOHN HOMANS, M. D.

Dr. John Homans died at his home in Boston on Saturday, Feb. 7, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He had been confined to his house for scarcely two weeks. Within three weeks of his death he had been attending to some of his professional duties and had been present at the regular dinner of an army dining club, where he was the life of the occasion. And yet for a number of years Dr. Homans had been conscious of several physical disabilities, any one of which would have ordinarily sufficed to depress or invalid a person of less cheerful and courageous temperament. He was born in Boston, Nov. 26, 1836. His grandfather, of the same name, was a graduate of Harvard College, 1772, and an army surgeon during the War of Independence; his father, of the same name, was a graduate of Harvard College, 1812, and practiced medicine in Boston. His nephew, whose death occurred less than a year ago, also bore the same name and was a prominent practitioner of medicine. There have, therefore, been four representatives of the medical profession of this same name in this neighborhood within the last century and a quarter.

Dr. Homans graduated from Harvard College in 1858, and received his M. D. degree from the Harvard Medical School in 1862. The same spirit which inspired his grandfather in 1776 impelled him, at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, to offer his services to the Government. He was at that time surgical house officer in the Massachusetts General Hospital, and had not yet taken his medical degree. In January, 1862, he was commissioned an assistant surgeon in the United States Navy, and served on the gunboat Aroos-

took during the search for the disabled U. S. S. Vermont, in Hampton Roads, and later on the James River, during McClellan's campaign. He was at the battles at Fort Darling, Va., and at Malvern Hill. In November, 1862, he was given a commission as assistant surgeon in the regular army. He was at New Orleans, and later, on the staff of General Banks, took part in the disastrous Red River expedition. Those of his friends who were fortunate enough to have heard his informal accounts of that ill-advised expedition and of the search for the Vermont will not soon forget them. As side lights upon much that passes for history, they were instructive as well as entertaining. Subsequently he was ordered to Washington, and held various surgical appointments in connection with the Army of the Shenandoah. He was surgeon-in-chief of the first division of the Nineteenth Army Corps, was present at the battles of Winchester and Cedar Creek, and ultimately became medical inspector on the staff of General Sheridan. He resigned from the army in May, 1865, after an eventful career of a little over three years. He immediately went to Europe for study and travel, spending most of his time in Vienna and Paris. In November 1866, he returned to Boston and began to practice his profession. He was appointed successively a surgeon at the Boston Dispensary, the Children's Hospital, and August, 1868, at the Carney Hospital. His second ovariotomy was done at the Carney Hospital in April, 1873. He became consulting surgeon at this hospital in 1880, and resigned in 1883. He was appointed a surgeon to out-patients at the Massachusetts Hospital in 1876, a visiting surgeon in 1882, and resigned in 1900, having reached the age limit of sixty-three years.

Dr. Homans' name as a surgeon will be chiefly associated with the development of ovariotomy and of general abdominal surgery in New England and in this country.

The dates of his appointments at the Massachusetts Hospital mark with some accuracy the development of antiseptic surgery in hospital practice, and the subsequent introduction of a class of operations which hospital sepsis previously excluded from crowded wards.

Rising thus, as Dr. Homans did, at an early age in virtue of his qualities to positions of high responsibility, he became an active participator in many important events of those times, and was intimately associated with not a few of the leading actors. He thus acquired an experience of military surgery and a training not only in the skillful use of the knife, but in dealing with great emergencies which was of invaluable service to him later in life, and doubtless exercised an important influence in molding into shape those natural gifts which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which entered so largely into his character as a matured surgeon.

His entrance into civil practice came at the close of an era in the history of medicine. He had been an active participant in the practice in vogue during the last years of that period,—far more so than is usually given to a young man of his years,—so that he enjoyed, at the opening of the new era of surgery, the advantages of both youth and experience. His alert mind and naturally courageous character were qualities which enabled him to read clearly the signs of the time and to select the path which they pointed out for him. He had fully equipped himself with the latest instruments for an operation which was still looked upon with distrust by the majority of the pro-

fession, and it was not long before he was able to report in the pages of this *Journal* his rapidly increasing list of cases of ovariotomy. Few can realize today the obstacles to be overcome in carrying out plans necessary to establish a special branch of surgery like this at that time. Dr. Homans was, however, never at loss for expedients where a case of operative surgery was concerned. While surgeon to the Dispensary he would undertake, without hesitation, difficult and responsible operations, transport the patient in his own carriage to the outskirts of the city, and, if necessary, pay the board until the case was convalescent. This dispensary experience paved the way for work in the wards of the Carney Hospital and later for St. Margaret's Infirmary, with which, the first private hospital in Boston, he was so long associated. And so, from small beginnings, he established himself in the rôle of a pioneer in abdominal surgery, and entered upon a brilliant career as an exponent of the wonderful possibilities which were to be achieved as the outcome of antiseptic surgery.

The most prominent of his characteristics was courage. This led him from the beaten track, and molded him into a bold and successful operator in the most responsible and difficult cases. To this quality was added a dogged determination to overcome obstacles. Often at the moment of uncertainty and doubt in a long and trying operation, he would exclaim to his assistants, "Let us make an effort," and thus carry the case through to a triumphant conclusion.

Honesty was another striking quality of his character. "Honest John Homans," is a phrase familiar to scores of consulting colleagues and students with whom he came in contact. The graduate classes of the Harvard Medical School have, of late years, enjoyed the unusual privilege of a series of lectures on medical ethics, in which, with characteristic virility and frankness, he laid down the relation of the practitioner to his colleagues and his patients. The readers of this *Journal* are well aware that he was as ready to report a failure as a successful case.

Although a sufficient period of well-earned repose had been denied him, Dr. Homans had lived long enough to see his ambitions realized, and the surgery of which he was so enthusiastic and skillful an advocate, placed upon an enduring basis. It can be said of him that at the close of his career he occupied an almost unique position in surgery, having been a *magna pars* both in the old and in the new *regime*. Had his life been spared a little longer, surgical literature would have gained much from a pen which had to bide its time until the knife should be laid aside.

In active work the sterner qualities of his character may have made themselves prominent to the outer world, but among intimate friends there were unfolded charming traits that easily gave him a foremost place when he chose to take it. Many who know of Dr. Homans only by reputation may not realize that in such an individual dealing largely with solemn problems of life and death. there existed the most attractive of those qualities which are associated with social life.

Dr. Homans was for many years a lecturer at the Harvard Medical School, the medical examiner of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Co., a member of the American Surgical Association, of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which his grandfather was a founder, and of the Order of

the Loyal Legion. He leaves a widow and six children, three sons and three daughters. One son, of the same name, will follow the profession of medicine.—*From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

ANOTHER YEAR OP PRUDENTIAL SUCCESS.

The history of The Prudential Insurance Company of America has been one continuous record of success and accomplishment, but the gains made during the year just closed surpass anything in the previous history of the Company.

The amount of Life Insurance written and paid for during the year was over two hundred and seventy-two million dollars, which is reported to have been of such high quality that the total amount of paid-for insurance in force has been brought to more than eight hundred million dollars.

The Prudential is truly ranked as "one of the Great Life Insurance Companies in the world," not only in size, but in those features which make for strength and the protection of policy-holders' interests, as well as a progressive and liberal administration. The assets of the Company have increased to sixty million dollars, which, with a surplus exceeding nine millions, furnish ample security for all insurance contracts.

Nearly nine million policies in force indicate the popularity of The Prudential with the great insuring public, for the business of this Company now extends from Maine to the Pacific coast, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf States, a typical American company of the highest grade, with an American success and an unlimited American future.

A SOLDIER'S VALENTINE.

From Life.

It was only a square of paper lace
  Where roses and hearts entwine,
And beneath them a loving word or two:
  Only a valentine.

A frivolous thing, in an envelope
  All covered with cooing doves,
Forget-me-nots, and hearts, and darts,
  And little ecstatic loves.

'Twas sent by a girl who kissed it once
  As she stood in the whirling snow,
Where the lights from the corner store through the storm
  Sent out a hazy glow.

But your Uncle Samuel must have guessed,
  No matter what else might wait,
That letter must go, post-haste! post-haste!
  From here to the Golden Gate.
For across the river and over the hills
  And the prairies, on it flew;
It dodged a wreck, and it entered storms,
  And once was the last train through.

Then forth it put to the Western sea,
  Where the speeding waves upcurled;
And the cupids and love-birds sailed away
  To the other side of the world.

O wonderful scrap of paper lace!
  It went to a hospital bed,
Where a homesick soldier tossed and turned
  And would not be comforted.

And somehow the soldier felt that day
  Soft arms whose pressure he knew,
And home, and love, and health, and hope
  Thrilled him through and through.

And he felt new love for our Uncle Sam
  Who had lent his trains and men
And ships, that the whole wide world apart,
  Two hearts might meet again.

FLORENCE PRATT.

THE OLD GINHOUSE.

Swaying pines have grown around it,
Trumpet vines with garlands bound it,
Yellow jasmines climbed and crowned it,

Laughing down their green and gold.
Tendrils through each crack escaping
Hide the worn roof widely gaping,
Every hole with beauty draping
In the ginhouse gray and old.

In the morn the squirrels peeping,
O'er the rafters lightly leaping,
With a bark awake the sleeping
Owl, who blinks up, drowsy polled;
And at night, with sudden stirring
From the eaves, the wan light blurring,
Flit the bats with dusky whirring
Round the ginhouse gray and old.

Oh, the days well-nigh forgotten,
When along the floor now rotten
Waves and waves of snowy cotton
Oft in billowy beauty rolled,
While the toilers wrought a-singing
Mellow lays that yet are ringing
O'er the tide of time still winging
From the ginhouse gray and old!

Oh, those songs with sweetness teeming,
Chasing care and pain redeeming!
Often still they soothe my dreaming,
By sad memory softly trolled,
And at eve their echoes dying
Haunt me, 'neath the pine-trees lying,
Listening to the wind low sighing
Round the ginhouse gray and old.

S. M. PECK, in New York Independent.

THE KIND OF SEEDS THAT YIELDS.

As everybody knows, there are good seeds and bad seeds, seeds that grow and seeds that don't grow, seeds that yield and seeds that don't yield, and a little thought given now to the selection of the seed you'll need, will be found at harvest time to have been well spent if you select the world famed Ferry's Seeds—the kind that always yields. For nearly half a century Ferry's Seeds have been known and sown wherever good crops are grown, until farmer and gardener alike, have learned to depend upon their wonderfully reliable growing and yielding qualities, year after year, to the exclusion of all others.

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BOOK REVIEW.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA. By Sir Arthur Helps. A new edition, to be complete in four volumes, with an introduction, maps and notes by M. Oppenheim. John Lane, London and New York. Vol. I., 1900; Vol. II., 1902.

We have received the first two volumes of a new edition of *The Spanish Conquest in America,* a work first published in London in the year 1855 and which has since become widely and well known. The editor of the present edition, Mr. Oppenheim, supplies an introduction, a number of helpful maps and a great variety of notes, based on the results of modern investigation and research; the reading page is clear and the paper durable and exceedingly light. Surrounded with an avalanche of heavy-weight books now pouring from the press, the reader will pick up these volumes with a distinct satisfaction, and, as the work has been out of print for some time, it may be assumed that the present reprint will meet with a cordial reception at the hands of

bookmen both in this country and abroad.

It is said to have been Sir Arthur Helps's original design in planning this history to trace the events which led up to negro slavery in the West Indies and America. In a somewhat earlier work entitled, "Conquerors of the New World and Their Bondsmen," published in London in the year 1848, he had been led to touch lightly upon the distribution of races over the islands and coasts of the new world, and once having sent that work to the press he found himself tempted to take up a narrative which the title of his first publication would not justify. This led ultimately to the incorporation of the two volumes already published in a book on a broader scale. *The Spanish Conquest* deals with the subjugation of America, the successive systems of colonization that prevailed from time to time, the gradual extirpation of the natives and the introduction of an alien race, and more especially with the growth and development of slavery upon the western hemisphere. In treating of Mexico Helps does not closely follow our own historian, Prescott, who had already given the result of his great labors to the world. Whatever is touched upon, however, is treated with care. Ruskin has spoken in *Modern Painters* of the "beautiful, quiet English of Helps," whom he further characterizes as "a true think thinker—in some sort a seer—of infinite use to his generation.

We shall return to a consideration of this history when the publication of the present edition shall have been completed.

The Methods of Lady Wolderderhurst, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York; Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Were it not within the range of her power to present her reading public with a book that is altogether satisfactory we might be led to congratulate Mrs. Burnett upon the merits of her latest work. All the morbid charm of style is here—and we are acquainted with no one to whom is given in a greater degree the power to write with ease—but unfortunately Mrs. Burnett has undertaken to unfold the details of a plot that is altogether unsatisfactory and unconvincing. The methods of Lady Walderhurst are distinctly unmethodical.

We find that the Marquis of Walderhurst has "made" Miss Emily Fox-Seton (see The Making of a Marchioness), and that his loyal lady loves him devotedly, though why anyone should grow sentimental over Walderhurst is beyond the powers of normal comprehension. A middle-aged man of self-conceit, his sole claim to distinction rests upon his peerage and his fortune.

My lady, it will be recalled by readers of the earlier book, at the age of thirty-five espoused this personage after several years of a somewhat strenuous life, not altogether of her own selection, and unquestionably there was due to the marquis a reasonable expression of gratitude from the woman whom he had raised to the peerage from the ranks of self-supporting women. Indeed, similar conditions occasionally engender a sort of dog-like affection, most satisfactory to complacent gentlemen of fixed habits seeking to secure companions who will not presume to be companionable; but it really goes against the grain when a fine woman is portrayed as hopelessly in love with a prig upon whom she has bestowed her hand. The reader cannot but become more and more out of patience with my lady

and her blind infatuation, and perhaps it is because of the presence of this bloodless hero that the reader's interest gradually concentrates itself upon those whose ways are tortuous and dark.

Captain Alex Osborn, heir presumptive to the marquisate, the captain's peculiar wife and her extraordinarily resourceful East Indian waiting woman, may at least boast that they are very much alive and wide awake to the situation in which they will find themselves, should a son be born to my Lady Walderhurst. The captain is described as a thorough-going bounder and he certainly lives up to his reputation. Ably assisted by the devoted Indian Ayah, who carries devotion to the interests of her mistress to an Oriental extreme, he seeks to harm Walderhurst and thereby to assure himself of the succession to the title; but these delicate maneuverings 'twere better for the reader to study for himself. It is certainly not a subject to be discussed in company.

As the story draws to a conclusion—when the boy has been born and the mother lies apparently dying, and Walderhurst, in utter ignorance of the situation of affairs, returns to his home after a long sojourn abroad, a scene is drawn that deserves to rank as a piece of master work. The prig is suddenly brought to realize how much he cares for the woman who has endangered her own life in order to save the life of his heir, and this man, who has lived for fifty-four years wrapped in a mantle of selfishness, is at last a man and a devoted, impassioned husband—Lady Walderhurst lives and all ends happily.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vols. I. to V. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1902.

A good encyclopedia is as essential to-day as a good dictionary or a good atlas, indeed, the modern dictionaries have somewhat the character of encyclopedias, and it is for information of this latter kind that educated people most commonly consult them, and not so much as dictionaries pure and simple. While many articles in encyclopedias have a permanent value, such as historical articles, for example, especially such as relate entirely to the past, there are others which are affected by the world's progress, consequently the more recent the encyclopedia, other things equal, the more useful and satisfactory it is.

The one before us is the latest and best for general use. The editors-in-chief are men of international reputation as educators, know what an encyclopedia should contain to fulfill its mission, and have the ability and the experience to make it come up to their requirements. Such men as Daniel Coit Gilman, president of Johns Hopkins University for a quarter of a century, and now president of Carnegie Institution; Professor Peck of Columbia University, and Professor Colby of the New York University, are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the work, and when, in addition, the host of specialists who assisted them is consdered, we have an array of talent that is bound to produce a work of merit.

The five volumes now issued carry the work well into the letter D, and are already receiving high praise from the literary, scientific and business world. The illustrations are not merely useful in elucidating the text, but are often works of art of exceptional value, and the maps ren-

J. P. W.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Headquarters Commandery of the State of Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., August 1st, 1902.

The Commandery of the State of Wisconsin will publish its Third Volume of the War Papers prepared and read before it, from 1896 to 1901, by Companions of the Order. The titles of the papers and names of authors are as follows:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Addresses by Cols. Bryant and Calkins.
NAVAL OPERATIONS ABOUT CHARLESTON. Robert Brand, of the War Ship "Pawnee."
THE JAMES RIVER AS A THEATRE OF WAR. Capt. J. W. Sanderson
INDIAN CHIEFTAIN BLACKHAWK AND THE BLACKHAWK WAR. Hon. E. D. Coe.
THE EARLY DAYS OF CAVALRY IN ARMY OF POTOMAC. First Lieutenant Walter Kempster, 10th New York Cav.
THE FIRST WISCONSIN INFANTRY, U. S. V.—ITS ORGANIZATION AND MOVE TO THE FRONT. Lieut. Q. M. W. Keyes, 1st Wis. Inf.
THE CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS. Brevet Brig. Ben. Henry Harnden.
GUARDING JEFF DAVIS AT FORTRESS MONROE. Capt. J. W. Sanderson,
A BOY'S RECOLLECTION OF OUR GREAT GENERALS. Capt. Charles King.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN: "The Boy and Young Man"—Capt. I. M. Bean. "The Politician and Statesman"—Col. J. A. Watrous. "The Orator and Literary Man"—Lieut. T. W. Haight. "The Commander-in-Chief"—Major Moses Harris. "The Man of the People"—Capt. G. B. Sutherland.
THE PART TAKEN BY THE FOURTEENTH WISCONSIN INFANTRY AT THE BATLE OF SHILOH. Capt. F. H. Magdeburg, 14th Wis. Inf.
A BOY'S RECOLLECION OF THE WAR TIME. M. Brown, M. D.
THE LAST WEEK'S CAMPAIGN OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. Brevet Major C. H. Anson, 1st Lieut. and Adjt. 1st Vermont Arty.
AFTER THE FIRST BULL RUN. 1st. Lieut. T. W. Haight, 24th New York Inf.
THE FOURTH WISCONSIN AT PORT HUDSON. Brevet Maj. G. W. Carter.
NECESSITY OF GOVERNMENT CONTROL IN ORGANIZATION OF MILITARY FORCES OF THE STATES. Maj. Moses Harris, U. S. Army.
FROM MISSOURI RIVER TO THE BLACK HILLS IN MID-WINTER, 1874. Aaron I. Comfort, Asst. Surgeon, U. S. V.
EXPERIENCES IN SOUTHERN PRISONS, 1861 to 1865. 1st Lieut. and Adjt., J. H. Jenkins, 21st Wis. Inf.
CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON. Capt. F. H. Magdeburg, 14th Wis. Inf.
HISTORY OF THE LOYAL LEGION. Lieut. Col. E. A. Calkins, 3d. Wis. Cav.
CIVIL AND MILITARY CAREER OF GEN. W. T. SHERMAN. Capt John C. Freeman, 1st New York Vet. Cav.
THE COMMANDERY OF WISCONSIN, MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION. Capt. I. M. Bean, 5th Wis. Inf. Address by Ex-Gov. Peck.
THE ARMY OF '98—THE ARMY OF '61—A COMPARISON. 1st Lieut. Walter Kempster, 10th New York Cav.
BATTLEFIELDS IN VIRGINIA. 1st Lieut. W. H. Beach, 1st New York Cav.
SECOND BATTALION, 3D INFANTRY, U. S. A., SERVING IN THE PHILIPPINES. Major L. W. Cooke, U. S. A.
INCIDENTS OF SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH THE CAROLINAS. Lieut. F. H. Putney, 12th Wis. Inf.
SCOUTING FOR BUSHWHACKERS IN WEST VIRGINIA, 1861. Brevet Major C. H. Ross, 1st Lieut. and Adjt., 13th Ind. Inf.
LINCOLN, THE MARVEL. Capt. George W. Burnell, Lieut. 10th Vermont Inf., and Capt. 19th U. S. C. T.
A FEW MONTHS IN A REBEL PRISON. 1st Lieut. L. D. Hinckley, 10th Wis.
KEENAN'S CHARGE AT CHANCELLORSVILLE. Major I Wickersham. Wickersham, Capt. 8th Penn Cav.
GAINESVILLE, AUGUST 28, 1862. Brig. General Charles King.
REMINISCENCES OF SERVICE IN THE U. S. NAVY ON THE POTOMAC. Vol. Lieut. Amos P. Foster, U. S. N.
GENERAL YOUNG'S CAVALRY CAMPAIGN IN THE PHILIPPINES. Major George F. Chase, U. S. Cavalry.
THE GREAT WAR SONGS. Capt. Nicholas Smith, 33d Wis. Inf.
WITH THE FIFTH WISCONSIN AT WILLIAMSBURG. Lieut. A. Holbrook.

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COLONEL GEORGE CROGHAN REID,

U. S. Marine Corps.

Was born in Lorain, Lorain County, Ohio, December 15th, 1840. Studied before entering service at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, 1860-1863. Appointed second-lieutenant, U. S. M. C., July 2, 1846; aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General, Commandant, U. S. M. C., April 20, 1867. Promoted first lieutenant, August 29, 1869. Graduated Law Department, Columbian University, Washington, D. C., and admitted to the bar, June, 1873. Promoted captain, April 2, 1884; adjutant and inspector U. S. M. C., with the rank of major, May, 2, 1894; colonel, March 3, 1899. Served 1864-66, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.; 1866-67, at sea, U. S. S. "Monongahela;" 1867-76, aide-de-camp, Headquarters, Washington, D. C.; February, 1877, to November, 1879, at sea, U. S. S. "Trenton" and U. S. S. "Marion;" December, 1879, to May, 1882, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H..; May, 1882, to October, 1884, at sea, U. S. S. "Vandalia" and U. S. S. "Galena;" November, 1884, to November, 1887, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., and with Naval Expedition on Isthmus of Panama; Nov. 1887, to April, 1889, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.; April, 1889, to July, 1892, at sea, U. S. S. "Chicago;" November 1st, 1892, ordered to command Marines, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.; January 10, 1892, appointed a member of board to revise U. S. Navy Regulations; August 21, 1892, appointed member of Small Arms Board; October 28, 1893, to 1896, member of Naval Board of Inspection and Survey; January 12, 1901, to October 23, 1902, member of Naval Board of Awards; March 29, 1900, appointed member of Naval General Board; May 2, 1894, to date, Washington, D. C., as Adjutant and Inspector, U. S. Marine Corps, and member Naval General Board.

Colonel Reid comes of a military lineage that includes such names as Schuyler, Dennison, Gillmore, and Whipple, and it was but natural that from his entry into the service he should manifest an earnest interest in the progress and welfare of his Corps. His office combines the duties of both Adjutant General and Inspector General. He has been an earnest supporter of his chief in every effort to promote the interests of the Marine Corps; and to his zealous and faithful performance of the duties of his office is due, in considerable measure, the present efficient status of this organization.

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Major RICHARD S. COLLUM, U.S.M.C.

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the officers holding brevet commission permanently belonged, but gave not only the right to command in mixed detachments according to date of brevet rank, but also authorized the pay of the brevet grade during the period of such exercise of command.

There were but two brevet commissions issued between the dates of the adoption of the constitution and the passage of the act of July 6, 1812, and comparatively few were issued under the act cited. So long as the conferring of brevet rank was confined to specially meritorious service no difficulty was encountered. The brevet was regarded, as it had ever been in the Birtish service, as a commission in the army at large and as in no wise changing the status of the holder when on duty within his own regiment or corps. Subsequent to the Civil War, in a laudable effort to recognize the magnificent services of thousands of officers who had repeatedly won distinction on fields of battle, brevets were conferred with a lavishness which not only cheapened their value but immediately complicated matters to such an extent as to demand remedial action. It so happened that in making appointments to the regular from the volunteer army, the previous rank and services in the latter were not always carefully considered, and many officers who had commanded regiments and brigades accepted commissions offered them in the grades of first or second lieutenant. It therefore came about that when brevets in the regular service were conferred, based on service in the volunteers, some second lieutenants became possessed of much higher brevet rank than their seniors, and when regiments serving in the field or on the march came together, the second lieutenant and brevet colonel sometimes became entitled to command the whole. This brought about a state of confusion and caused the whole system to be declared intolerable. This condition caused the new legislation restricting the use of the brevet quite materially and depriving it of advantages which it formerly gave to those fortunate enough to win the rare distinction.

During the War with Spain the liberality with which recommendations for brevets were made by commanding officers necessitated the convening of a board to consider them. The board was seriously embarrassed at the very outset because of numerous and insistent recommendations from commanding generals, on behalf of officers who had not participated in battle or performed any exceptional or conspicuous services in the presence of the enemy as contemplated by the law. It may be said that practically every officer present in action and many who were not were recommended for brevet commissions. It was clearly stated by several regimental commanders that the earn-

est ambition to excel in battle shown by all the officers and men made it impossible to make any discrimination. The lavish recommendations proved the undoing of the brevet system. The propriety of bringing about some concerted action to rescue from oblivion this ancient and honorable method of rewarding distinguished service is clearly recognized.

It is quite evident that when regiments participate in battle and one regimental commander makes recommendation for a horizontal advance of one grade by brevet for all his officers, while another may recommend his officers for an advance of two grades and still another may follow the ancient custom and recommend only those who have publicly distinguished themselves above their fellows, no satisfaction will ever obtain, and in fact the possibility of such results makes it necessary to either abandon the brevet system entirely or limit the operation of the law in a clearly defined way. The scheme of brevet promotions can never be made wholly satisfactory, but it is susceptible of being systematized and used in combination with other forms of reward which will make it possible to recognize services of officers as well as those of the men in the ranks, without whose courage and loyal devotion gallant leadership would be in vain.

During recent years promotion by selection has been proposed in many arguments, and the Secretary of War embodied a scheme in one of his army measures for applying the system to one-third of the promotions. It encountered such obstinate resistance that it was useless to talk to the committees of Congress on the subject. The army is thoroughly agreed that a stimulus to enterprise and a reward for recognized superior ability is most desirable, but the fear of "influence" united the army on an adherence to the old system of promotion by seniority. The existing laws for examinations for promotions afford a means of weeding out inefficiency, but advantage is seldom if ever taken of this method of elimination, so that unless an officer renders himself liable to trial by court-martial he is not likely to be disturbed in the possession of his commission. A well-behaved man with an average education may and frequently does rise through all the grades to which the seniority rule applies, although he may have developed, early in his military career, a lack of all the desirable qualities of a forceful officer. Sometimes a weak man can be shielded and provided for in the lower grades, and even after arriving at rank which suggests command he may be saved by an able assemblage of staff officers. Sometimes an officer of this class is suddenly thrown upon his resources at a time when irresolution is a menace to the ser-

vice. There are not many such cases, but the possibility of them has furnished the arguments of those who contend for the introduction of promotion by selection; this would make it impossible for the indifferent and irresolute officer to continue above one of forceful character and proved ability. But public opinion in the army runs so strongly in favor of seniority promotion that it is necessary to adjust any proposed system of rewards to that view.

To thoroughly understand the difficulties of recognizing distinguished services one has but to examine the recommendations filed at the War Department during recent years. As a result of the Santiago campaign recommendations were received for about seven hundred and fifty brevet promotions. The Porto Rico campaign furnished recommendations for one hundred and forty brevets. The engagements in Porto Rico resulted in a loss of four men killed and four officers and thirty-six men wounded. The battle of Manila, on August 13th, 1898, with a loss of eighteen men killed and one hundred wounded, resulted in the recommendation for promotion of three brigadiers to be major-generals of volunteers; three field officers to be brigadier generals of volunteers and one hundred and fifty officers for brevet commissions. In each campaign there were also a correspondingly large number of recommendations for medals of honor and certificates of merit. As the latter classes of rewards did not require confirmation by the Senate many were approved by the Secretary of War upon the recommendations of various boards. Notwithstanding that several carefully devised orders have been issued governing the granting of medals of honor, the result has not been such as to save the department from criticism.

Under such conditions it appears necessary that some concerted action be taken to prevent the whole system of rewards from going to decay. Even with the most carefully guarded system the personal equation of commanding officers will cause some inequalities, but this can be controlled to a certain extent by explicit rules and a building up of public opinion within the army. Doubtless other nations encounter similar troubles and heart burnings in the distribution of rewards for service, but several of the more important military powers have solved much of the difficulty by establishing campaign decorations or medals.

Several impressions are developed by reading the usual recommendations embraced in reports of operations. It appears generally that commanding officers wish neither to neglect those serving under them through failure to recognize merit nor by reason of being miser-

ly in praise as compared to other commanders. Occasionally the amount of commendation appears to be entirely out of proportion to the extent of the action or operations; this may be credited to one of two very different motives—a generous appreciation of the conduct of subordinates on the one hand, and on the other a desire to magnify an action by multiplicity of commendation.

It is puerile to suggest that the army might get together by voting for this or that proposition. Much good legislation for the army has been defated by the idiosyncracies or selfish motives of individuals who stand ready to load every proposition which seems about to succeed with all sorts of amendments. It is astounding to those whose duty brings them into contact with legislative methods when they learn the true reasons for various objections and compromises, for they are very often based upon a scheme to cover some particular individual. It is therefore very desirable to arrange a system which will require the least possible legislation.

It is believed that the army generally favors a campaign medal with additional inscriptions or bars for those who participate in battle. The sentiment which always attached to battle inscriptions on regimental flags indicates the usual trend of military opinion on this subject. This would provide for all officers and men who have performed their soldierly duty with courage and fidelity but without having been favored with opportunity for special distinction.

In the line of duty there comes, at times, occasion for display of bravery and leadership which should not pass unnoticed and which distinguishes some above those who but wear the campaign medal. Herein lies the class who if officers should be rewarded with brevet commissions and if soldiers in the ranks should receive the certificate of merit.

The medal of honor is designed as a reward for officers and men who perform deeds of valor not strictly in the line of duty. To be rightly won the occasion should be one demanding an exhibition of courage of unquestioned type, and the deed should be one which commends itself as worthy and not merely a foolhardy risk of life in a venture which even if successful insures no benefit to the service.

This leaves the annual order of honorable mention for those deeds of which there have always been many in the American service and which have reflected so much credit upon the personnel of the army in years gone by. The saving of human life in peril of fire or flood has often afforded opportunity for annually enrolling the names of courageous soldiers upon the permanent records of the army. A mul-

titude of incidents of diverse character have in the past and will in the future furnish opportunities for unostentatiously winning honorable mention.

There are no hard and fast rules with lines of cleavage so well defined as to render them always easy of application. If public opinion in the army can be concentrated on the scheme many obstacles which now exist can be smoothed away. In some foreign armies Courts of Honor decide questions involving life and death within the regiment. It would not be an unwarranted innovation in the army of the United States to establish regimental courts or boards before whom should be laid all recommendations for rewards or honorable mention. With a finding and recommendation by such a board, sustained by recorded evidence, a much greater degree of uniformity would prevail than under existing conditions. With a scheme such as has been outlined in operation and sustained by public opinion in the army, Congress could be relied upon to restore the brevet to its former high estate. The inequalities possible under the present unsatisfactory system would gradually disappear, for the army having the matter quite in its own hands would exercise diligence that no wrong should be perpetrated in the distribution of rewards for service. Human ingenuity can never devise a system which will make all men act and think alike, but the world's experience teaches that systematic treatment of any subject produces results infinitely more satisfactory to the majority than haphazard methods.

WM. H. CARTER,
Brigadier General, U. S. A.

TWO BATTLE PICTURES.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FIRST IRONCLAD FIGHT.

WHEN the war between the North and South broke out the writer was attached to the "Congress," a 50-gun sailing frigate and the flag-ship on the Brazil station. We were ordered home when a collision with the South seemed imminent, but before hostilities had actually commenced, so that when we arrived at Boston in August, after a long passage from the River of Plate, the news of the capture of Fort Sumter and the battles of Wilson's Creek and Bull Run came upon us all at once—difficult to realize, hard to comprehend, and still harder to believe. Upon the arrival of the ship from abroad the flag-officer and many others were detached and ordered to other duty. Some of the junior officers had been promoted, and remained in the ship, while a few, from the South, who had offered their resignations upon our arrival, were arrested, consigned to Fort Lafayette, and afterwards regularly exchanged. These were the first Southern naval officers who had not been permitted quietly to resign and find their way across the Potomac. Some gunners and boatswains were appointed from among our petty officers, for there was a great demand for them then, and we had plenty of willing and capable men. But our crew (an unusually fine body of men, mostly shipped from Philadelphia, and in excellent drill and discipline) remained the same as during our foreign cruise, their time not having expired. The ward-room officers were changed with four or five exceptions, and three acting masters joined us, as watch-officers, to take the place of lieutenants who had been placed in command of other vessels.

The "Congress" was a fine, large, roomy and comfortable frigate, and had been a model in her day. She was most substantially and handsomely fitted, the bulkheads of her cabins and ward-room being of solid mahogany and bird's-eye maple. The bulkheads of the main-deck cabin were removed on the voyage home, and two guns mounted in her stern ports, so that her gun-deck presented an unbroken battery from the bridle-port aft all the way round. This battery consisted of heavy 32's with the exception of the midship division, which was of 8-inch guns. Some two or three weeks were consumed, as we lay off

Long Wharf in Boston, in arranging and provisioning for Southern service, and in making the numerous trifling additions and repairs which every man-of-war seems, without fail, imperatively to need the moment she finds herself in the vicinity of a navy-yard, and which she generally manages to do without at other times. Finally, in September we sailed for Hampton Roads, on the "war-path." We had a pleasant passage, arriving at Old Point Comfort in about a week, and anchoring between the fort wharf and the Rip-Raps. Here we were met with the news that our captain, who had commanded the ship since she was commissioned, was promoted and ordered to the command of the squadron, and he was at once relieved by a Captain S——. The ship was then ordered up to Newport's News, where there was quite a large camp. We were to be posted so as to perform guard-duty for the James River in company with the "Cumberland," another sailing vessel, and especially to prevent any communication by water between the enemy in Norfolk and those up the river, where they had two armed paddle-steamers, the "Jamestown" and "Yorktown," rechristened "Patrick Henry" and "Thomas Jefferson."

As soon as our exchange of commanders was effected, we started, in tow of a tug, to go up to Newport's News. As it was likely that we should receive some attention from the heavy battery at Sewall's Point as we passed there on the way up, we had the tug on our starboard side, out of harm's way, and we were at our quarters, with guns cast loose, to return any fire we might receive. We heard nothing from the battery, however, and saw but little, for it required experienced eyes to make it out at all, so well was it masked by the foliage and lying so near the level of the water.

Arrived at Newport's News, we moored ship a little below the headquarters wharf, the "Cumberland" being in a line with us up stream, and three or four cable-lengths off. As soon as we were moored we cut two long, slim pine-trees from the grove on shore, and shaped them into an Λ, with a netting dropped from the bar, which we secured across our bows by lines from the jib-boom and whiskers. This was intended to fend off any floating torpedoes or fire-rafts which "our friends, the enemy," might see fit to send down upon us with an ebb tide and a dark night. We never caught any torpedoes in our net,—they had hardly come to that point yet,—but we did collect most extraordinary quantities of floating débris of all sorts; and once a dead mule paid us a visit, announcing his presence to the sense of smell as well as that of sight. He was no doubt a Confederate mule, and wanted to annoy us. We also got springs upon

our cables, and frequently exercised the crew in springing our broadside in various directions. This we generally managed to do very briskly when the tide was not too strong, but I may say here that when it came to doing it in dead earnest, and when we thought our lives most depended upon it, the ship would not spring an inch, on account of the tide.

Taken as a whole, the winter was not very unpleasant. It was very cold sometimes, and we had no fires, as we were liable to go to quarters and open the magazine at any moment. It was a sharp contrast to our previous winter in the land of bananas and cocoanuts. We drilled and kept watch and ate our meals with great regularity. There was no danger of grounding on a reef made of our own beef-bones, as some long-moored ships are said to have done, for although less than musket-shot from the left bank, we were in the fair-way of the channel, and the water was very deep. Just abreast of us, over the flats on the opposite side of river, was a rebel battery, casemated with logs and earth, intended to defend the mouth of the Nansemond River, which there opened into the James. This battery used to fire at us occasionally, apparently for practice; the solid shot just failing to reach us, and sometimes, when spent, rolling along the surface of the water, and sinking, in a very futile and inconsequent sort of way, when only a few yards off from us. Our small gunboats and tugs would sometimes give this battery (called the Pig's Point Battery) a stirring up with their Parrott guns, but with no great result on either side. One night some of the "Cumberland's" armed boats went over there and burned a floating battery which was building right under the guns, coming off without harm, although the shot flew about them in a very lively manner.

Sunday night—or rather Monday morning—was almost always a stirring time for us, for the armed steamers then generally came down before daylight, threatening to run by us, and either get into Norfolk or run the gauntlet of the vessels in Hampton Roads and get to sea, where they could prey upon our commerce. The south side of the river being very shoal, a vessel of any draught must necessarily pass quite close to us. The watch always slept on deck at their guns, where I have often seen them with their blankets and pea-jackets covered with snow; and so the battery was always cast loose and ready before the drum had fairly begun to beat to quarters. But the steamers never gave us a chance at them with our broadside.

On Monday morning, too, we often had canoes and skiffs with "contrabands" coming in from the south side. Sunday being a holi-

day, the negroes were not so readily missed, and were enabled to slip off, and then, having some old fishing-skiff concealed in the Nansemond or some of the other creeks, would drop silently down in the darkness, taking to their oars or paddles when they got into the James and daylight was near. Sometimes the Pig's Point Battery fired at them, and the poor darkies would arrive alongside ashy-gray from fright and exertion combined.

Our policy as regarded "contrabands" was still undefined at that time, but our orders were to receive any runaways who once touched the ship's side, but not to afford any assistance before they reached us. This they sometimes could not do on account of the current or wind, and then they had to make for Old Point, miles below, at imminent risk of being picked up by a vigilant and pestilent little rebel tug which generally lay in wait under Craney Island batteries like a spider watching for flies. When the contrabands did get on board they would tell most wonderful stories; but little that was of any real importance was ever gathered from them. The bundles which they generally brought with them contained the most incongruous and ridiculous collection of worthless traps it is possible to conceive of. One old woman, I remember, brought off, through real danger and tribulation, a heavy iron skillet for baking bread, a bag of goose-feathers, and another of dried herbs. She never parted with these impedimenta for one moment during the time she remained on board, sitting upon them while she ate her breakfast, and carrying them into the tug which took her down to Hampton, with as much care as if they were worth their weight in gold. Another woman in the same party appeared to have all her spare clothing tied about her person, while both hands were occupied with a large and ancient wooden clock which would have been dear at a dollar. But of course these poor househould effects were precious in their sight, and it was rather touching to see how they clung to them as they entered the wide unknown world before them.

We often visited the camp on shore, and were on friendly terms with many of the officers of the different regiments stationed there. They were generally very good and gallant fellows, with no experience of military life, however; most of them never having seen a shot fired in earnest. Practical jokes, games, and convivial parties occupied fully as much of their thoughts and time as did battalion and skirmish drill. There were about four thousand men encamped there; most of whom before the next autumn had been laid away in soldiers' graves under the soil of the Peninsula or the mud of the Chicka-

hominy, or else had earned the title of veterans at the battles in front of Richmond.

About the middle of the winter the time for which our crew was enlisted expired, and they were sent North to be paid off, their places being partially supplied by drafts of men from the receiving-ship at New York and from some of the ships in Hampton Roads. These were by no means so fine a body of men, nor equal in number to those we had lost, for by this time the drain of the war was beginning to tell. Some of the marines were also drafted away, and their places supplied by a small company of the Ninety-ninth New York Volunteers, or "Union Coast-Guard,"—a regiment originally raised for sea-coast services. These soldiers were, for the most part, stationed at the great guns, as we were so short-handed that there was not enough blue jackets to make up full guns' crews. This whole arrangement was considered merely temporary, as it was understood that both the sailing frigates were to be relieved by steamers as early in the spring as possible. It was manifestly injudicious to leave them where they were, an easy prey to the powerful ironclad reported to be building at Norfolk upon the hull of the partly-burned frigate "Merrimac," which the rebels had raised and were said to be working at with great vigor. Reports came constantly, by refugees and contrabands, that the mysterious vessel was nearly ready, and was to "clean out" Hampton Roads and James River when she did appear. The Norfolk papers were particularly spiteful against "those insolent frigates" which closed James River, and it was supposed the first attack would be upon them. Some reports had it that the "Merrimac"—or "Virginia"—was roofed with railroad iron, while others said the armor was of thick iron plates rolled at the Tredegar Works in Richmond. Of course we knew nothing of ironclads in those days, and as week after week passed and the monster did not appear, we were inclined to regard this one as a myth. At any rate, we felt certain that if we could once get her under our broadside we should soon send her to the bottom.

About the 1st of March our captain was detached from the ship, but remained on board, waiting a passage South to take another command. Our first lieutenant assumed charge temporarily, being ordered, when relieved by another vessel (about the 10th of March), to take the "Congress" to Philadelphia and lay her up.

Just at this time we got a Norfolk newspaper, brought by an "intelligent contraband," in which was a violent diatribe against the Confederate naval authorities for their bad management in fitting out

the "Merrimac," declaring that her iron plating was a failure, that her machinery was defective, and that she nearly sank when brought out of dock,—in fine, that she was of no use except to be moored in the harbor as a floating battery. It proved that this was a well-conceived trick to throw us off our guard. The authorities at Washington were better informed, and were not deceived, except that the "Merrimac" was ready a few days sooner than they expected. At the very time we were, with a feeling of relief, reading this article, the rebels had steam up on the "Merrimac" for a trial of her machinery, and her officers and crew were on board and under drill.

The 8th of March was a fine, mild day, such as is common in Southern Virginia during the early spring, and every one on board our ship was enjoying the weather and pleasing himself with the prospect of going North in a day or two at farthest, and being relieved from the monotony of a blockade at anchor. Some of us were pacing the poop, basking in the sun and watching the gulls, which here, as all over the world wherever a man-of-war is anchored, manage to find out when it is dinner-time, appearing regularly when the mess-tins are being washed and the cooks are taking the buckets of broken victuals to the head to throw overboard. Then they chatter and scream and fight for the remnants as they drift astern until all is consumed, when they betake themselves to fresh fields out of sight until we pipe to dinner again.

One bell had struck some time when the attention of the quartermaster on watch was drawn to an unusual appearance against the fringe of woods away off in the Norfolk channel. After gazing intently for a while, he approached the officer of the deck and, presenting him the glass, said, "I believe *that thing* is a-comin' down at last, sir."

Sure enough! There was a huge black roof, with a smoke-stack emerging from it, creeping down toward Sewall's Point. Three or four satellites in the shape of small steamers and tugs surrounded and preceded her. Owing to the intervening land, they could not be seen from Hampton Roads until some time after we had made them out, but when they did show themselves clear of the point there was a great stir among the shipping. But they turned up into the James River channel, instead of down toward the fort, approaching our anchorage with ominous silence and deliberation.

The officers were by this time all gathered on the poop, looking at the strange craft, and hazarding all sorts of conjectures about her; and when it was plain that she was coming to attack us, or to force the passage, we beat to quarters, the "Cumberland's" drum answering ours. The springs were manned to see if the broadside could be

brought to bear down channel, but the ship would not budge, owing to the strength of the tide, which had turned ebb.

By a little after four bells, or two o'clock, the strange monster was close enough for us to make out her plating and ports, and we tried her with a solid shot from one of our stern guns, the projectile glancing off her forward casemate like a drop of water from a duck's back. This opened our eyes. Instantly she threw aside the screen from one of her forward ports and answered us with grape, killing and wounding quite a number. She then passed us, receiving our broadside and giving one in return, at a distance of less than two hundred yards.

Our shot had, apparently, no effect upon her, but the result of her broadside upon our ship was simply terrible. One of her shells dismounted an 8-inch gun and either killed or wounded every one of the gun's crew, while the slaughter at the other guns was fearful. There were comparatively few wounded, the fragments of the huge shells she threw killing outright as a general thing. Our clean and handsome gun-deck was in an instant changed into a slaughter-pen, with lopped-off legs and arms and bleeding, blackened bodies scattered about by the shells, while blood and brains actually dripped from the beams. One poor fellow had his chest transfixed by a splinter of oak as thick as the wrist, but the shell-wounds were even worse. The quartermaster who had first discovered the approach of the ironclad—an old man-of-war's man, named John Leroy—was taken below with both legs off. The gallant old sailor died in a few minutes, but cheered and exhorted the men to stand by the ship almost with his last breath.

The "Merrimac," in the meantime, had passed on up the stream, and our poor fellows, thinking she had had enough of it and was for getting away, actually began to cheer. For many of them it was the last cheer they were ever to give. We soon saw what her object was; for, standing up abreast the bow of the "Cumberland" and putting her helm aport, she ran her "ram" right into that vessel. The gallant frigate kept up her splendid and deliberate but ineffectual fire until she filled and sank, which she did in a very few minutes. A small freight steamer of the quartermaster's department and some tugs and boats from the camp wharf put off to rescue the survivors, who were forced to jump overboard. In spite of shot from the rebel gunboats, one of which pierced the boiler of the freight-boat, they succeeded in saving the greater number of those in the water.

During this time we discovered that we were on fire in the sick-bay, in the main hold, and under the ward-room near the after maga-

zine, the fire being supposed to be caused by hot shot. Some of these fires were extinguished by means of the pumps, but the most dangerous one, that near the after magazine, was never extinguished, in spite of every exertion, and was the cause of the explosion which during the following night blew the ship to pieces.

Seeing the fate of the "Cumberland," which sank in very deep water, we set our topsails and jib and slipped the chains under a sharp fire from the gunboats, which killed and wounded many. With the help of the sails and of the tug "Zouave" the ship was now run on the flats which make off from Newport's News Point. Here the vessel heeled over as the tide continued to fall, leaving us only two guns which could be fought, those at the stern ports. Two large steam-frigates, and a sailing frigate towed by tugs, had started up from Hampton Roads to our assistance. They all got aground before they had achieved half the distance; and it was fortunate that they did so, for they would probably have met the fate of the "Cumberland"; in which case the lives of the twelve or thirteen hundred men composing their crews would have been uselessly jeopardized.

After the "Merrimac" had sunk the "Cumberland" she came down the channel and attacked us again. This was at about five bells, or half-past two. Taking up a position about one hundred and fifty yards astern of us, she deliberately raked us with 80-pounder shell, while the steamers we had so long kept up the river, and those which had come out with the ironclad from Norfolk, all concentrated the fire of their small rifled guns upon us. At this time we lost two officers, both elderly men. One was an acting master, who was killed on the quarter-deck by a small rifle-bolt which struck him between the shoulders and went right through him. The other was our old coast pilot, who was mortally wounded by a fragment of shell. We kept up as strong a fire as we could from our two stern guns, but the men were swept away from them repeatedly, and at last both pieces were disabled, one having the muzzle knocked off and the other being dismounted. Rifles and carbines were also used by our people to try to pick off some of the "Merrimac's" crew when her ports were opened to fire, but of course the effect of the small-arms was not apparent to us.

It is useless to attempt to describe the condition of our decks by this time. No one who has not seen it can appreciate the effect of such a fire in a confined place. Men were being killed and maimed every minute, those faring best whose duty kept them on the spar deck. Just before our stern guns were disabled there were repeated calls for

powder for them, and none appearing, I took a look upon the berth-deck to learn the cause. After my eyes had become a little accustomed to the darkness and the sharp smoke from burning oak, I saw that the line of cooks and ward-room servants stationed to pass "full boxes" had been raked by shell, and the whole of them either killed or wounded—a sufficient reason why there was a delay with the powder. (I may mention here that the officer who commanded our powder division was a brother of the captain of the "Merrimac.") The shells searched the vessel everywhere. A man previously wounded was killed in the cockpit, where he had been taken for surgical aid. The deck of the cockpit had to be kept sluiced with water from the pumps to extinguish the fire from the shells, although dreadfully wounded men were lying on this deck and the water was icy cold. But the shell-room hatch opened into the cockpit, and fire must be kept out of there at all hazards, or the whole of us would go into the air together. In the ward-room and steerage the bulkheads were all knocked down by shell and by the axemen making way for the hose, forming a scene of perfect ruin and desolation. Clothing, books, glass, china, photographs, chairs, bedding, and tables were all mixed up in one confused heap. Some time before this our commanding officer, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, a fine young man, had been instantly killed by a fragment of shell which struck him in the chest. His watch and one of his shoulder-straps (the other being gone) were afterwards sent safely to his father, a veteran naval officer.

We had now borne this fire for nearly an hour, and there was no prospect of assistance from any quarter, while we were being slaughtered without being able to return a shot. Seeing this, the officer who had succeeded to the command of the ship, upon consultation with our former captain (who was, as I have said, still on board as a guest), ordered our flag to be struck. We had then been under fire altogether more than two hours. It is not a pleasant thing to have to strike your flag, but I did not see then, and I do not see now, what else we were to do.

A boat now boarded us with an officer from the "Merrimac," who said he would take charge of the ship. He did nothing, however, but gaze about a little and pick up a carbine and cutlass—I presume as trophies. One of the small gunboats then came alongside, and the officer of the "Merrimac" left. The commander of the gunboat said that we must get out of the ship at once, as he had orders to burn her. Some of our people went on board of his craft as prisoners, but not many. As her upper deck was about even with our main-deck ports,

our surgeon stepped out of one, and told the commanding officer that we had some dreadfully wounded men, and that we must have time to collect and place them on board his vessel; and, moreover, that our ship was on fire, with no possibility of saving her. The reply was, "You must make haste; those scoundrels on shore are firing at me now." In fact, the rifle-balls were "pinging" about very briskly, scarring the rusty black sides of the poor old frigate, for the Twentieth Indiana Regiment had come down from the camp to the point, and had opened fire upon the gunboat as she lay alongside of us. Our doctor, having no desire to be killed, especially by our own people, jumped back into the port just as the steamer, finding it too hot, shoved off and left us.

As soon as she did so they all opened upon us again, although we had a white flag flying to show we were out of action, and we certainly could not be held responsible for the action of the regiment on shore. After ten or fifteen minutes, however, they all withdrew and went down the channel to bestow their attentions upon the frigate "Minnesota," which was hard aground. Fortunately, the "Merrimac" drew too much water to come very near the "Minnesota" at that stage of tide, and the small fry were soon driven off by the latter ship's battery. Night now approaching, the whole rebel flotilla withdrew and proceeded up the Norfolk channel.

Although relieved from the pressure of actual battle, we had still the unpleasant consciousness that fire was making progress in the close vicinity of our magazine, and we felt as I suppose men would feel who are walking in the crater of a volcano on the verge of eruption. Fortunately for us, the "Merrimac" and her consorts had not fired much at our upper works and spars, the principal damage being inflicted upon our lower decks. We had, therefore, the launch and first cutter—large boats—which, with a little stuffing of shot-holes, were fit to carry us the short distance between the ship and the shore. The yard and stay tackles were got up and the boats put into the water as soon as possible, the fire gaining and the sun going down in the meantime.

By successive boatloads the survivors were all landed, the launch being brought under the bill-port, and the wounded, in cots, lowered into her by a whip from the fore yard, which was braced up for the purpose. This boat nearly filled with water on her last trip, being a good deal damaged, obliging some of the officers who had stayed till the last to jump overboard into the icy cold water and lean their hands on the gunwale, so as to relieve the boat of a part of their weight. She

grounded in water about waist deep, and the soldiers from the camp waded out and assisted our men in bearing on shore and to the log hospital of the Twentieth Indiana those who were on cots. We had managed to get the body of our gallant young commanding officer on shore in one of the cots as a wounded man. The mass of the men were so "gallied," to use a sailor phrase, by the time the action was over, what with enduring so severe a fire without being able to respond, and also by the knowledge that an explosion of the magazine might occur at any time, that I doubt whether they could have been induced to bring off a man whom they knew to be dead. The officers repeatedly went round the decks looking for wounded men, and I firmly believe that all who were alive were brought off. About thirty wounded were brought on shore, half of whom afterwards died, and we must have lost, in killed and missing, about one hundred and twelve. These numbers imply death or wounds or captivity to about one in every three who were on board when the action commenced. My memory may not serve me with entire accuracy, but these were about the numbers. Our poor old ship, deserted by all but the dead, lying as they fell, burnt till about midnight, when she blew up.

The next morning, the 9th of March, dawned fine and spring-like, a haze hanging over the broad waters, through which the sun as he rose looked red and angry; but it soon cleared off, as if purposely to afford an uninterrupted view of a sight which the world had never seen before.

The camp was early astir, the regiments drawn up in line of battle, while the survivors of the crews of the two ships were placed in the earthworks on the west side of the camp to man the howitzers placed there. It was expected that the "Merrimac" would return that morning to complete her work, and information had been received that General Magruder, with a large force, was marching over from Yorktown to take the camp in the rear, and thus, in conjunction with the ironclad, force surrender.

At about six o'clock the "Merrimac" was seen through the haze coming down again, apparently intending first to attack the "Minnesota," which was still aground. Of course we watched her proceedings with breathless interest, as did thousands of others on both sides the broad sheet of water forming an immense amphitheatre, on the southern side of which the spectators were filled with confidence and hope, while to the north we felt well-grounded apprehension. Passing up the James River channel again, the "Merrimac" opened fire upon the "Minnesota" with her bow guns, hulling her once or twice, when

suddenly there glided out from under the shadow of the huge frigate a little raft-like vessel almost flush with the water, and bearing on her deck a black turret.

At first no one in camp seemed to know what it was or how it came there; but at last it was conceded that it must be the strange new ironclad which we had heard was being built in New York by Ericsson. It was indeed the "Monitor"; and although too late to prevent a terrible loss, she was in the nick of time to hinder the infliction of far more serious damage. Even now one shudders to think what might have been the consequences had the "Merrimac" cleared out Hampton Roads, ascended the Potomac to Washington, and enabled the "Patrick Henry" or the "Jefferson" to proceed to sea, bearing to England and France the welcome news that our blockade was broken.

As the little vessel steamed out from the "Minnesota" she seemed so small and trifling that we feared she would only constitute additional prey for the leviathan; and we were as much surprised as those on board the "Merrimac" could be to see this pigmy deliberately approach the huge ironclad and enter into an engagement with her, maneuvering for the purpose of finding vulnerable points and exchanging the heaviest shot then in use without any apparent damage. It gave one the impression of a big, hulking bully suddenly attacked by a plucky, determined little man. After a time the "Merrimac" seemed to give up the attempt to injure the "Monitor" by her fire, and turned her attention once more to the "Minnesota," hulling her again, and exploding the boiler of a steam-tug alongside of her. In the meantime, the "Minnesota's" battery was brought to bear, and her eight and ten-inch shot must have hit the "Merrimac" fifty times, but they glanced off from her sloping roof without inflicting any damage.

The gallant little "Monitor" now came up again and interposed between the "Merrimac" and "Minnesota," firing her two guns in the "one-two" manner of a pugilist delivering his blows. This caused the "Merrimac" to shift her position, and in doing so she grounded for a few minutes. There was now a good deal of firing and a cloud of smoke, from which presently emerged the "Merrimac," steaming away down the channel, pursued by the "Monitor" like a bull-dog after a bull. Apparently as a desperate and final attempt to rid herself of her little antagonist, she now put her helm down, and, rounding to, ran full speed right on to the "Monitor." As the ram struck her the "Monitor" fired an eleven-inch solid shot right into her roof at only a few feet distance. I have never heard exactly what damage this shot did, but, at any rate, it was nearly the last one fired. The blow

of the ram did the "Monitor" no harm, merely scoring her armor, as she shifted her helm and received a glancing blow. The "Merrimac" almost immediately drew off, and went up to an anchorage above Craney Island.

So ended the first ironclad engagement. From that day until she was blown up by her own people, about two months afterwards, this formidable "Merrimac" never effected anything of moment, from causes which need not be entered into here. But the fact of her presence in those waters, and her supposed continued capacity for offense, no doubt affected the whole plan of the Peninsular campaign, then in its inception.

About the time that the "Merrimac" retired from the contest the head of Magruder's column appeared on the banks of the James above our camp, and we could see a mounted staff making a reconnoissance. But we were too strong and too well intrenched for them to attack without aid from the water. They were just a day too late, and, like the king of France, after marching up the hill marched down again. These were the same troops which a few weeks later were opposed to McClellan in the earthworks at Yorktown.

In the evening a steamer belonging to the quartermaster's department came up to the camp from Fortress Monroe with ammunition and provisions. The officers of the two ships were informed by General Mansfield (a fine-looking, energetic old officer, afterwards killed at Antietam) that they and their men could take passage in her to Old Point Comfort. We started, accordingly, after dark, and passing close to the "Minnesota"—whose crew were at work extricating her from her awkward position—reached the fort wharf about nine o'clock at night. The next day orders were received under which we dispersed to our respective homes, to enjoy a short and needed repose before again returning to duty.

THE "IRONSIDES" AT FORT FISHER.

In the summer of 1864 the "New Ironsides," which had received her name from Commodore Charles Stewart, in honor of the "Constitution," familiarly known as *"Old Ironsides,"* came up from off Charleston to Philadelphia for repairs. This formidable broadside ironclad had, by long and hard service in contending with Atlantic gales, as well as with the guns of Moultrie, Sumter, and Wagner, earned for herself the love and confidence of her officers and crew and the well-founded respect and fear of the enemy. When the writer joined her, in August, he found her almost ready for service, and she

was too useful a vessel to be allowed long to repose in the peaceful waters of her native Delaware. She was a huge mass of wood and iron—not handsome, by any means, from a sailor's point of view. She was barque-rigged, and mounted in broadside fourteen 11-inch guns on wrought-iron carriages, besides two 150-pounder Parrott rifles—all on her gun-deck or casemate. She had also on the spar-deck, for the entertainment of boarding-parties, for signaling and the like, two 50-pounder rifles and two Dahlgren howitzers. She had immense beam and a very light draught of water, so that she could carry her heavy battery into soundings where most large vessels could not go. Her armor was of four-inch iron plates, with port-shutters of the same, the plates much indented by shot from the forts at Charleston.

Carrying a very large complement of officers and men, and handling her heavy guns with almost as much ease and quickness as if they were 32-pounders, the "Ironsides" was a terror to all hostile batteries; for, once in position, she could pour in such a fire of shell that it was almost impossible for her opponents to stand at their guns. With the slow fire of the monitors there was a chance to "cover," but the "Ironsides," when once at work, generally made it necessary to cover all the time. Her ends were not armored, and these had been often penetrated by shot, but no one had ever been killed on her gun-deck by the enemy's fire during the many engagements in which she had borne a prominent part.

She had had several narrow escapes from destruction, however. During one of the attacks upon the forts at Charleston she lay for an hour right over an immense torpedo, containing two thousand pounds of powder, which was sunk in the main ship channel. It was intended to be exploded by electricity when the bearings showed she was over it; but, providentially, something about the wires was out of order, and the charge could not be exploded; and, finally, after doing her work, the good old ship drew off unscathed. On another occasion, when lying off the bar, she was approached after dark by a cigar-shaped torpedo-steamer—called a "david"—which was suddenly discovered running straight for her broadside. The officer of the deck, an acting ensign, jumped on the rail to hail the stranger, when he was shot by a musket in the hands of the person who was directing the torpedo-boat. At the next instant the torpedo itself was exploded alongside the ship, shaking her very much, knocking people down and starting some knees and stanchions, but not causing any material leak. The torpedo-boat sank, and her manager, an ex-lieutenant in

the Navy, named Glassell, swam to a schooner at anchor near by, and was made prisoner. In most steamers the great hole for "outboard delivery" is about amidships on the starboard side, and just below the water. In the "Ironsides" it happened to be upon the port side, and this saved her; for if Glassell had managed to insert his torpedo into the outboard delivery, he would probably have sunk the ship with all on board.

The engines and boilers of the "Ironsides" were very fine, but, unfortunately, they had not power enough for the great mass in which they were placed, and would only drive her six knots under the most favorable circumstances. Her steering apparatus, too, was always getting out of order, as she had a curiously-contrived rudder, fashioned like a double flap or folding shutter, and intended to double upon itself, something like the tail of a fish. But we should not complain of defects, for, in spite of them, she did her work nobly.

The greater part of her crew had been in her when off Charleston, but we had a number of newly-enlisted "whitewashed rebs" among the landsmen. This term was applied to men who had been made prisoners, had taken the oath of allegiance, and then enlisted in the navy, as they ran less danger of recapture than in the army. I have seen these men, when brought to New York from our prison-camps in the West, dressed in the same homespun, butternut-dyed clothes in which they had been working on their farms when conscripted. A few weeks only, in some instances, had elapsed between the time when they were plowing in North Carolina or Georgia and their finding themselves in New York, landsmen in the Navy, having, in the meantime, participated in some battle and passed to the North as prisoners. Most of them had never seen, and scarcely heard of, salt water, and groups of them frequently gathered on the cob-dock, dipping the fagged end of a hawser into the East River, and then tasting it with great gravity, "to see if it were sure-enough salt."

As soon as our repairs were completed we sailed for Hampton Roads, arriving there in October. On the passage round the ship surprised every one who had not been in her before by her liveliness in a seaway. In fact, on account of her flat floor and light draught she required a great weight of coal and ammunition to give her that sedateness of motion which was consistent with her severe and ponderous appearance. Many on board were very sea-sick, and our ex-rebel landsmen seemed especially to suffer on making their first acquaintance with sea-life.

Hampton Roads at this time was as busy and crowded as any com-

mercial port. Besides our own armed vessels—frigates, sloops-of-war, monitors and nondescripts—there were always some foreign men-of-war, mostly English and French. There were also crowds of steam and sailing transports with provisions, coal, powder, shell, and soldiers. Grant was besieging Petersburg, and all the supplies for his force passed up the James.

It was well understood that the powerful fleet we were collecting here was to attack some important stronghold, which could be no other than Fort Fisher, on Federal Point, at the eastern entrance of the Cape Fear River. At this period of the war the principal infractions of the blockade took place here, the other ports being either in our possession or effectually closed. To guard both entrances of the Cape Fear a space of sixty miles or more had to be patrolled; and although a large force was already stationed here, the blockade-runners—swift, low vessels, commanded by skillful and daring men—would slip in of a dark night in spite of every exertion. In their construction everything was sacrificed to speed, so that they were, as "Jack" says, "like a spider-crab, all legs and arms." Sometimes they would make the land many miles to the northward, and, trusting to their color and the darkness for concealment, would run down along the beach, hugging the surf, until New Inlet was reached. Once under the guns of Fort Fisher, they could laugh at the cruisers, and choose their own time to pick their way over the dangerous bar of the eastern entrance, the tortuous channel of which did not, at the best tides, give two fathoms of water. Yet this had been the entrance and exit of millions of dollars' worth of stores and munitions of war and of cotton during the war. It was therefore all-important to close this river; and to do so we must take Fort Fisher, when Fort Caswell and the other forts and batteries would fall of themselves.

Soon after we arrived at Hampton Roads the "Ironsides" was ordered up to the navy-yard at Norfolk. Here the effects of the war were manifest in the destruction by fire of the fine store-houses, ship-houses, and shops, and the blowing up of the solid docks, while in the river were sunk the half-burned hulks of several well-worn men-of-war. We soon stripped the ship of all spars except the lower masts, putting her in "fighting trim," and then, after coaling, went down to the magazine at Fort Norfolk to fill up our magazines with powder, shot, and shell. We also filled twenty-five hundred bread-bags with sand, and placed them upon our spar-deck to protect us from a plunging fire. This involved no small amount of labor, for large bags of sand are hard to handle. We soon returned to Hampton Roads, when drill, target-practice, and boat-exercise were the order of the day.

The weather became wintry and bad, but still we did not move, and it began to be rumored that we were waiting for some infernal machine or powder-boat to be finished, which was said to have been conceived in the fertile brain of General Butler. This boat was to be run in, at night, close under the walls of Fort Fisher, and then exploded, when the walls of the fort were to crumble more promptly than those of Jericho, and the garrison was to be so completely stunned as to allow us next morning to walk quietly into the fort.

At last everything was ready. General Butler was to command the troops, which had come down the James River packed in the transports like herrings in casks. On the 13th of December we sailed from Hampton Roads—ironclads, frigates, sloops-of-war, and transports—and next day got around Hatteras and hauled up to cross the bight of Onslow Bay to Cape Lookout, under which the large vessels anchored, while the monitors, transports, and small craft went into Beaufort. On the 18th the fleet got under weigh again for the rendezvous, which was twenty miles east of New Inlet. Here we anchored, literally at sea, and in a position where in peace-times it would have been thought foolhardy to remain at that season of the year. Fogs, gales, heavy seas, and every kind of weather but good weather prevailed for the next week. The vessels, especially the ironclads, were half under water, and it was curious to observe the little monitors steaming up to their anchors, often completely submerged by huge seas, with only the tops of the turrents and smokestacks visible.

At last the powder-boat made its appearance on the scene. This vessel was the steamer "Louisiana," which had been used as a gunboat and was now altered into a huge torpedo. About two hundred tons of powder had been placed on board, and ingenious means devised to explode it. The vessel was painted lead-color all over, and even her officers wore lead-color tarpaulins. A false smokestack was mounted abaft the genuine one, so that in general appearance, and especially at night, she very much resembled the English blockade-runners. The fleet had a great respect for this dangerous neighbor, and once, when she parted her cable in the heavy sea and came drifting down upon the "Ironsides," every one was in rather an anxious state until it was certain she would go clear of us.

On the 23d the weather at last became settled, clear and cold, with light airs off shore. The powder-boat was sent in and exploded at about two in the morning, making a report which seemed to us, some miles off, not greater than that of two 15-inch guns fired together. The result was *nil,* a waste of time and money, so far as any damage

to the fort was concerned. We heard afterwards that it did cause some consternation, and had an assaulting-force been in front of the works at that moment they might have been carried by a *coup de main*. But so little was the explosion supposed to be an act of war that it was reported next day in the Washington papers that a Federal cruiser, chasing a blockade-runner in under Fort Fisher, had got on shore and been blown up to prevent her falling into Confederate hands. In fact, a blockade-runner did go in that night just ahead of the "Louisiana," the officers of which latter vessel availed themselves of her pilotage. She had coolly passed under the noses of our numerous men-of-war, the garrison showing range-lights to guide in the powder boat, thinking that she was one of the same sort.

The morning of December 24 was fine, with a light northwest wind and smooth sea. Galley-fires were lighted early throughout the fleet, and breakfast was served before daylight. After various delays, caused by vessels not forming line promptly, we stood in, the "Ironsides" leading, and anchored off the fort. It was a splendid sight to see each vessel, in her turn, follow in and take her allotted station, opening fire as her guns bore. The bombardment began about noon. I suppose that so severe a fire was never concentrated upon any fort before, and the return was not very brisk; indeed, it could not be from barbette guns under such a storm of shell. The fort bestowed most of its fire upon the wooden vessels. A few heavy shot struck us, cut away our rail and the lower rigging, dashed about the sand-bags on our spar-deck, and indented the armor. One 10-inch solid shot came in at our unarmored end forward, driving before it an air-port with its heavy iron stem and lead casing. It then entered the sick-bay, made a general smash of the contents of the dispensary, and was deflected from the berth-deck by a barricade of hammocks. Then it just cleared a cot in which was lying the body of a marine who had died shortly before we went into action, and finally imbedded itself in the waterway. At sunset we all drew off, just out of range, and anchored for the night. All hands got something to eat, and then we buried the marine, whose body the 10-inch shot had so curiously spared. The watch was set, and all who could went to sleep early.

We now knew what Fort Fisher looked like, but it was impossible to tell what damage we had done to it; earthworks are very hard things to injure by any amount of hammering, and Fort Fisher proved to be a tremendous earthwork armed with heavy columbiads, Brookes, Blakely, and Armstrong guns. That night, just as our weary ship's company had got to sleep, the drum beat to quarters upon an alarm

of a torpedo-boat approaching us. After a considerable time it was discovered that the thing was a ship's boat, bottom up, adrift. Her round bottom, lapped by the ripple, looked very much like the rounded hull of the "david" torpedo-boats which the enemy were then using.

The next day, Christmas, was fine and mild, and we stood in and opened fire again about half-past ten, just as the good people at home were going to church. We soon got into very sharp work, our fire being answered by the fort much better than on the day before. During the forenoon the transport fleet approached and began to land troops on the beach two miles or more above the fort. At about three o'clock, after a considerable body had been landed, they began to move down toward the works. But we soon saw that they did not intend to fight that night, and were only picketing and skirmishing. At dusk all the vessels retired from range except the ironclads, which were ordered to keep fast. The crews of these vessels were more fagged out than any of the others, not only because we had kept up a more constant fire, —beginning first, and last to cease,—but also from the construction of the ships, the heavy guns, and the fact that we were firing most of the day against the light westerly wind, which caused the men's eyes and throats to be more affected by the powder smoke. The concussion from the heavy 11-inch guns on our low, covered deck was very troublesome. The 11-inch has a mellow, pealing sound as compared with the sharp report of smaller guns, but of course the volume of sound is much greater. The blast from the guns being driven inboard by the breeze, many of the "spongers" were temporarily blinded by the rush of hot sulphurous air when loading and firing rapidly. Very few complained, however, or left their stations for relief.

The next day the weather had changed, and there was a southeast swell. The fleet did not renew the attack upon the fort, but the troops were skirmishing in the woods with some forces from Wilmington, and the gunboats were shelling the bushes at intervals. Everything seemed uncertain and waiting for the general on shore to make up his mind. It was finally decided by the military commander that the assault was not feasible, and the attack was abandoned, though many competent judges believed that the fort would have yielded to assault on that day much more readily than it did three weeks afterward.

On the 27th of December the weather was fine, and the troops reembarked, the transports moving off for Hampton Roads as fast as they were loaded, while the naval vessels, for the most part, anchored in the offing and replenished their ammunition and stores from the store-vessels. In the afternoon of this day the garrison—interested

spectators of our proceedings, and hardly able to credit the evidence of their own eyes—fired a salute, about as aggravating a thing as they could do under the circumstances. It was but little consolation to reflect that it was no fault of the navy or of the brave troops who had been brought so far for nothing. The expedition, which had been so long in preparing, and which had set out with such a flourish of trumpets, had failed!

On the 28th of December we had mild weather, with heavy showers, and a strong swell setting in, and we all sailed for our first rendezvous, the bight under Cape Lookout, where we remained until the 12th of January, having a succession of gales with heavy seas, during one of which we lost an anchor and a hundred fathoms of chain, and came very near going into the breakers. Some of the frigates and other vessels put to sea to ride it out, but we were obliged to lie still and make the best weather we could. During the few moderate spells we managed to fill up with shell and coal; and we now learned that we were not "to give it up so," but were to try conclusions with Fort Fisher again, the troops this time being under command of General Terry.

So on the 12th of January we sailed again for New Inlet, with a northwest wind and smooth sea, the transports with the troops being in close company, and on the 13th, early in the morning, we led the fleet in once more, and began pounding away at the huge earthwork, the troops in the mean time landing on the beach above. Our fire was returned very briskly, cutting us up somewhat, and it was evident the garrison had received reinforcements and mounted more heavy guns. A water-battery to the south, with naval guns, was especially active and spiteful. During this day's engagement we were much amused with the conduct of a gamecock, a great pet among the men. On previous days of fighting he had been carefully put away below, but this time he had escaped from durance vile and promenaded the spar-deck, fluttering his wings and crowing loudly, and apparently enjoying the roar of the battle. By nightfall he was as hoarse and husky as some of the division officers, and he had one or two very narrow escapes from shot and splinters. We ceased fire at dark, and were ordered to retain our position, but about ten at night had to shift our berth, as the enemy had obtained our range before dark, and occasionally during the evening would pitch a 68-pound shot uncomfortably near us. Some of the smaller vessels which had heavy guns fired at intervals during the night, to prevent the enemy from repairing damages, which were greater than in our bombardment in December, several fires having occurred within the fort during the day.

The 14th of January broke clear and fine, with a smooth beach. We went in closer than ever,—in fact, until we were barely afloat,—and recommenced the bombardment about eight o'clock. Reinforcements had been thrown into the fort from Wilmington by a steamer which came down the Cape Fear River, and both sides were girding up their loins for the final struggle. At eleven o'clock, the troops being all landed and entrenched among some scrubby woods on shore, the storming party of marines and sailors from the fleet pulled for the beach, and were soon through the slight surf and established on the dry land. The ironclad division sent no men to the storming party, as these vessels were to keep up a deliberate fire as occasion required, or to open on the fort again in case our men were repulsed. About half-past two the naval column was ready to advance, after having thrown up some rifle-pits in the sand, and the fire from the fleet, at a given signal, suddenly ceased, the quiet after such continuous uproar seeming something unnatural.

At this time the writer took up a position in the maintop of the "Ironsides," from which he could look down with a glass, as if it were a mimic contest on the stage and he a spectator looking on from the boxes. The naval column moved along the beach by the flank, with the intention of assaulting or "boarding" the sea-face of the main work. This was some forty feet high and very steep, and was difficult for an unarmed man to climb—quite as much so as any railroad embankment. As the fire from the fleet ceased, the garrison came out of their bombproofs in a swarm, and, manning the parapet of the sea-face, shot down our men as if they were partridges in a covey. Those who manned the parapet appeared only to fire, while the loaded pieces were handed them by others in the rear. The beach was soon strewn with the dead and wounded, for there was no natural protection, and some of the wounded staggered into the surf, and then falling were unable to get out of the water without assistance. A few of the men, with many of the officers, reached the foot of the mound, where there was a heavy palisade which ran from the sea to the river. But they could go no farther, and the bulk of the naval force retreated down the beach, losing heavily as they did so from the deliberate "pot-shots" of the enemy. Those who had reached a place of partial shelter at the foot of the sea-face of the fort were forced to crouch there until approaching darkness and hard fighting on the river-flank of the defenses drew the garrison off and enabled our people to steal away. The losses were very heavy, twenty-one officers from the navy alone being killed or wounded. As far as the assault went, the naval attack

was a failure, but the lives lost were not utterly thrown away, for the naval attack made a diversion, drawing the garrison to the sea-face and distracting their attention from the movements of the troops.

Soon after the naval advance, and about the time it was evident that it was not to succeed, there emerged from the temporary earthworks and from the fringe of scrub-wood above the fort a line of battle composed of veterans from the James River. Rough and weather-worn as to faces and uniforms, but with ranks dressed and aligned as if on parade, without beat of drum and with arms at "right shoulder shift," they proceeded at a double-quick across the sandy plain extending to the base of the huge mamelons which formed the land side of the fort at right angles with the beach. I think I never saw a more magnificent sight. A few patches of salt grass or dried rushes were scattered over the plain, but there was nothing high enough to obstruct the view. Nearly all the guns on this face had been dismounted or disabled by the bombardment, but the garrison opened on the assaulting force with musketry as soon as they came within range, while a howitzer (run out from a sally-port to fire, and then withdrawn to load) cut gaps in the advancing line at each discharge. Two field-pieces at the western angle also began to fire at the advancing troops, but were soon silenced by shell from the ironclads; but the one in the sally-port could not be hit, owing to the protection of the covered way.

Not a shot was returned by our men. The line curved sometimes as the grape from the howitzer tore through it, but the officers would spring to the front, steady the men, and the gap was soon closed. The officers then fell into their places again, and the line swept on without a pause, leaving many a poor fellow behind, with the salt sand drinking in his life's blood. Soon they reached the foot of the huge earthworks, and the axes were seen to gleam as the strong palisade, already shattered by the bombardment, was cleared away. The fire of small-arms was growing sharper and sharper all the time, and now the assailants began to respond.

At last our men are through the obstruction, and we see them and their colors on one of the western mamelons, their outline sharply defined against the clear western sky. A sharp fight takes place for the first traverse; men, killed or wounded, roll down the steep incline; the shouts and yells grow louder; and then comes a rush, a pell-mell struggle, and we see the colors slowly rise, and finally gain the top of the next mound. Here the same determined resistance and the same close fighting go on, to be followed by another cheer, another rush,

and the taking of the next point. At this time General Terry signaled to our ship to fire into the traverses, ahead of the assaulting troops, and afterwards signaled again to say, "Just right! you are throwing your shell just where they are needed." Pretty fair practice this, when a deviation of a few yards to the right would have made the difference between shelling the enemy and shelling our own people.

The sun went down and the winter night closed in while this desperate infantry fight was still going on. At dusk our ship was obliged to cease firing, as we could no longer distinguish between friends and foes. We waited, fearfully anxious, but hopeful, listening eagerly to the sounds of the fight, now advancing obliquely toward us, the opposing troops fighting, sometimes hand to hand, in the darkness, only guided in their fire by the flashes of their enemies' muskets. Finally, about ten o'clock there was a tremendous peal of cheers, and then the tide of battle swept suddenly away through the fort and down toward the point, where the remnant of the garrison, in number about nineteen hundred, laid down their arms and surrendered. The fact was at once telegraphed to the fleet by signal lanterns, and round after round of hearty cheers went up from every ship. The weary, smoke-begrimed crews now turned in, satisfied that at last their perseverance in braving the perils of our coast in winter had been rewarded by complete success. The "impregnable" Fort Fisher was taken—a place pronounced by those who had seen both to be much stronger than the Malakoff. The Cape Fear River, the grand blockade-runners' port, was effectually closed, and the Confederacy at last completely isolated. How considerable and important were the supplies introduced by this channel, and how vital were the communications it protected, will be evident when we remember the fact that General Lee had telegraphed that "Fort Fisher must be held at any cost, otherwise he must evacuate Richmond."

Every one was up with the sun next morning, to find our colors hoisted on the fort and gunboats and "double-enders" already working their way through the intricate and shallow channels of the bar to reach the Cape Fear River, where for some days to come they were busy in capturing and occupying forts and batteries and in sweeping the channel for torpedoes. While we were standing upon deck surveying the scene a terrible explosion occurred within the fort, masses of earth and timber and bodies of men going high into the air, while a dense, balloon-shaped cloud of powder-smoke and dust hung for many minutes over the spot. The magazine of the fort had blown

up. No one ever knew how it happened. There were rumors of trains laid by the garrison to be fired in case of our success, while others, with more show of reason, talked of careless and drunken soldiers or contrabands exploring with candles and torches. Many officers and seamen from the fleet, who had been led by curiosity to enter the fort, lost their lives in this explosion, their fate being, for the most part, inferred from the fact that they were missing and that their bodies were not found among those killed in the assault.

Soon after the explosion the "Ironsides" was ordered to haul off to a safer anchorage, and, to the great joy of all on board, to heave overboard the mass of sand which had so long encumbered our spar-deck. Many of the bags had rotted, and others had been torn to pieces by shot, so that our deck looked more like a ragged piece of waste ground than the white and spotless promenade usual on board a man-of-war. There was another good reason for getting rid of our sand. In the two bombardments we had fired nearly four thousand rounds, and our shell-room and magazine being nearly empty, the sand on the upper deck made the ship top-heavy and tipsy in her motions. While this was being done, and the powder-grime washed from the paint-work, the writer went on shore with our commanding officer, Commodore Radford, and a party, to gratify a natural curiosity to see a place that had given us so much trouble. On our way we met boats conveying to their own vessels or to the hospital ship the wounded of the navy in the assault of the day before, and we found parties on the beach collecting for burial the bodies of those who had been killed.

The beach, as well as the whole space in the land-front of the fort, was strewn with fragments of shell, musket-balls, muskets, bayonets, cartridge-boxes and belts, articles of clothing, and dead bodies. As we approached the land-face we began to find the bodies of soldiers instead of sailors. Some of these were lying in the strangest postures, just as the death-bullet struck them. While the faces of some showed all the excitement and energy and deadly purpose of the fight, others looked as calm and peaceful as a sleeping baby. Many of the dead about the palisade were covered with dust and dirt from rolling down the steep earthwork after being shot.

Passing through a gap in the stockade, we climbed up to the top of one of the traverses, a distance of at least forty feet, and from there had a view of the fort. The great extent of the works was the first thing which struck one, and then the eye was attracted by the huge crater near the angle, where the explosion of that morning had taken place, and from which the sulphurous smoke was still curling up

lazily. While taking in this view, we were accosted by a major of a Pennsylvania regiment, who said he was trying hard to bring some order out of the indescribable confusion caused by the bombardment, the assault, and the explosion combined. This gentleman told us that he was the only regimental field-officer left for duty in the regiments which composed the assaulting force, all the others being either killed or wounded. We now proceeded to the subterranean passage leading under one of the great earthen mounds or traverses to the sally-port, whence the field-piece had been used which had so cut up the troops during the assault. This passage was dark and damp of course, too low for a tall man to walk upright in, and six or eight feet wide, supported and roofed with logs. A fearful stench came from the place, for it had been occupied as a bombproof refuge by some of the garrison during the bombardment, and was in the filthy condition in which such places always are after men have been forced to remain in them for any length of time. The floor was literally paved with the dead bodies of soldiers, who must have been placed there when wounded during the heavy shell-fire. Lying in the shocking filth, damp, and darkness, nearly all had died just where they were laid; but an occasional groan showed that some were still alive, and our fatigue-parties were about to take them out and separate the living from the dead. At the outer end of this place stood the field-piece on its light carriage, the crew of which, when they fired their last shot and retired within the fort, must have passed over the bodies of their comrades.

We did not stop here long, nor did we care to look into the other bombproofs,—which were no doubt in the same condition,—but passed onto the northeastern angle, where in two huge embrasures were very heavy guns—a 68-pounder and an 8-inch Blakely rifle. These guns had been very marked in their attentions to the ironclads, and we, in turn, had frequently made them a special object for our fire. Our shell often caused the gunners to leave them, but they always returned whenever our fire slackened or was temporarily diverted. Just before the assault, however, one of them had had its carriage disabled, and we found it in this condition, slued round, with a sergeant and some men of the Signal Corps quietly cooking their breakfast on the parapet close by its now harmless muzzle. The great shells had scarred and seamed the face of the defenses, and in bursting had excavated great holes in the sandy soil around the platform of the gun, in which some dead were partially buried. While standing here and looking about I saw a delicate hand and wrist, covered with a knitted

glove fastened about the wrist by a silken cord and tassel, sticking up out of the sand; and I could not help fancying that that homemade glove was the gift of a mother or sister to the young officer who was lying below—buried, possibly, by the very shell which had killed him. Against the heavy plank side of the embrasure was crushed the body of an officer, who had evidently been killed by the concussion of a bursting shell. One side of his head and face was smashed in, and plastered, so to speak, against the plank, leaving the other side in relief, the profile and black moustache standing out like a plaster cast. He must have been a very handsome man, and the side of his face which was exposed was not at all disfigured, looking like wax-work. I have never been able to account for so frightful an injury without disfigurement. Perhaps I have dwelt too much upon such horrors, but they made a great impression upon me, and the appearance of some of the dead I saw that day I shall never forget. I had seen men dreadfully mangled before, both by accident and in battle, but one is then generally in hot blood, with room and reason for action, and there is no time for moralizing. But going over such a scene in cool blood, with the sunlight searing out every ugly spot, is a very different matter.

We took a rapid walk to Battery No. 4, where was mounted on a fine carriage an Armstrong 150-pounder, marked with the "broad arrow" and with Sir William Armstrong's name in full on the trunnion. This piece was said to have been presented to the Confederacy by some English admirers, but Armstrong guns of less calibre were found in nearly all the fortifications about Cape Fear. As we were leaving the fort we noticed two or three large piles of muskets, some of them curiously contorted by missiles. These were the arms of the captured garrison—as well as those belonging to our own dead and wounded—which a detail or fatigue-party were now collecting and piling up. Just by these piles were the bodies of many dead Confederates laid in rows, and near them, on stretchers, two officers in their gray uniform, with their caps over their faces. Thinking they were dead too, as I passed I lifted the cap from one of them to see what his face was like. I was startled to find a very live face indeed, with two bright, feverish eyes gazing up into mine. The poor fellow smiled at my confusion, and said he was wounded in the legs, and was on his way to the field hospital. Making an apology for my curiosity, I hastened on to rejoin my party, finding, as we got down to the beach again, that the row of bodies in navy blue was getting longer and longer. These were all killed by rifle-shot, and were little disfigured.

We were glad to jump into our boat and pull away from such sad sights.

That afternoon all hands were called to muster, and a letter from Admiral Porter was read, thanking us for the handsome way in which the ship had been fought and for the accuracy of our fire, alluding also to the fact that we had led the fleet into action on each occasion. I think I may be excused for giving a portion of the dispatch commending the commodore commanding the "Ironsides": "His vessel did more execution than any vessel in the fleet; and even when our troops were on the parapet I had so much confidence in the accuracy of his fire that he was directed to fire on the traverses in advance of our troops and clear them out. This he did most effectually, and but for this victory might not have been ours. Having broken his rudder in a heavy gale, he rigged up a temporary one under adverse circumstances, and had his ship ready as soon as the rest. He seemed never to tire of fighting, and for three days lay within one thousand yards of Fort Fisher without moving his anchor, and made the rebels feel that we had come there to stay."

The weather remained wonderfully fine all this time, and here we were at anchor day after day on a part of the coast where before the war it would have been considered foolhardy to anchor at all. On the 17th of January the large vessels began to make their way North, leaving the gunboats and small craft to occupy the river and force the enemy to blow up and evacuate the numerous forts and batteries. This they generally effected in a great hurry and amidst much consternation, in some instances only spiking very fine guns. Fort Anderson, however, on the right bank—just abreast of which were two lines of heavy torpedoes, both floating and sunken—held our flotilla for some time, and was not evacuated until after a heavy bombardment of thirteen hours and an expenditure of about five thousand shell. It was very natural for the Confederates to suppose that Fort Fisher would come off victoriously from the second attack, as she was much better garrisoned and armed, and prepared in every way, than at the first attack, in December. Our success, this time, was considered by every one to be due to the change in the commanding officer of the troops, for the men who carried the muskets were the same.

All the forts in the river were of the most approved and careful construction, and they contained, in all, about one hundred and seventy heavy guns, while lines of piles and torpedoes, to be fired by electricity, filled the approaches to them. It was remarked by an officer high in authority that the engineers who built such works, at

the expense of so much time and labor, must have had an abiding faith in the Confederacy. Fort Fisher was nearly four years in the process of construction. The armed vessel "Chickamauga," which had already created such havoc among our coasters, and which was ready for sea again, and watching for an opportunity to slip out, was run high up the river and into one of the small branches, where she was eventually sunk by her own crew. Some fine blockade-runners came in at Smithville, quite ignorant of the change in affairs. Lights were shown them from the regular stations to guide them in, and when they anchored they were quietly taken possession of. They were from Bermuda, and loaded with arms, blankets, shoes, and other necessaries for the army. On board one of them were found some English army-officers, who had come over from Bermuda on "a lark" and to see what blockade-running was like. When the vessel was boarded these gentry were found seated over their champagne and felicitating themselves upon their successful run and upon having escaped serious damage from some shot which had struck the vessel as she was running through the outside blockaders. Their astonishment may be imagined, as well as their disgust at being shipped to New York, and thence sent back to Bermuda by the first opportunity.

The "Ironsides" arrived in Hampton Roads just in time to avoid another long spell of cold, easterly, stormy weather which caused much damage and suffering on the exposed coast which we had just left.

How we were almost immediately ordered up the James River to Bermuda Hundred to protect the immense stores of the Army of the Potomac, then before Petersburg, from the threatened raid of some small ironclad rams which the enemy still had at Rocketts, near Richmond, scarcely belongs to my story. But as this was the last service of the "Ironsides," I may be permitted to relate it.

We went foaming up the James River with our own steam and a powerful tug under each quarter, and, when we reached Bermuda Hundred, effectually plugged up the channel by running the "Ironsides'" huge bulk up it as far as she could go, and there leaving her sticking in the soft mud. As soon as General Ord, who commanded on that flank, saw what manner of craft she was, he seemed satisfied, and said he should now cease to trouble himself about ironclad rams. The rams never came near us, however, and were not long afterwards destroyed by their own people. But there is no doubt that our presence prevented them from giving trouble. If they had succeeded in destroying the great accumulation of material and provisions at City Point, or even in interrupting communications temporarily, it would

have been a very serious matter, and would at least have delayed the successful prosecution of the final campaign.

During our stay at this point we had many opportunities of seeing the operations in front of Petersburg, and the working of a large army in daily conflict with a brave and vigilant enemy. We were lying not far from, and made almost daily visits to, City Point, where General Grant's headquarters were—a row of beautifully-built log-cabins. Here the General was often to be seeen in consultation with General Meade; and Mr. Lincoln paid him quite a long visit, meeting Mr. Stephens and the other members of the Southern Peace Commission. Several important skirmishes and battles also took place, so that we had stirring scenes and events to enliven the monotony of our river-blockade.

When satisfactory evidence was had that the rams were no longer to be feared, our mission on the James was accomplished, and we returned to Norfolk, whence we proceeded to Philadelphia, arriving there just at the time that the news of the murder of Mr. Lincoln sent a thrill of horror throughout the nation and the world.

The war being now terminated, the "Ironsides" was put out of commission and sent to League Island to be placed in ordinary. Here, some time afterwards, all that was combustible of her was completely destroyed by fire—perhaps the fittest termination of her short but eventful existence.

E. SHIPPEN,
Medical Director U. S N.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By Henry Romeyn, Brevet Major, U. S. A.

(Part of Chapter 5.)

The prisoner had so far progressed on the road to recovery as to be able to walk about; and as a mark of special favor on the part of his uncle, the commandant, had been allowed the liberty of the town on parole, being required to report daily at the quarters of the commandant, when, as he entered the room one morning soon after the arrival of the courier, he was astounded by being recognized by that officer, who at once called him by name, and demanded his business there, and in that guise. He at first denied his identity; then pleaded a discharge from the States' employ, which allowed him as a mercenary to take service where he pleased. But his questioner refused to accept the story—he had been in Amsterdam at the time of the abduction, and was well informed of it; and being alone in the building, stepped outside to call a guard, which movement required him to lose sight of the culprit for a moment. A moment only—but in that space of time the prisoner disappeared, not to be found by those who sought him, though the search was close and vigorous. One of his nationality, to whose house he had fled, disguising him as a sick female of his family, had him carried in a litter borne by slaves, and attended by a woman as a nurse, out past the guards, who stupidly allowed the cortege to pass unquestioned; and while the search was going on, he was safe from pursuit.

At the time mentioned above, the Dutch held possession of the country about the mouth of the Amazon. Most of its cultivated portions being devoted to the growing of sugar cane, and as that heavy labor soon exhausted native slave supply, and recruiting it was only possible through captives seized in war or by stealthy raids, the government of the colonies began to cast about in search of fresh worlds to conquer; and as the Portuguese drew large and steady supplies from their possession on the west coast of Africa, it was determined to fit out an expedition for their capture; and Kaptein Van Kampe was sent from Recife with a fleet of eleven ships, most of them war vessels; and a land force of two thousand white troops and two hundred natives, which, landing near Loando, made a night attack on the place, garrisoned by only one-tenth of the number* of the assail-

*Southey's History of Brazil.

ants; most of the garrison escaping to the open country by an avenue which, in the darkness, had not been noticed by the Dutch. Majoor Cornelis, Kaptein Schoonmacker, and Liutnant Dekker were with the expedition, and the first named was left in command of the new possession, with three of the ships, as a sort of marine guard, the kaptein and liutnant, with their company, being placed as guard on two vessels loaded with slaves for Brazil.

Though the States and Spain were nominally at peace, that state of affairs did not prevent Van Kampe from seizing a Spanish vessel having on board about fifty slaves, which he met at sea, and sending it to New Netherlands, where its living cargo found a ready market.*

CHAPTER VI.

The war had been carried on with varying success, all along the coast, from near the mouth of the Amazon to that of the La Plata, till in January, 1649, the Portuguese, having been largely reinforced both for land and sea service, assumed a vigorous aggressive, and soon had control of the coast near Recife, and landed a large force for the reduction of the place. The Governor, Von Schoffe, was elsewhere employed, and had committed the command of the town and its defenses to General Brinck, who had, during the previous year, been sent from the States with reinforcements; and whose rank gave him the command in absence of the Governor. He was a gallant soldier, and, believing that the best defense was an offensive one, marched out of his works on the fifteenth of January and made a desperate attack on the lines of the besiegers. His principal efforts were directed against what was, for those days, and in that region, a powerful battery, which was the most harmful to the besieged; and, as commander of the best disciplined portion of the force, Kaptein Schoonmacker was designated to lead the sortie. Through treachery, which seems always to have been rife among the mercenaries of both armies, the Portuguese had warning of the impending attack; and the on-coming force found everything prepared for its reception. But its commander, far from being disheartened, charged with such resolution that most of his followers penetrated into the camp of their foes, which they at once set on fire. The day was the festival of St. Maurus, the disciple of Benedict, known in Portugal as San Amoro,

*See Documents relative to Colonial History of State of New York, Vol. II., p. 1.

who was believed to have a special virtue in healing wounds and broken bones,* and the attention of the Portuguese soldiery had been called to that as an incentive to better action; and during the thickest of the fighting the priests could be seen carrying the cross on high among the combatants, or kneeling beside some stricken man, and administering consolation to the dying of their fellows. Still the fortunes of the day seemed on the side of the Dutch till their commander and inspiring spirit fell, desperately wounded. As he was borne out of the melee the fire of the attack seemed to die out, and soon the whole force fell back to its own lines, having lost more than half its strength in the fray.

Liutnant Dekker had assumed the command on the fall of his superior, and was endeavoring to check the retreat, or at least to restore some semblance of order among the troops, that they might carry off their wounded, who were in danger of being slaughtered by the savage allies of the enemy, when he was struck on the head by one of the balls of a bola, thrown by one of the savage allies of the Portuguese, and dropped senseless among the dead and wounded.

With the savages, who swarmed over the bloody field, came some of the officers and men of the civilized force; and as the Hollander revived, and just in time to save his head from the blow of a war club, he was recognized by an officer, and when his mind became somewhat clear, found himself confronted by the man whom of all he had cause to hate most—de Bra.†

By his order the disabled officer was assisted to his feet; his sword was rudely snatched from his possession by a stalwart Mameluco, who clasped the belt about his own waist; and he was half led, half dragged, to the rear of the Portuguese redoubt, and thrust into a small, dark hut, at the door of which was posted the Mameluco as guard. No further attention was paid to him that day; but when a slight repast was brought him the following morning, de Bra also appeared, and, with the contemptible spirit which, from what has been told, might be expected of him, began to taunt and insult his captive.

"I hope that thou art in good health this morning, and pleased with thy situation and surroundings," was his greeting, as he drew near the door of the hut.

"I am in good health. Of my satisfaction thou shouldst be a judge, comparing my situation with thine of a year since."

*Southey's History of Brazil, Vol., II., p. 239.

†For the story of de Bra, see Southey's History of Brazil, Vol. II., p. 199.

"Thou dost well in making comparisons; but they cannot be well continued. Dost thou know how the native warriors treat their captives?"

"I do. But I am not the captive of a cannibal warrior. I was captured in battle with civilized foes, and am entitled to the treatment due a prisoner held for ransom or exchange."

"Thou wast struck down by the weapon of a Guanari chieftain, and he demands thee as his prisoner, to be treated as shall please him."

This was untrue, but one falsehood more or less did not cause the miscreant any qualm of conscience.

While the prisoner fully appreciated the gravity of his position, he knew also the futility of any appeal for justice, and, facing squarely and defiantly his tormentor, said:

"I know not how much authority thou hast in this force. I know to what fate those are destined who fall into the hands of the savages. If thou hast the power to give me into their hands, and usest it for that purpose, thou art no better than they. But I tell thee"—and his voice rang clearly as a trumpet blast—"I shall not die thus, and something tells me here (striking his breast) that I shall live to exact retribution from thee for what thou mayest now cause me to undergo."

" 'He laughs best who laughs last.' A year since I was at thy mercy; now thou art at mine, and I shall give thee in charge to Camaram, the Guanari leader; when he has done with thee, thou wilt not be in mirthful mood. But first I would have further speech with thee. When didst thou last receive letters from thy vrijster, the Juhvrouw Van Vechte?"

"What knowest thou of her?"

"I know that she was betrothed to thee before thou didst leave Holland. I know that letters come at long intervals from there. I know that thou hast not been told of all which occurs there. I know that not long after thou camest hither she spent days alone in a deserted house, except as she was visited by an officer of the States Army—not even her mother knowing"—

The insinuation and taunt was beyond endurance, and with a roar of rage the prisoner thrust aside the huge Mameluco and felled his tormentor with a single blow. He had no time for more ere he was seized and thrown violently back into the place of confinement; and threatened with instant death if he made any further hostile demonstration. The punished miscreant was carried from the scene before he had recovered consciousness; and the following morning, with his arms tightly bound by a cord, the end of which was held by a native

warrior, the prisoner began his long, weary march to the Guanari villages, far in the interior.

CHAPTER VII.

At the time of the discovery of the continent, and for more than a century and a half later, cannibalism existed in many of the tribes on its southern portion. Not only captives taken in war, but slaves procured in barter with other tribes, were sacrificed for food; and under very peculiar cicumstances. The victim was, so to speak, fattened for sacrifice. Every want was supplied; he was fed to repletion; no toil was exacted of him; and a number of young women were appointed to care for and watch over him, day and night, till the time appointed for his execution.*

When, in an unusually successful foray or campaign, the number of prisoners taken was too large for immediate consumption, resort was had to the "boucan"—drying the flesh over a slow fire, and thus preserving it for future use.

The detachment of warriors to whose custody Liutnant Dekker was consigned had also a number of native allies of the Dutch, captured during the siege; and not many days after their arrival at the Guanari village, which was located at the foot of the Cayriris mountains and on the head waters of the Capibaribe river, he was compelled to witness the death of several of his fellow captives, and to have ocular proof of the fate awaiting him when the savage Camaram should decide that the time had arrived for his taking off. Still, he did not lose hope. He had no faith in his "star," but, being naturally of a cheerful, buoyant nature, was disposed to seek for the brighter side of everything; and something in his inner consciousness seemed to say: "I shall escape such a fate." The taunt of de Bra made no lasting impression upon his mind; and as he lay in the shade of the wide-spreading trees in the village, and looked upon his female servitor-guard, his thoughts went back to Holland and the happy hours spent with the dear ones there; and then fancy sketched others, when, his captivity ended and he was at liberty to return home, he could resume association with them, and hope and anticipation become reality.

Of the four young women who had been appointed guards for him, was one whose complexion, much lighter than were those of

*See Southey's History of Brazil, Vol. II., pp. 365, 370.

her companions, had attracted his notice. A few days after their duties had been assumed, when left alone with her, he was astonished by being addressed by her in his own language—not perfect in construction, and mingled with many words of Guanari, but still fairly intelligible. To his inquiry as to where she had acquired it, she replied:

"My mother was of the Tampoya tribe, captured when a girl by the soldiers of thy nation, who had sold her to my father, Pieter Iansz, who owned a plantation at the place called Maranham, which was destroyed by these people in his absence, and my mother carried away. She was taken to wife by a warrior, but sorrowed always for my father, who had been kind to her and to me. We know not if he be alive or dead, for we were not allowed to question captives while the warrior lived. She used the language of my father when she wished to tell me anything which she wanted not others to know, and thus I have not lost it."

"Art thou content here?" he asked.

"I am not content. My mother had learned much of the ways of my father's people, and longed to return to them, and charged me to do so, if possible, after her death. I have wished to go there, but could not. Were I to escape and be retaken, my fate would be the same as that thou hast seen befall thy fellow captives; and life, even such as this, is better than death in such a manner, with what would come after it."

"Knowest thou aught of the way to thy former home?"

"No. The Guanari wander far and wide, and a long time passed after our capture before we came hither. I do know that this river runs to the great water, but the place I do not know."

The Hollander was not sure enough of the honesty of his guard to justify any further confidance on his part, and waited for her to speak; meanwhile continuing his observation. They were seldom left to themselves, and any conversation in an unknown tongue would be certain to attract attention and cause suspicion. But not many days had passed when another cannibal feast was held, to which came some savages from villages lying farther up the river, and the soldier saw, for the first time, the bark canoes of the country.*

The sight caused him to consider the feasibility of an escape by means of them; and the thought was strengthened by information received from the Boviander.

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*For description of canoes, see Southey's History of Brazil, Vol. I., pp. 254, 255.

"I have been told," she said, "that thou art to be killed as soon as this feast, and its drunkenness, is over. If they begin with thee I may be killed also, for one of thy guards is angry with me because her warrior hath spoken of taking me as wife, and she can say that I should die, because I am of thy race through my father. If thou wouldst avoid thy fate, thou must fly, and that at once—this very night. But whither wilt thou go? Thou knowest not the paths through the forest or across the pampas, save those by which thou wast brought hither, and they would overtake thee in a day. Would that we could go together, and by some unused path. I want not to die and be devoured, nor do I want to be wife of a warrior who eats the flesh of his captives."

The hour for action had come. To the guard he said:

"Knowest thou aught of the management of a canoe?"

"Much. I have oftened travelled short distances in them, and can use a paddle as well as can a warrior."

"How many canoes are at the village?"

"Not more"—and she held up both hands, with fingers outspread to indicate the number.

"Are they together and guarded?"

"All are together, but not guarded, for every man is at the feast, and none dream of danger."

"Canst thou arrange that the other women shall be at the feast early in the coming night?"

"They will be pleased to go if I offer to stay."

"Then we will escape by the river. When thou goest for thy evening meal try to secure a double portion, or even more, and leave the rest to me."

The short twilight of the tropics had deepened into the blackness of a moonless night. The girl had without difficulty secured enough food for two days, and had secreted a spear and bow with quiver of poisoned arrows near the prisoner's place of confinement. To her offer to remain alone in charge of the captive the other guards gave a ready assent, coupling it with a coarse allusion to the companionship.

As soon as they had departed the girl produced a pair of sandals, made from the fibre of the palm, and, causing the prisoner to discard his shoes, fitted the simpler foot-gear to his feet, and carrying the shoes, that they might not give any clue to what had been done, and thus aid in following any land trail the pair might be forced to make, led the way to the boats. They passed so close to the scene of the orgie that they could see and count the figures about the huge fires,

but were not themselves seen from them. But, as they reached the bank of the stream, they came suddenly upon a warrior, who had, for some purpose of his own, left the light, and though not seeming to be on guard, was in the way, and must be disposed of. Whispering to her companion to remain quiet, the girl stepped boldly forth from the sheltering bushes and engaged the intruder in conversation, in the course of which she soon called his attention to some object floating in the current, and as he turned to look at it, struck him to the ground with a stone she had picked up before approaching him. He fell without a sound, and she instantly rolled him into the rapid current, which carried him away from the scene, and ended all his chances for alarming the revelers, or ever sharing in their hideous repasts.

It required but a moment to dispose of the canoes. As they were pushed into the stream the girl thrust the spear several times through the bottom of each, saying:

"Now the Guanari cannot follow."

One had been reserved, and in that the fugitives pushed off, and picking up the paddles, were soon in full flight—they knew not whither. They only knew that, somewhere, the river must run to the sea; what lay between them and that ardently desired termination of their voyage they could only conjecture.

The paddle was to the Hollander a new instrument of propulsion, but he soon learned its use, and as his amazonian companion proved strong and vigorous in managing the frail craft, they made good speed—aided as they were by that of the unchecked waters. Theirs was a weird journey. At first the heavy foliage of the unbroken forest added to the darkness of the moonless evening, but they had not been long in flight when the moon, but little past the full, lighted the wild scenery and showed them more of the character of their surroundings. In the heat and abandon of escape, the girl had removed from her shoulders their enveloping garment of spun cotton, and as she plied her paddle at her chosen place near the bow, the other inmate of the vessel had ample opportunity to admire the play of muscle and the grace of movement, as she thrust the paddle into the water and swept it backward against the rapid current. As they sped around a sharp bend in the channel, a gigantic cayman slipped from his bed on the sand-bar near which they passed, and followed them a short distance, till left behind by their swift motion; his congeners made the echoes of the bordering shadows resonant with their bellowing as they fought among themselves; the jaguar screamed in the depths of the forest, while her mate looked at them quietly from the shore

where he had come to slake his thirst; once a huge serpent slipped from his coil to the water as they passed beneath the limb on which he was watching for prey; the bell-bird* struck its far-sounding single note in the tops of the highest trees; and the bearded monkey uttered its hoarse, terrifying cry; an anta,† frightened from its bath, fled, grunting, to the bank. Later they emerged from the wooded country into one of wide savannahs, and a herd of small deer, which had come down to the river's brink to quench their morning thirst, gazed curiously on the navigators.

Fortunately, the open country proved not to be of great extent, and as the first traces of dawn showed on the eastern horizon, the fugitives found a small, heavily wooded island in mid-channel, and prepared to land. Again the woodcraft of the girl was of value. The man proposed to land on the narrow sand-bar at its foot, where the boat could easily be drawn on shore, but was over-ruled by his companion, who showed him that in such a case they could not hide the traces of their movement on the sand, and that they would surely be seen in case any one passed; and discovery might mean a return to captivity. On one side they found a spot where overhanging foliage hid the bank, and there they took refuge; lifting their light bark from the stream and carrying it several yards from the water's edge; and finding in the dense thicket a perfect shelter from the sun's rays, as well as from the eyes of any casual passer-by.

CHAPTER VIII.

After partaking sparingly of the provisions in their possession, the pair prepared to pass the day in their place of concealment. There were many reasons why a watch should be kept; and the officer urged his companion to slumber. But she declined to be first to close her eyes in sleep, declaring she did not feel its need; and after some discussion and conversation on what would, if here recorded, seem indifferent topics, she carried her point; and he was soon in the land of dreams, living over again the life of the last few months; now steadying his men in the melee; seeing the blazing camp of the enemy; again striking down the insolent de Bra; attempting to regain his sword from a hideous creature of his imagination, tricked out in

*For description of the bell-bird and its notes, see Humboldt's Travels on the Amazon and Orinoco.

†Guanari name for the tapir.

demoniacal guise, with horns and caudal appendage; next, he was in the camp of the cannibals, and struggling against those female guards, who sought to lead him to the slaughter, and who were driven away by the appearance of another, unarmed, whose face and figure were those of the vrijster in far-away Holland. With her as companion, he was again in flight down the river; their frail bark was overturned by a huge saurian, and, struggling for the shore, carrying her who was his dearest friend, he awoke; to find that his would-be sentinel had succumbed to fatigue and the breezeless heat of their hiding place; and, leaning against a background of matted vines, was soundly slumbering.

She slept several hours—how many, neither could tell, for the heavy foliage shut out all view of the sun; and hunger, so often the time-keeper of the wilds, did not trouble them. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, when indulged in, as if in the presence of an unseen enemy; and was composed principally of questions on the part of the young woman, relating to his life in Holland, and the life of its people, especially of its womankind.

Then she asked:

"Hast thou a wife?"

"No."

"Why? Thou hast grown to manhood, and art good to look upon, and thou art a warrior, and able to fight for thine own. Do not the women of thy land love the warriors who can bring them slaves to do their bidding, and spoil of their enemies? My father never told in his waking hours of any wife in Holland, or any other land, though he had visited many; but my mother said he at times spoke in dreams, a name which she thought was that of a woman, though he would never tell her concerning it. Do not the warriors of thy land take wives of the tribes whose lands they seize, in place of those whom they have left?"

"At times they may do so, but it is not the custom of good men. Nor is it thought lawful in the home, where a man may have but one."

"That is not a good or nice law. How can one wife perform all the work required; or if she dies, who shall then carry on her duties. Surely the warrior cannot."

His explanation of the manners and customs of civilized countries was not satisfactory to his hearer, who at length said:

"Dost thou intend to return to the land on the other side of the great water?"

"At some time. My rulers now employ me as a warrior; when

my duty is completed I hope to return thither. I am then to take a wife from the young women of the town where I was born, who is even now awaiting my return."

"Thou hast been long absent, and dost not know that she waits for thee. Why shouldst thou not remain in this land? Thou canst have much land, canst have slaves for the asking, or the taking in foray; and I will gladly be thy wife, and serve thee faithfully."

The day had waned—more than he had supposed. Before he had time to frame a reply to this novel and startling amazonian proposal, the girl suddenly assumed a listening posture, and held up a hand as if to enforce silence, and they heard, only a few yards away, the harsh, nasal sounds of Indian voices. Throwing herself flat upon the ground, the girl began, serpent-like, to work her way beneath the surrounding brushwood, and disappeared from the view of her companion. Several minutes passed before she returned.

"Four canoes have landed on the sand," and she opened and closed both hands twice to indicate the number of people the boats contained. "They are not Guanari, but Tupinambas, for they have boats made of hollowed wood, and the women have clay pots, in which to cook their food.* But we must not be seen by them, for we would surely be made captive, and thou, and mayhap I, would be again Kaawy kekiki.†. They are preparing to spend the night there, and after darkness has fallen we can pass them and escape."

During the short interval which elapsed before darkness fell upon the scene, the last arrivals made merry in their camp on the sandy beach. From some source they had procured intoxicants, and drunken shouts and yells echoed from the wooded shores, but soon after the twilight ended silence reigned over their bivouac; and the fugitives felt that they might safely venture forth and resume their journey. The darkness in their lair was soon one which, like that of ancient Egypt, could be felt, but they succeeded in safely launching their canoe, and thrusting aside the branches which had concealed their hiding place, soon took up their paddles and were pulling down the stream. But, in the stygian blackness, they ran so closely to the bar that the boat grounded, and the grating of the paddles as they attempted to push off, roused one of the sleepers, less intoxicated than his companions, who at once challenged. No attempt was made to reply, but springing overboard to lighten the draft, both the voyagers

*For description of pottery made by this tribe see Southey's Hist. Brazil, Vol. I., p. 254.

†Designation of captive reserved by the Guanari for food.

dropped behind the craft, and in a prone position drew it into deeper water—avoiding the spear which the startled man threw after them, and soon were safe from pursuit or annoyance.

But as the stream broadened, its current sensibly decreased, and despite their arduous exertions, they felt that their progress was slower than had been that of the previous night, and both were nearly exhausted, when, at dawn, they drew to shore on a larger island, and carrying the canoe up the hidden bank sought shelter for the day.

The unusual exertion had begun to affect both, and scant food added to their depression. They had eaten but one light meal since their flight began, and had two nights of hard, continuous labor at the paddle, and when the shelter of the forest had been reached, both were too exhausted to care for food, and casting themselves on the ground were soon oblivious to the surroundings, in heavy, dreamless slumber. The woman, probably because of her wild habits of life, was more easily awakened than was her companion, who after some hours passed in oblivion, was roused by her cry, followed by a commotion among the foliage above him, and sprang to his feet only in time to avoid the furious convulsions of a large constrictor into whose body the courageous woman was making rapid thrusts of her lance. The contest was not prolonged, but it gave both such a fright that neither could seek further sleep, and the approach of night was doubly welcome; and after having consumed half of their remaining store of food, they emerged from their hiding place and started on their third night of travel.

Two more days of enforced quiet, with as many nights of toil, without food, had weakened the fugitives very materially, and they longed, more and more earnestly, for the end of their journey. They had seen no signs of civilization as they passed close to the banks of the stream; and had at times noted the absence of current to assist them on their way, but had no intimation of the distance to the ocean, till, as they landed on the morning of the fifth day, and the officer stooped to obtain a drink from the stream, he found it to be brackish, and that they had reached tide water. Without food or drink, the day was still more wearisome than had been its predecessors, and when they left their leafy hiding place, as darkness settled down upon the scene, they felt scarcely able to use the paddles. But as the moon rose, and they rested for a few moments from their toil, the ear of the officer caught a familiar sound, and he was able to tell his companion that they were near the great water, and that the roaring she heard was that of waves breaking on the beach.

The sea—but at what point? Whom should they meet? Would they find themselves again among savages, or was a settlement near? And if a settlement, of what nationality? Dutch and Portuguese still strove for supremacy all along the coast, but even falling into the hands of the latter was better than savage captivity. But as the ensuing morning dawned, and they looked forth from their camp, located this time on a point of the main land, the officer saw, riding at anchor not far away, a small fleet, and at the masthead of the nearest one, the colors of the States.

But few moments were required to paddle alongside, and soon the pair stood upon her deck, and Lieutenant Dekker was being welcomed by its commander—his friend, Kaptein Van Kampe.

To be continued.

GENERAL INTEREST IN THE NAVY.

A "NAVY LEAGUE" has been formed recently, with headquarters in New York, the avowed object of which is to stimulate interest in naval affairs; a subject of which the average individual knows very little. It is true that every one knows that we are—and have been for some time—greatly increasing and strengthening the Navy; but very few could give you the number of battleships, cruisers, etc., now in commission, or tell you anything at all as to their armor, or armaments, speed, etc., or, in short, go into particulars as to any of the many different matters pertaining to the Navy. As a boy, I was an enthusiastic reader of Cooper's Naval History, and read over and over again the story of the "Constitution" and "Guerriere," of the "Wasp" and "Frolic," yes, even of the "Chesapeake" and "Shannon;" and I also devoured eagerly all the accounts I could find of the "Monitor" and "Merrimac," the "Kearsarge" and "Alabama," the battle of Mobile bay, and so forth. After the civil war, for ten years and more, the universal apathy with regard to the Navy infected me also; and when the "Congress" appeared in the Delaware to represent the Navy at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, she was somewhat a curiosity to me, but I paid very little attention to her, and for the life of me, could not have told you with certainty the name of another ship of war carrying the flag!

While I was at Bar Harbor in August, 1885, the North Atlantic Squadron under Admiral Jouett arrived, having come direct from arduous service on the Isthmus of Panama. The Admiral's flag was flying on the "Tennessee;" and he brought with him the "Galena" and "Yankton," and one or two others whose names I have now forgotten. A fair lady who had been Queen of the Carnival at New Orleans when Admiral Jouett had been there a year or two previously, was spending the summer at Bar Harbor, and he invited Her Majesty to visit the ship one afternoon, bringing with her as many of her ladies and gentlemen in waiting as she might choose. I was fortunate enough to be of the party; as we came over the side of the ship, the band played "God save the Queen," but I thought of it as "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and I shall never forget the impression made on me. The deck of the ship was beautiful to see; clean as wax,

every bit of brass polished, every belaying-pin in place, the tall masts towering high in the air, and the awe-inspiring broadsides of nine-inch guns in full view! The "Tennessee" was a magnificent ship of her class, but I realized, even when most impressed, that she was out of date, and utterly useless for warlike purposes; there were ships not half her size in European navies which would have made short work of her. We were charmingly entertained by the whole-souled Admiral and his officers; and the whole experience revived in me instantly my interest in naval matters; an interest which has never known abatement since; and I do not believe I was alone in this. It is a good thing to show the ships to the people; the newspaper talk about "junketing" at Bar Harbor is the veriest nonsense; every time the ships go there they are visited by crowds of people from the surrounding towns, who would otherwise know very little about them, and care less; the same may be said of other places.

I have watched the construction and career of most of the ships of our present Navy, and have had the privilege of inspecting a good many of them; and I want to acknowledge most gratefully the uniform courtesy that has always been extended to me by officers and men. I may mention an interesting interview with the late Lieutenant Haessler, whom I met on board the "Kearsarge" in the summer of 1900. Mr. Haessler had won distinction by correcting a serious defect in the turret-mechanism of the "Texas," and had also the reputation of being one of the best big-gun shots in the service. When I was presented to him I mentioned the good work he had done as to the turrets, and after a moment's hesitation, he showed me his watch; it was a beautiful gold one, with an engraving of the "Texas" on one side, and with this inscription (as nearly as I can remember it) on the other: "Presented to Lt. Haessler by the Crew of the 'Texas' in recognition of his having converted the old hoodoo into a hero." He had served on the "Texas" at Santiago. It will be remembered that only two hits by the largest guns could be found on the Spanish ships (though doubtless there were more) and both these were on the port quarter of the "Maria Teresa," forming a "figure eight," and ranging forward. I asked Lieutenant Haessler whether he claimed these shots; he replied: "I claim them for the 'Texas;' I don't know whether Bristol or I fired them." I asked him what made him so certain about it; his answer was: "I was one of the board of inspection which visited the ships after the fight; the two holes each measured 12¾ inches; now, the 'Texas' and the 'Iowa' were the only ships carrying 12-inch guns; the 13-inch fellows claimed that the metal had sprung back

somewhat, but as there were holes measuring 8¾ inches, and there were no 9-inch guns, that wouldn't do. As between us and the 'Iowa,' Evans said that he did not fire at the 'Teresa' while she was in that direction from him, whereas we fired at nothing else." I told him I thought he had made out a pretty strong case.

It has always seemed to me a great pity that the "Colon" could not have been saved, not only as a trophy, but because she was almost uninjured and would have been a most valuable addition to the Navy. In the words of Mr. Wilson, the English naval expert, in his delightful book, "The Downfall of Spain," she was really "a small battleship of exceptionally powerful type." She was only a 6,800 ton ship, yet her armament was very powerful, her protection admirable, her speed high. I have hoped that our Naval Constructors would see the wisdom of building for us a half-dozen "Colons;" they could be more easily handled than large ships and a fleet of them would be a very nasty antagonist for any other fleet of anywhere near their size. The "Colon" was far and away the best ship the Spaniards had, and in Mr. Wilson's opinion we had no cruiser to compare with her. I am not opposed to the building of heavy and powerful battleships; I am glad that the bill just passed by Congress has authorized five of them; but I cannot help feeling that a half-dozen "Colons" would "come in very handy."

The progress we are making in naval architecture is shown by the recent orders to convert the "Philadelphia" into a receiving-ship, at a cost of $50,000, because she is no longer useful as a cruiser. Well, she has a good record of a dozen years' sea service, during which she has carried the flag with safety and honor many a thousand miles in the Eastern and Western oceans; she served as Admiral Gherardi's flagship in the great naval parade of 1893; she accomplished a few years ago, in the Pacific, a really remarkable feat of steaming; she held the record, not long since, for the best gunnery, proving her a good gun-platform; she bore the flag of Admiral Kautz when he found it necessary to chastise the Samoans in 1899; and it is hard for a layman to see why she should be laid up now, but I do not wish to be wiser than the "powers that be."

There is much else with regard to naval matters that I should like to say; much that I would like to ask; but space forbids, and so I have only touched upon a few of the many interesting topics; topics which must be interesting to every patriotic American who will take the trouble to inform himself. I find very few people with whom I can converse with regard to the Navy; most people know next to noth-

ing about it, and except, as I said before, that they approve of its increase, they care very little; just because they know so little. I have great hopes that the "Navy League" will do good work. It is a shame that Americans, whose country has so glorious a record on the sea, should take so little interest in the ships and men that succeed those that made the record, and that may be called upon at any time to add to it. I believe this lack of intelligent interest is in part though not altogether responsible for one of the most serious problems confronting the Navy to-day, viz.: the recruiting of men to man the ships. In former years our sea-faring population was proportionately larger; the variety of callings a man might adopt was smaller; and the sea-service, both merchant and naval, was more prominent among them. For a long time after the civil war, the number of men needed for the Navy was absurdly small, and the number of men needed for the Merchant Marine was also greatly reduced; and so a great many men who would have gone to sea, were obliged to turn their attention to other pursuits, and to a certain extent the "sea-faring habit" was lost. Then, too, as years have gone on, the spirit of restless ambition and personal independence has grown in this wonderful country of ours, until the American of to-day, of whatever class, does not take kindly to subordinate positions, still less to discipline such as must be exercised on ship-board. I have talked with oystermen along the Jersey coast, and cod-fishermen along the Maine coast, whose lives in winter are most arduous, and even perilous; and yet to a man they prefer that life with its independence to the comparative comfort and sure pay of a man-of-war's-man.

Once let the Navy be rehabilitated in popular estimation, so that it will be universally considered a good and creditable thing to do to serve in it; above all, devise some scheme by which a man can hope to advance, in the Navy or out of it, by reason of naval service, and the problem will be very near solution. The same thing in a general way applies to officers. Few Americans of their class are contented to spend their lives in a service which of necessity separates them from their families and deprives them of such a thing as "home," with the prospect of a salary of some $6,500 as the top notch, with no provision for their families in case of their death. It may be that American officers are as well paid as, if not better paid than, officers of other countries; but opportunities are greater here than elsewhere. For one, I should like to see the pay of naval officers largely increased. It is a service demanding the highest kind of skill, and should be paid for accordingly in a way that would attract and keep the best talent in

the land. If the Navy is not of vital importance to the country, then countless millions of dollars have been squandered; if it is, then it is the duty of every one to watch it, to be interested in it, to know of the doings of its officers and men, to let them know that their countrymen have their eyes constantly upon them, encouraging them to do well, exacting the best service of which they are capable, ready and willing to reward them generously for that service.

LUCIUS S. LANDRETH.

THE UNITED STATES WEST INDIES.

THE United States West Indies include Mona Island, Porto Rico, Culebra and Vieques, with a number of smaller islands about Culebra.

The islands east of Porto Rico were formerly part of the Virgin Islands (so called by Columbus, in honor of the Eleven Thousand Virgins), a group of islands forming the northwestern extremity of the Caribbean chain, about one hundred in number, for the most part uninhabited, extending eastward from Porto Rico, and lying between 17° and 18° 50′ N. latitude, and 60° 10′ and 65° 30′ W. longitude.

The western portion of the group formerly belonged to Spain (but now constitutes a part of the United States West Indies), the central to Denmark, and the easterly to Great Britain. The chief of the former Spanish islands are Culebra or Snake Island, and Bieques or Crab Island; total area about 150 square miles, population about 2,600. The Danish Virgin Islands include St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John, and the principal British islands of the group are Fortola, Anegada, Virgin Gorda and Jost Van Dyke. The Virgin Islands were discovered by Columbus on his second voyage, in 1494, and named Las Virgines, in honor of St. Ursula and her companions. In the seventeenth century they were favorite resorts of the buccaneers. England established herself in Fortola in 1666, and has at various times taken some of the other islands (St. Thomas and St. John, for example), but restored them again.

According to some authorities the Spanish Virgin Islands (as above described) were never part of the group, but dependencies of Porto Rico. This appears, however, to be an error, although it is true they were also under Porto Rico.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

The principal islands constituting the United States West Indies are, as already stated, Mona Island, Porto Rico, Culebra and Vieques, and we will now give a general description of each with special reference to the military and naval value.

Mona Island.—Mona Island lies about forty miles directly west of Point Ostiones, on the west coast of Porto Rico. It is of volcanic ori-

gin, with high coasts, without harbors (although there are two anchorages on the western coast), and is about six miles long by five miles wide.

Porto Rico.—Porto Rico is now too well known to need any special description here. It is about ninety-five miles long and thirty-five miles wide, with a comparatively dense population (221 to the square mile in 1887). The only good harbor on the north coast is that of San Juan, which has a twenty-seven foot channel running well in, and a twenty-four foot area of considerable extent. On the west coast the principal harbor is that of Mayaguez, well protected, with a minimum depth of six fathoms over an area about two miles wide and four miles long. On the south coast there are a number of harbors, Guanica, Ponce, Jovos and Guayanilla being the most important. Guanica harbor has an entrance about 100 yards wide with a minimum depth of four fathoms. Ponce harbor also has a narrow entrance, but a depth of thirty-three feet, very restricted in area, however, and broken up in small sections. Jovos harbor has about four fathoms depth, and is of great extent east and west, but narrow, furnishing an excellent harbor for small vessels. Guayanilla harbor has an entrance about one-quarter of a mile wide, and its extent is about two miles long by one mile wide at the widest part, with a minimum depth of thirty-three feet.

On the east coast there are two harbors, namely, Ensanada Honda and Fajardo. The former is very small, about a mile square, with a minimum of twenty feet depth in the entrance, the twenty-seven foot entrance being very narrow.

Fajardo is an excellent harbor, the entrance from the northwest about a mile wide, with a minimum depth of sixty feet; the area of the harbor about five miles long by three miles wide at the widest part, and a minimum depth over this area of about thirty-eight feet.

Culebra.—Culebra (or Snake Island, from its appearance when viewed from the sea to the northward or southward), is about six miles long and varies from one to two miles in width. It is situated about twenty-two miles east of the northeastern point of Porto Rico. A ridge of hills runs along the longer axis, varying in height from 150 to 650 feet. The island is of volcanic origin, and is covered with tropical foliage. The hills are covered with cactus, Spanish bayonet, mangroves and thorny vines; while the lowlands have considerable pasture lands of tall, rank grass, besides groves of cocoa and banana palms. Large numbers of cows and horses are raised and a few pigs. The island has about 750 inhabitants, the only town being San Ildefonso, or Great Harbor.

The main island is surrounded by a number of smaller islands, the principal of which are Culebrita (or Little Snake), with a lighthouse, east of Culebra, and North East Cay and South West Cay.

Great Harbor is on the southern side of the main island, with a narrow entrance to the southeast. It is about two miles long by one mile wide, with a twenty-seven foot entrance channel, and a minimum depth inside of about thirty-one feet.

Target Bay is situated between Culebra proper and South West Cay, and is a wide bay, open to the south, about three miles long by one mile wide, with about twelve fathoms of water.

Vieques.—Vieques is about thirteen miles east of the southeastern point of Porto Rico. It is about twenty-one miles long and six miles wide, with a range of hills running along its entire length, the highest point being Mount Pirata, at the western extremity, about 837 feet high. It has a population of about 6,000, the principal town being Isabel Segunda on the north coast. Cattle are raised and sugar cultivated, and the hills are covered with timber forests. There are no good harbors.

THE MILITARY GEOGRAPHY OF THE REGION.

The United States West Indies constitute a strategic position of the first importance, furnishing an outpost far advanced to the eastward, near enough to the mainland of the United States to afford easy communication within four days.

The Greater and Lesser Antilles form the natural eastern defenses to the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, and the United States West Indies occupy an advanced central position at the northeastern salient of this line.

From Culebra the farthest point of the line of the Lesser Antilles, down to Venezuela, can be reached by a fleet making fifteen knots an hour in less than thirty-seven hours, and scouts moving at twenty-one knots can reach that point in about twenty-six hours.

The nearest islands eastward are St. Thomas (about thirty miles from Culebra) and St. Croix (about fifty miles from Culebra), both belonging to Denmark, and next to them are a number of small and unimportant islands belonging to Great Britain.

Culebra, with its perfectly protected Great Harbor, with a minimum depth of over twenty-seven feet (and therefore capable of taking in the largest battleships), and its more easily accessible and far roomier and deeper Target Bay (between Culebra proper and South West Cay) furnishes an advanced temporary base of great strategical

and tactical value, while the principal base can be placed on Porto Rico, where large supplies of all kinds can be readily made available.

The harbor of Fajardo, off the northeastern point (Cape San Juan) of Porto Rico, can be used as an intermediate base, as it is well protected, although not easily entered. It has the advantage, however, of being able to draw on the mainland directly for its supplies, and requires comparatively few fortifications to protect it.

The distance from San Juan to Culebra is about fifty-five miles; from San Juan to Mayaguez about ninety-six miles; from San Juan to Fajardo Roads about thirty-six miles; from San Juan to Ensanada Honda about sixty miles; and from San Juan to Arroyo about 100 miles. Consequently, with the principal base at San Juan, any of the above-mentioned ports may be reached by a battleship fleet steaming fifteen knots an hour in less than seven hours, or by a cruiser fleet steaming at about twenty-one knots in less than five hours.

The other ports on the southern coast of Porto Rico will require a little longer time, the farthest (Guayanilla) being about 150 miles from San Juan.

Good observing stations can be obtained at Mount Prospect, Culebra; Mount Pirata, Vieques; Humacao, Porto Rico; Fajardo, Porto Rico; and Mayaguez, Porto Rico; as well as at a number of other points along the coast of Porto Rico.

The distances from Guayanilla, a possible secondary base on the southern coast of Porto Rico, to the various important harbors are as follows: To Mayaguez, ninety miles; to Ponce, twelve miles; to Arroya, fifty-four miles; to Humacao, seventy-eight miles; to Ensanada Honda, ninety miles; to Culebra (Target Bay), 110 miles.

Vieques Sound, the area of water lying between the shoals and islands east of Porto Rico and Culebra and Vieques Island, is about ten miles wide in a north and south direction and fifteen miles long east and west, with a depth of at least ten fathoms throughout its extent. Virgin Passage, between Culebra and St. Thomas, is about eight miles wide, with a minimum depth of thirteen fathoms. Barrilles Passage, running north and south about six miles west of Target Bay, is about two miles wide, with a depth of fourteen fathoms. Hermanos Passage, running north and south about nine miles west of Target Bay, is about one mile wide, with a minimum depth of seven fathoms. Around the western end of Vieques Island there is a passage with a minimum depth of five and one-half fathoms.

Mona Passage, west of Porto Rico, on either side of Mona Island, is very wide and deep, but about twenty miles east of Mona Island the water begins to shoal, forming a dangerous area extending about ten

or fifteen miles off Cape Rojo westward, extending north to Point Jiguero. Vessels rounding Cape Rojo are therefore required to stand well out to westward.

THE NAVAL MANEUVERS.

The naval maneuvers which recently took place in these waters illustrate to some extent the military geography of the region, and at the same time indicate some of the measures to be adopted to perfect the defenses of this outpost station, even for the Navy alone, considered as the first line of defense, without regard to the permanent fortifications required to secure the necessary naval bases.

Rear Admiral Taylor, in his report on the operations of the combined squadrons in West Indian waters, addressed to Admiral Dewey, says:

"The department decided in the summer of 1902 that the Navy should assemble a force in Porto Rican waters during the months of December and January, and to that end directed the bureau of navigation to concentrate at the point named by you the European Squadron, the South Atlantic Squadron, and the North Atlantic Fleet, consisting of two squadrons.

"Having been selected by you as your chief of staff, and being at the same time chief of the bureau of navigation, I was guided by your instructions in carrying out the department's orders for this mobilization and concentration.

"Your instructions were in general that the rendezvous should be in and about Culebra Island, and that the roadstead of Target Bay should be the anchorage of the principal squadrons. This roadstead offers convenient anchorage in smooth water for about thirty vessels, and was occupied during the maneuvers by the fleet of sixteen ships, besides nine or more other vessels, making twenty-five in all at this anchorage. The remainder of the fleet, with its auxiliaries, was anchored in Great Harbor, an enclosed bay perfectly sheltered, and offording every convenience as an anchorage."

The concentration at the rendezvous was to be preceded by a search problem, which was to begin on the 5th of December.

The various squadrons sailed from their stations for the rendezvous as follows:

The North Atlantic Battleship Squadron from Hampton Roads, Virginia, on November 15th; the European Squadron from Cape de Verde Islands on November 15th; the South Atlantic Squadron from Rio Janiero, Brazil, on November 18th; and the Caribbean Squadron

of the North Atlantic Fleet on various dates, assembling at Culebra between October 28th and November 5th.

All these squadrons had squadron evolutions, speed trials, signaling (by Ardois lights, by heliograph, by wig-wag and by semaphore), drill at guns and in abandoning ship, etc., *en route* to the rendezvous. The squadron from Hampton Roads, in addition, practiced a blockade (with searchlights in use) off San Juan Harbor on its arrival there, and in the vicinity of Culebra boat drills, landings on shore, as well as sub-caliber target practice, previous to the search problem.

The European and South Atlantic Squadrons were directed to rendezvous in the Gulf of Paria, on the north coast of Venezuela, west of Trinidad Island, on November 25th, in preparation for the search problem.

Search Problem.—The search problem took place betweeen two forces, namely, the North Atlantic Fleet (comprising the North Atlantic Battleship Squadron and the Caribbean Squadron), under Admiral Higginson, on the one hand, and the combined European and South Atlantic Squadrons, under Admiral Sumner, on the other.

In general terms, Admiral Sumner's squadron starting out far to the east of the Caribbean chain of islands, had for an objective some port in the United States West Indian waters included between Culebra on the east, around by the south to Mayaguez (Porto Rico), on the west; while the task of the home fleet, under Admiral Higginson, was to find this fleet at sea or soon after reaching port, and to engage it with superior force.

The opposing forces were organized as follows:

BLUE FLEET.

Rear-Admiral HIGGINSON.

Battleships.	*Protected Cruisers.*	*Gunboats.*	*Torpedo Boats.*
Kearsarge, flag.	Cincinnati	Scorpion.	Decatur.
Alabama.	Olympia.	Hist.	Bagley.
Massachusetts.	Detroit.	Leyden.	Barney.
Indiana.	Machias.	Prairie.	Biddle.
	Montgomery.	Osceola.	Stockton.
		Fortune.	Thornton.
			Wilkes.
			Nina.

Rear-Admiral Coghlan (second in command, and commanding the Caribbean Squadron before the search problem began) was left at Culebra (Great Harbor) in charge of the station, with the Vixen as temporary flagship.

The Texas, Newark, Raleigh and Wasp were to have formed part of the fleet, but did not arrive in time for the problem.

RED SQUADRON.

Rear-Admiral SUMNER.

(Rear-Admiral Crowninshield, second in command.)

Battleships.	*Protected Cruisers.*
Illinois, flag.	Chicago.
San Francisco, flag.	Albany.
	Nashville.
	Atlanta.

The specific conditions of the problem were as follows:

The Red Squadron was sighted in latitude 15 degrees north, and longitude 45 degrees west (or about 1,067.6 statute miles directly east of the northern part of Martinique), at 6 P. M., December 2nd. The squadron represented the advance detachment of a fleet, and its object is to secure a base in one of the following ports: Great Harbor (Culebra), considered undefended for this operation, Mayaguez (west coast of Porto Rico), Ponce, Guayanilla, or Ensanada Honda (southeast coast of Porto Rico), also to mine the main ship channel of the port seized before 6 P. M., December 10th.

To win the Blue Fleet must—

a. Meet the Red Squadron with a *superior* force at sea, or within one hour after it has anchored in the port selected.

b. Be 50 *per cent. stronger,* if the Red Squadron has been at anchor more than one hour, but not long enough to plant all its mines.

c. Be *double* the Red force, if the Red Squadron has completed its mine defense.

No move was to be made before 6 A. M., December 5th, and the termination of the problem was fixed at 6 P. M., December 10th.

In preparing for the defense, telegraph and signal stations were established. Arrangements were made with the cable company to keep their office open longer hours, and with the Insular Government of Porto Rico, to keep their offices on the south coast of Porto Rico open day and night (San Juan was added later). By this means, and the heliograph stations at Humacao (southeastern end of Porto Rico), Mount Pirata (western end of Vieques) and Mount Prospect (Culebra), a complete line of communication was insured from Mayaguez to Culebra.

All vessels were ordered to have steam under all boilers and to be ready at 5:45 A. M., December 5th, to get under way promptly upon the hauling down of the signal "Proceed on duty assigned," and carry out their orders and instructions previously given.

At 6 A. M., December 6th, the scouts were all in position as follows:

Prairie, Montgomery and Detroit, at latitude 20 degrees north and longitude 61½ degrees west (about 267 miles northeast of Culebra).

Machias and Scorpion, at about latitude 19 degrees north and longitude 62 degrees west (about 233 miles a little north of east from Culebra).

Thornton and Stockton, at about 16½ degrees north latitude and 62½ west longitude, southwest of Montserrat Island (about 233 miles southeast from Culebra).

Bagley and Biddle, at about 15¾ degrees north latitude and 62½ west longitude, west of Guadeloupe Island (about 267 miles southeast of Culebra).

Olympia and Cincinnati, at latitude 14½ degrees north and longitude 62¾ degrees west, nearly west of Martinique (about 335 miles southeast of Culebra).

Decatur, at latitude 11½ degrees north and longitude 62¼ degrees west, northwest of Trinidad Island (about 535 miles southeast of Culebra).

This line of scouts was established on the arc of a circle, the enemy's position, on December 2nd (6 P. M.) being the centre, and its radius about 1,167 miles (or the distance the Red Squadron could steam from 6 P. M., December 2nd, to 6 A. M., December 6th, at a speed of about 12 knots).

The distance from the most northerly scouts to the next scout station was about 83½ miles, that between the next two stations about 167 miles, between the next two 58 miles, between the next two 83½ miles, and between the two southernmost about 230 miles.

A tug (the Osceola) was also anchored at Frederickstaed, St. Croix Island (about 50 miles southeast of Culebra), with officers to stand watch in the telegraph office on shore.

At the ports along the south and west coast of Porto Rico, where there are telegraph stations, tugs were stationed as station ships and in-shore scouts, as follows: The Hist at Mayaguez, the Nina (with coal barge for torpedo boats) at Ponce, the Fortune at Arroyo, the Leyden at Humacao, and the Vixen (temporary flagship of Admiral Coghlan) at Culebra. These station vessels ran out to sea daily about ten or fifteen miles and back.

The Battleship Squadron was held at a point off the eastern end of Vieques at night, steaming along the southern coast of Vieques during the day as far as Mount Pirata, to communicate with the signal station there.

This was the position of affairs for the first phase of the operations. The scouts were directed to report at the rendezvous off Vieques at 6 A. M. December 7.

For the second phase of the operations the disposition of the scouts was changed:

The Montgomery and Detroit and the Cincinnati and Olympia (in pairs) were given courses to cover the northern entrance to Mona Passage (west of Porto Rico).

The Bagley and Biddle, the Stockton and Thornton, the Prairie and Decatur (in pairs) were given courses to cover the southern entrance to Mona Passage and the approaches to the southwestern ports of Porto Rico.

The Scorpion and Machias (in company) and the Barney (alone) were given courses to cover the approaches to the southern and southeastern approaches to Porto Rico.

The battleships remained off Vieques to cover Great Harbor (Culebra), but stood for Ponce daily, communicating at Humacao and Arroyo on the way.

On December 9th at 6 A. M. the Blue Squardon started westward. At 9 A. M. a torpedo boat reported that the enemy (three battleships and one cruiser) had entered Mayaguez at daybreak. The squadron started at full speed for that point. At 10 A. M., off Mount Pirata, on the western end of Vieques, the station there signalled that the enemy had only been sighted off Mayaguez at daybreak, and at 8.30 A. M. had not yet entered the harbor, the Hist, which had sighted them, having escaped.

The Blue Squadron reached Mayaguez at 9 P. M., and entered the harbor about midnight.

The Red Squadron, however, had completed laying its mines and secured its position.

It appears that the Red Squadron (except the San Francisco) had steamed northwest from the starting point, keeping well to the east and north of the islands, and coming down into the Mona Passage from the northward without being discovered. Its course struck a little south of the 22nd parallel at longitude 61 degrees west, then moved directly westward to longitude 67½ degrees, steaming from that point nearly due south to the entrance to Mayaguez harbor.

The San Francisco came in from the south, steaming west along latitude 13½ degrees, between St. Lucia and St. Vincent, to longitude 64 degrees, then northwest, almost directly for Ponce, and then around

Cape Rojo (southwestern point of Porto Rico), standing well out to sea, into Mayaguez.

On December 10th the vessels of the combined fleet anchored at Culebra.

Combined Fleet Maneuvers.—After the completion of the search problem, preparatory to the further maneuvers to take place in January, the combined fleet was entirely reorganized by Admiral Dewey, who had meanwhile arrived on the Mayflower on December 7th.

The ships assembled were organized as follows:

FLEET.

Admiral George Dewey, Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Naval Forces at Culebra.

FLAGSHIP MAYFLOWER.

1st Squadron.

Rear-Admiral F. J. Higginson, U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief, North Atlantic Station, Commanding.

Rear-Admiral A. S. Crowninshield, U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief, European Station, Second in Command.

1st Division.	2d Division.
Kearsarge, flag.	Illinois, flag.
Iowa.	Texas.
Massachusetts.	Indiana.
Alabama.	Olympia.

2d Squadron.

Rear-Admiral George W. Sumner, U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief, South Atlantic Station, Commanding.

Captain Asa Walker, U. S. Navy, Second in Command.

3d Division.	4th Division.
Chicago, flag.	San Francisco, broad pennant.
Albany.	Atlanta.
Cincinnati.	Montgomery.
Newark.	Detroit.
Scout and Picket Vessels.	Tenders
Nashville.	Gloucester.
Machias.	Scorpion.
Topeka.	Eagle.
Dolphin.	Hist.
	Wasp.

Rear-Admiral J. B. Coghlan, U. S. Navy, Second in Command, North Atlantic Station, Commandant Naval Base at Culebra.

TEMPORARY FLAGSHIP VIXEN.

Torpedo Flotilla, Lieut. L. H. Chandler, U. S. N., Comdg.
Decatur, torpedo destroyer.
Bagley, torpedo boat.
Barney, torpedo boat.
Biddle, torpedo boat.
Thornton, torpedo boat.
Wilkes, torpedo boat.
Stockton, torpedo boat.

Tugs.

Leyden.
Potomac.
Osceola.
Uncas.
Fortune.
Nina, also tender and supply vessel for torpedo flotilla.

Transports.

Prairie.....600 Marines.
Panther.....350 Marines.

Colliers.

Hannibal.
Leonidas.
Sterling.
Lebanon.
Brutus.
Marcellus.
Ajax.

Supply and Repair Ship.

Culgoa.

Water Supply.

Arethusa.
Water Barge No. 1.
Water Barge No. 2.

Soon after the close of the search problem there were daily squadron evolutions, drills, etc. For the holidays the ships of the fleet were scattered and sent to various ports to give the men liberty. The fleet was again assembled at Culebra for fleet and squadron evolutions, landings, target practice with heavy guns, etc., about January 1st.

Not since the beginning of the modern Navy has the United States assembled so large a force of modern warships.

The exercises were closed by the following order:

"U. S. F. S. MAYFLOWER, OFF CULEBRA ISLAND,
"January 6, 1903.

"Fleet General Order No. 11.

"The admiral, commander-in-chief, directs that the operations of the combined squadrons cease to-day, January 6, 1903.

"The mobilization of a large naval force, the concentration of distant squadrons at a given point, and the organization of the fleet thus assembled, has been the work now so satisfactorily completed. The result has been achieved in a thorough manner and marks for our Navy a great epoch in its growth, and a development of the war fleets, which, if continued in a comprehensive and earnest spirit, will put at the service of the government a sea force of the highest efficiency.

"At the conclusion of this period of mobilization, the admiral, commander-in-chief, congratulates the officers and crews of all vessels, divisions and squadrons under his command upon the efficient work they have done; and especially the squadron and divisional commanders, and the commandant of

the naval base. To the intelligent zeal of these officers much of the success of the fleet organization is due.

"The colonel and officers of the marine regiment attached to his command deserve credit for their able and energetic services.

"In relinquishing the command of the combined squadrons, the commander-in-chief desires to express his approbation of the work of his personal staff, as well as that of the members of his fleet staff.

"In bidding farewell to the fleet, the admiral, commander-in-chief, records his conviction that annual exercises on a large scale, such as this concentration and mobilization have proved to be, will surely produce that readiness for war, which is the only safe guarantee of peace.

"By direction of the admiral, commander-in-chief.

"(Signed) H. C. TAYLOR, *Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy,*
"Chief of Staff."

SOME HEROES OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THE incidents connected with the War of 1812, particularly those in which the Navy took part, are fast disappearing from public view, and unless an occasional reference to them is made the glorious actions of the men and ships of that early period of our naval history will be lost sight of, and almost be entirely forgotten. The names of Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, Stewart, Jones and others which formerly were household words in the homes of our grand parents will have ceased to exist, and with them will disappear the glorious actions for which the Republic is still and ever will be a debtor, and for which every child to-day owes an inexpressible debt of gratitude, will pass from the memory of man. I would like to give some consideration to a few of the heroes, who fought, bled and died for the preservation of our country, on the decks of the ships which constituted what we now call the old Navy, the wooden-walled ships, so named in contradistinction to the new Navy, the steel and iron vessels, which fought with such tremendous effect before Santiago, Manila and other places. The heroes of the War of 1812 should not be allowed to fade from our sight like a cloud along the horizon, but be fostered, cherished and borne along with us as we move along our pathway of life.

Among naval men devotion is as common as the performance of any ordinary duty of life. It is looked upon as but duty: it is not done for praise, but is an outcome of that enthusiasm for the profession they have adopted. They identify themselves with their country and their commander with whom indeed the country is often identified. This spirit pervades not only officers but men, an instance of which is well known of the sailor who interposed himself between the uplifted sabre of the Tripolitan and received the blow intended for his commander, the gallant Decatur. He was for many years a living monument of devotion, and we trust was indelibly riveted in the memory of a grateful country. What cared this sailor for fame? His name scarcely is known; it has passed from the memory of man; but the fragrance of the deed still lingers, even though its record is to be found only between the leaves of some old book of naval events. Chivalry of character has shifted its element. To the ocean are the eyes of mankind now almost universally directed for much that is

valorous and gallant in war as on the field of battle. The habiliments of the knight no longer appear but in history; the common everyday dress of the sailor is looked upon as covering a hero.

The dawn of the American Navy was a glorious epoch, I mean that navy which began under the administration of President John Adams, who ordered the building of the six men-of-war in 1794, induced thereto by the actions of the Barbary powers. These vessels were the United States, President, Constitution, Philadelphia, Chesapeake and Constellation. We are all familiar with the exploits of Paul Jones which flashed upon the world with such brilliant light, never to be darkened or put out. Then came Thomas Truxton, one of the first six captains appointed by the President. He superintended the building of the Constellation, of 36 guns, at Baltimore, and took command of her when equipped for sea. It was at the time when our West India commerce suffered from the French that Truxton was sent to the West Indies in command of a squadron. His first encounter was with a French frigate of 40 guns and 417 men. In this engagement of an hour and a quarter off the island of Nevis, the Frenchman surrendered with a loss of 29 men killed and 44 wounded, while the Constellation, of inferior force, had only one man killed and two wounded. The last year of the 18th century closed with another exploit of this brave commander and excellent seaman. The Constellation fell in off Basseterre with a heavy French frigate of 54 guns. The American ship was a better sailer, but, as will be seen, of vastly inferior force. Did Truxton hesitate? Did he waver in his duty? Was he not apparently rushing with his crew to almost certain death? No, he went into that battle as he would have gone with an equal force, trusting to his skill in seamanship and the courage of his crew. The fight continued four hours, and the fire of the French ship was completely silenced and she sheered off, at the very moment when Truxton considered her as his prize. The Constellation's sails were cut up and her mainmast was totally unsupported by rigging, every shroud having been shot away. The mast went over the side carrying with it Midshipman Jarvis, in command of the main top, who, when apprised of the danger, had so high an opinion of his duty that he replied, "If the mast goes we must go with it." But one man was saved. Before Truxton could repair damages or rather clear his ship of the shattered fragments, the French frigate had effected her escape. Her disappearance was so sudden that it was supposed she had gone down. She arrived at the Dutch island of Curacao a few days after this engagement so shattered that it was with difficulty she was kept afloat. She had 162 men killed and

wounded against 39 on the Constellation. She was "La Vengeance" and had struck her colors twice, but owing to the darkness it was not seen on the American ship and the engagement was renewed from necessity. This was the first of the great sea fights of what is now called the Old Navy, the first one engaged in by one of the six vessels ordered to be built by Congress in 1794. In 1799 there were a few more than 30 vessels in our Navy, all built during the presidency of John Adams, and he is entitled to be styled the Father of the American Navy, for to no individual is the nation more indebted than to him for the formation of our infant Navy.

The Revolution had its naval heroes, Barry, Barney, Manly and others, and the succeeding years, as we have illustrated by the remarkable actions of the Constellation with the two French ships. We now approach that period of our country's history for which we are indebted for the services of Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, Stewart, Jones, Lawrence, Perry, McDonough and a host of others deserving of nearly equal praise and whose names will never be forgotten.

There were many heroes in the old navy, in fact too many to mention in a paper of ordinary length like this: time is too short to enumerate them or their actions; therefore I am obliged to confine myself to the consideration of a few names as they occur to me. The roll of fame is large upon which their names appear, but none are forgotten; they all have a place in our memory and all have a niche in the naval history of our country.

But I would like to say a word or two of one who performed such signal services for America that it would seem ingratitude in us to pass him by without saying a word or two of his gallant services.

No man ever lived, except perhaps the first Napoleon, who more thoroughly frightened his adversaries than John Paul Jones, a Scotchman by birth and a true-hearted American from choice. He was born John Paul, the son of an innkeeper at Leith, and was known in after years as Paul Jones, the great naval commander and seaman, and indomitable fighter. In the great naval engagement of the Bon Homme Richard of 42 guns (so named in honor of Benjamin Franklin, then minister to France) with the British ship Serapis of 44 guns, Paul Jones assisted with his own hands in lashing the jib-stay of the "Serapis" to the mizzen-mast of the "Richard." This battle was fought in November, 1779, off Flamborough Head on the coast of England; it is considered to have been the most sanguinary sea engagement which the history of the War of Indipendence furnishes, or, it may be said, of any other naval battle. The details of this great sea fight are too lenghthy to be considered at this time. Another

most important event in the life of Paul Jones was his hoisting with his own hands on the Colonial warship "Alfred," the flagship of Commodore Hopkins' squadron, the first American flag ever displayed on an American man-of-war. The device it bore was a pine tree with a rattlesnake coiled at its root. He was, too, the first man to receive a captain's commission in the United States Navy after the Declaration of Independence. He was in "old colony times" the greatest annoyance to British commerce in the West Indies of all the Colonial officers. His many adventures in our naval service were of great importance, one of which was the capture of the armed vessel "Mellish," on board of which were 10,000 complete suits of uniform for the British army in Canada, under Generals Burgoyne and Carlton. For this capture Paul Jones received from Congress the public thanks of the United States. His raid upon the coast of Scotland and his capture of the Selkirk family plate threw all England into convulsions of fright. His subsequent purchase and restoration of this plate to the Earl of Selkirk were noble acts for which he received an acknowledgment from the Earl; all these events are matter of history. For the many other daring events in the life of this great commander, for his diplomacy and for his assistance to our country in France at the time when Franklin was our Minister there, reference must be had to his biographer.

As he was the first to raise the Colonial flag in the United States at the Delaware, so he was the first to have it honored abroad. He wrote to Congress Feb. 22, 1778: "I am happy to have it in my power to congratulate you on my having seen the American flag for the first time recognized in the fullest and completest manner by the flag of France. I was off this bay (Quiberon) on the 13th and sent my boat in the next day to know if the admiral would return my salute. He answered he would return to me, as the senior American continental officer abroad, the same salute he was authorized to return to an admiral of Holland or any other republic, which was four guns less than the salute given by me. I had demanded gun for gun; but finding he had told the truth, I accepted his offer, the more as it was an acknowledgment of American independence." The first United States ship of the line, or 74-gun ship, was built at Portsmouth, N. H., and was called the "America." Her construction was superintended by Paul Jones and she was launched on Nov. 5, 1782, into the waters of the Piscataqua, displaying the French and American flags at her stern. The subsequent history of the "America" is full of interest. One of the finest ships of the French navy, the "Magnifique" of 74 guns, was wrecked near Boston Harbor, and to replace her, the "America"

was built and presented to our ally, Louis XVI., and she was delivered up by Paul Jones to the Chevalier Martique, who had commanded the "Magnifique." The "America" was subsequently captured from the French by the English in one of the Franco-Spanish naval battles of either Lord Nelson or Lord St. Vincent about 1805. She was subsequently raised into a 50-gun ship. In 1846 she was stationed at Mazatlan, on the Pacific coast of Mexico, and was commanded by Lord George Gordon, a brother of the late Earl of Aberdeen.

This was 57 years ago. I was then attached to the "Constitution" or "Old Ironsides," as she was affectionately called. The "Constitution" was on her way home from a cruise around the world, a rare event half a century ago, one which had been accomplished only by the frigate Peacock and sloop John Adams. We were intercepted at the Sandwich Islands by a messenger from Com. Sloat in command of the American naval forces on the Pacific, ordering us to proceed without delay to San Francisco and there or lower down the coast join his squadron in anticipation of the war with Mexico. We reached San Francisco in due time, found none of our warships there, staying there just long enough to make a survey of San Francisco harbor and bay in boats under command of the late Admiral James Alden, then Second Lieutenant of the "Constitution." There was hardly a hut on the shores of this now flourishing city, if we except the adobe huts of the Spanish friars. This was three years before California was setled by the 49ers. But Lord George Gordon was somewhat of a braggart, and at his own dinner table, when our Commander John Percival, known throughout the Old Navy as "Mad Jack," was dining with him and other officers, he said nothing would please him better than in case of war with the United States, should such an event occur, to be placed in the open sea between the Savannah, our flagship of 54 guns, and the Constitution of 52 guns, a foolish remark, because not less than 30 years before, the real "Old Ironsides" of our Navy, Charles Stewart, had put the "Constitution" between two British ships of more than equal force, the "Cyane" and "Levant," and it was one of the hardest fought naval battles on record, and beaten them.

The consequent career of "Paul Jones" was a sad one for one who had done so much for American independence. He served in the Russian Navy under the second Catharine, but did not get the pay agreed upon; then returned to France, where he died in poor circumstances. Some of our patriotic societies as well as the United States Government have made laudable attempts to find his remains, which

were buried in Paris by a committee of the National Convention during the Reign of Terror, but as yet without success, the intention being to transport them to this country and erect a monument over them. Let us revere the memory of Paul Jones, who contributed so much to the prowess of our infant Navy, and who was the first to raise the American flag at home and the first to demand respect for it abroad.

Isaac Hull was undoubtedly one of the best, if not the very best, practical sailor of the old navy. He was born in Connecticut in 1775, and when quite a youth entered into the merchant service, as did most of the appointees of Government. At the age of twenty-three he was commissioned a lieutenant. In 1800 he was first lieutenant of the Constitution and commenced his gallant career by cutting out a French letter of marque from under the guns of a strong battery in the harbor of Port Plata, San Domingo. He served in the Tripolitan war in 1804, was made captain in 1806. In July, 1812, was in command of the Constitution, and while cruising off New York he fell in with a British squadron consisting of a 64-gun ship and four frigates. This was the first notable event of the war then existing between Great Britain and the United States. It was solely a display of masterly seamanship on the part of Hull, for which he was entitled to and did receive the highest encomiums for outwitting an enemy of such force. Here began the luck of "Old Ironsides," as the Constitution was ever afterwards called. This escape is so remarkable that it is well worth more than a passing allusion. On the 17th of July, 1812, four ships, apparently men-of-war, were discovered from the mast-head of the Constitution standing to the northward, and as Captain Hull was looking for Commodore Rogers' squadron he took these four ships for a portion of it, and he made all sail in chase of them. At 4 P. M. another ship was seen to the northeast, standing for the Constitution with all sail set. At 10 o'clock the Constitution and the strange sail were but six miles apart. The Constitution hoisted the private signal, which not being answered, it was concluded that the strange sail and those in shore were enemies. So Hull laid his vessel in the same course, determined to lie off till daylight to ascertain their true character. Next morning two frigates were seen from the Constitution under her lee, another frigate four miles astern (a line-of-battle ship, 74), a frigate, a brig and a schooner 10 miles directly astern, all in chase, and coming up fast, they having a fine breeze and it being nearly calm where the Constitution was. There seemed to be but little chance for escape, but Hull cleared his ship for action. At 8 o'clock four of the pursuers were nearly within gunshot, some of them having six or eight boats out, towing with all their oars.

In this perilous situation a new expedient was adopted which saved the capture of the Constitution. Being in only 24 fathoms water, boats were sent out ahead with anchors and the ship was warped up to them, by which she soon began to get ahead of the enemy. The same plan was adopted by the enemy, and all the boats from the most distant ships were sent to assist those which were nearest. For nearly three days and nights the Constitution was thus chased by the British squadron, sometimes with light winds, at others warping and towing in a calm, seldom much beyond gunshot distance. On the morning of the 20th only three of the enemy's ships could be seen from the mast-head of the Constitution, the nearest directly astern about twelve miles distant. A light breeze now springing up, the fast sailing of the Constitution carried her far ahead of the enemy and she arrived safely in Boston.

During the whole of the 72 hours' chase the gallant crew of the Constitution remained at their stations. The officers of the British squadron expressed their admiration of the skill with which Captain Hull maneuvered his ship and effected his escape. Captain Hull, being desirous of doing equal justice to all, inserted the following card on the books of the Exchange Coffee House, "Captain Hull, finding that his friends in Boston are correctly informed of his situation, when chased by the British squadron off New York, and that they are good enough to give him more credit for having escaped it than he ought to claim, takes this opportunity of requesting them to transfer their good wishes to Lieut. Morris (afterwards Commodore Charles Morris) and the other brave officers and the crew under his command, for their very great exertions and prompt attention to his orders while the enemy were in chase. Captain Hull has great pleasure in saying that, notwithstanding the length of the chase and the officers being deprived of sleep and allowed but little refreshment during the time, not a murmur was heard to escape them."

On the 2nd day of August, the Constituton again set sail, this time from Boston, pursuing an easterly course and not seeing any vessels for some days. Captain Hull steered towards Newfoundland, passed Sable Island and took a station off the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Here he captured two merchant vessels, and on the 15th he chased a convoy of five sail, captured one of them and prevented the prize ship of an American privateer from being retaken. Having received information that the British squadron were off the Grand Banks and not far distant, he changed his cruising ground accordingly.

On the memorable 19th of August, at 2 P. M., the Constitution being in latitude 41° 42′ N. and 55° 33′ west longitude, a vessel was

discovered to the southward. The Constitution made sail in chase and soon gained on her. At 3 P. M. it could plainly be seen she was a ship on the south tack under easy sail close hauled to the wind. At 3.30 she was ascertained to be a frigate. When within three miles Captain Hull ordered the light sails to be taken in, the courses to be hauled up and the ship to be cleared for action. The chase now backed her main top sail and waited for the approach of the Constitution, which was not long delayed, the British frigate having about this time hoisted three English ensigns in token of defiance. As soon as the Constitution came within gunshot, the British frigate fired her broadside; then filled away, wore, and gave a broadside on the other tack. They however produced no effect; her shot fell short. The British frigate maneuvered and wore several times for about three-quarters of an hour in order to obtain a raking position; but not succeeding in this she bore up under top sails and jib with the wind on the quarter. Captain Hull immediately made sail to bring his ship up with her. At five minutes before six the Constitution being alongside within pistol shot, Captain Hull ordered a brisk firing to be commenced from all her guns, which were double shotted with round and grape shot, and so well directed and so warmly kept up was the American fire that in fifteen minutes the mizzenmast of the British frigate went by the board and her main yard hung in the slings. Her hull was much injured, and her rigging and sails torn to pieces. This spirited fire was kept up by the Constitution for another fifteen minutes. Hull had now taken a position for raking the enemy which could only bring her bow guns to bear on old Ironsides. The grape shot and small arms of the Americans completely swept the decks of the British frigate. Thirty minutes after the commencement of the action the mainmast and foremast of the enemy went by the board, taking with them every spar but one. She then struck her colors, which had been fastened to the stump of the mizzenmast. The Constitution then hauled to the eastward to repair damages. At seven she stood under lee of the prize and sent a boat on board, which returned with Captain Dacres, of the Guerriere, mounting 49 guns. The hull of the Guerriere was so much shattered that a few more broadsides would have sunk her. She had fifteen men killed, sixty-one wounded, and twenty-four missing. The Constitution had only seven killed and seven wounded. The Guerriere was in a sinking condition, and after removing the crew on board the Constitution, she was set on fire and blew up at 3 o'clock. Captain Hull, in reporting the action to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, said that from the smallest boy to the oldest seaman not a look of fear was seen.

They all went into action giving three cheers and requesting to be laid alongside the enemy.

On the 3rd of August the Constitution arrived in Boston harbor; the streets were filled with excited multitudes. As Captain Hull passed up State street to the Exchange Coffee House from the landing at Long wharf the air rang with loud huzzas. A splendid entertainment was given to Captain Hull and his officers by the citizens of Boston. A piece of plate was presented to him and another to Lieutenant Morris by the city of Philadelphia, and Congress voted $50,000 as an indemnification to Captain Hull, his officers and crew for the loss sustained by the destruction of the Guerriere.

William Bainbridge was also bred to the sea from youth and entered the Navy as lieutenant and was made captain in 1800. His first important service was in command of a man-of-war carrying tribute in specie to Algiers. He was in command of the ill-fated frigate Philadelphia, 315 men, which ran upon the rocks at Tripoli, and was subsequently burned by Stephen Decatur and his brave band. In the war of 1812 Bainbridge succeeded Hull in command of the Constitution and captured the British frigate Java off the coast of Brazil. In this engagement the Java lost its commander and 174 men, the Constitution thirty-three men. Captain Bainbridge made the private signal for the day, which not being answered by the Java, he drew the stranger off the neutral coast; at 12 the Constitution hoisted the American ensign and pendant, and fifteen minutes later the stranger hoisted an English ensign and displayed a signal at her mainmast. It was then ascertained to be an English frigate. Bainbridge being then sufficiently distant from land, tacked ship and stood for the enemy, who soon bore down with the intention of raking the Constitution, which avoided it by wearing. At 2 P. M. the British frigate was to windward, distant half a mile from the Constitution, and hauled down her colors, except an English Union Jack at her mizzen. Com. Bainbridge then ordered a gun to be fired ahead of her, to make her show her colors, and followed it by a broadside, whereupon the enemy immediately hoisted colors and returned the fire. There was much maneuvering on both sides to obtain a position that would allow them to rake or avoid being raked. In the early part of the engagement the wheel of the Constitution was shot away.

(The writer was in the Constitution from 1843 to 1846 inclusive, and she carried the wheel and binnacle of the Java).

About 3 o'clock the head of the enemy's bowsprit and jib boom were shot away, and in the space of an hour her foremast was shot away by the board, her main topmast above the cap, her gaff and

spanker boom, and her mainmast nearly by the board. The enemy was left a complete wreck. In a quarter of an hour after the mainmast of the British frigate went by the board, she struck her flag for fear of being raked. She proved to be Her Majesty's frigate Java, of forty-nine guns, 400 men, under command of Captain Lambert, who was shot through the shoulder by one Adrian Peterson from the main top. Peterson was a Swede; I have seen him. He served on the Constitution in 1843, and was sent to the hospital in Norfolk.

The Java had sixty killed and 170 wounded, and had her own full complement of men and upwards of 100 supernumeraries. By her quarter list she had one man more stationed at each gun than the Constitution. The Java was an important ship, and fitted out in the most complete manner to carry Lieutenant General Hislop and staff to Bombay. She had despatches for St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and for every British establishment in the India or China Seas. She had copper on board for a seventy-four gun ship and for two brigs building at Bombay. The Java was totally wrecked and burnt. The officers and crew were landed at St. Salvador, where Captain Lambert died. Congress voted $50,000 to the officers and crew. Commodore Bainbridge was many years in command of the Boston Navy Yard. He was a bluff, open-hearted sailor. It is said that a caller who wished to see him was directed to the garret and found the commodore sitting with his feet on a cask of Madeira rocking it away in the slings, "I am giving it a voyage to the E. I." The commodore's wife once forgot the password at the gate of the navy yard. The sentry objected to her entering. "Don't you know who I am? I am the commodore's lady." "If you were the commodore's wife you could not get in without the password."

When the Constitution reached Singapore in 1845, on our cruise around the world, Commodore Chads was in command of the British Squadron there. He was one of the finest specimens of manhood the writer has ever seen. He was the first lieutenant of the Java and surrendered her to the Constitution. There were 100 invalids upon the Constitution who were successfully treated by the medical staff of the British Squadron. Commodore Chads died a very few years since, aged about 100.

And so the old Navy has done its duty honorably, its wooden walls have given away to iron and steel, and an entirely new order of things has taken its place. Let us have that faith in the new that we had in the old days, stand ever for the right, and never fire a gun to uphold the wrong.

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

*ENGLAND'S POSITION IN THE NORTH SEA**

In view of the ever-increasing strength of the German Navy, and the late outburst of hostility against this country exhibited both in Germany and Holland, it seems advisable to consider well our position in event of hostilities against those powers, especially if they should be assisted by Russia or France.

The fact should not be lost sight of that this hostility is not a mere "flash in the pan" caused by the war in South Africa, but that it is much more deeply seated. Dr. Max Nordau recently showed in an article on "Continental Anglophobia" in the *National Review* that in the case of Germany it is partly caused by our sympathy with Denmark in 1848 and 1864, by our support of free trade as against the protectionist views of the Agrarian party, and by the numerous discourteous allusions in our press to their rising Navy. More than this, however, it is intensified by the increasing colonial and commercial rivalry between the two nations and by the exhibition of our power in the possession of numerous strategically important coaling stations. The whole world is dotted over with these and with our colonies, occupying the most salubrious districts in both hemispheres; the colonies in full growth, progressing financially, and thoroughly loyal to the empire. This hindrance to their colonial expansion, the arrogance and insularity of many of our tourists, and the legacy of dislike left by Prince Bismarck have combined to fill the minds of the German people with that envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, which find their vent in a chronic abuse of our methods, our manners, and all that is ours.

With regard to Holland there is less reason for their dislike of this country, and probably it is almost entirely due to the Boer War. It is, however, plain that at present the feelings of the Dutch are much more cordial to the Germans than to ourselves, though politically they have more to apprehend from Germany than from Great Britain. If Germany should at any time seriously contemplate attacking this country, a passage through Holland for her troops, and the use of the Dutch ports, would be of the greatest assistance to her at the commencement of the war; and we know from the past that in

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Germany every scheme is well matured; that it is a word and a blow, and the blow comes first; and that there would be no time for preparation allowed to her enemy. The danger may not be immediate, but it takes so many years to do anything in this very deliberate country that nothing will be lost by looking ahead. Be this as it may, no thinking person can now feel that Germany is a negligible quantity as a possible enemy; and in face of the declared Naval policy of the Emperor, which is being carried out with his usual thoroughness and clearheadedness, it behooves us to look to our own position, and more especially so in the North Sea.

How, then, do we stand there, in close proximity to the coasts of our possible enemies?

Our trade in that sea is enormous, not less than £200,000,000 yearly, and increasing even in these days of close competition; our existence as a nation is totally dependent on our sea-carriage; the east coast of England is studded with most important docks, manufactories, and coal mines; we should have to maintain one or perhaps two powerful fleets in that sea, on our enemies' coasts; and there is not a single strategic harbor to the northward of the Thames in which a squadron of half a dozen ships could safely repair, refit, and coal. The muzzle-loading guns (two hundred of them, obsolete for years) were only removed from the Thames forts last year, and perchance we have not yet a single breech-loading gun between Harwich and the Humber.

While our shore defenses in these waters have remained much as they were twenty years ago, Germany has made immense advances. Since 1886 her Navy has doubled, not only on paper, but in actual fact, and under the present scheme it will again double in the next fifteen years. Not only has she been strengthening her Navy to so great an extent, but by the completion of the fortifications of the harbors of Kiel and Wilhelmshafen, and by the cutting and deepening of the canal from Kiel to the mouth of the Elbe, she has added enormously to her strategic position in the North Sea.

This country, on the other hand, has done very little. The new harbor at Dover will no doubt materially strengthen our position at the lower end of the North Sea. The muzzle-loading guns in the Thames forts, and in the defense of some of our northern rivers, have been replaced by breech-loading guns. But what is wanted now, and has been wanted for years, is a lightly defended, well-placed strategic harbor, to the northward, capable of sheltering a squadron of men-of-war and many merchant ships; with one or two docks, an up-to-date coaling station, and a thoroughly good plant for repairing and refitting disabled ships of war.

At the present time the German Navy consists of seventeen battleships, eight coast-defense ships (which in their own waters may be considered as equal to battleships), nine protected cruisers, and twenty-four smaller ones, eleven destroyers, and 114 first-class torpedo-boats.

The estimated strength required for a masking or blockading force is that it should have a superiority to the ships inside, of five to three as regards battleships, and of two to one as regards cruisers. In 1896 the whole German fleet passed through Kiel Canal in thirty hours, so that the watch on that enemy would have to be maintained both in the Cattegat and off the mouths of the Elbe and Jahde. This would necessitate, on our side, two squadrons and a reserve, consisting altogether of some thirty battleships, fifty cruisers, and as many destroyers as could be spared.* To supply, refit and coal this fleet there is no Naval dockyard nearer than Chatham and Sheerness, both already overcrowded in peace time. The large works of Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., and other builders of large ships, would also be working at full pressure in war-time, and there would be little accommodation to be found for deep-draught ships anywhere along this coast.

As before stated, in fifteen years' time the strength of the German Navy will have been doubled, and the demand on our resources will have increased in like proportion. Ships employed on this service would require to coal once a fortnight, which would entail an absence from the front of, say three days in fifteen, or more if the base was at a regular distance. The recent experiments in coaling at sea seem to promise well in moderate weather with a smooth sea, but would not be practicable in the bad weather of a northern winter. Even under the most favorable circumstances the rate of coaling at sea is only a quarter of that accomplished in harbor. It is claimed that coaling might be done in out-of-the-way inlets on the enemy's coast, but for isolated ships to do this in close proximity to so enterprising and well found an adversary as the Germans, would be very hazardous at night. By day, in moderate weather, anchorage could no doubt be found in shoal water out of sight of land, which might be suitable for such operations.

Even in peace time, however, ships require frequent docking to keep their bottoms clean, and this would be more than ever necessary

*The strength of our fleet at Spithead on 28th June consisted of only 21 battleships, 23 protected first and second-class cruisers, 20 smaller craft and 28 destroyers. This includes the Channel, Home and Cruiser Squadrons, several guard-ships and ships otherwise unattached; in fact, all we could muster. The Channel Squadron might not be available, as it is supposed to go to Gibraltar at once, on outbreak of war with a Mediterranean power, and it is not likely that Germany would try to tackle us single-handed.

in war-time, when they might at any moment be called upon to chase enemy's vessels just out of dock; engines and boilers require repair and the ships' companies rest, and this could only be obtained in a secure and suitable harbor.

There is little in all this that was not foreseen nearly fifty years ago. In 1859 the Royal Commissioners, after weighing the merits of all the ports and bays on the East Coast, recommended the construction of a strategic harbor at Filey. Dover was, however, eventually selected as being the more necessary of the two, and the government was not able to manage the expense of them both. The necessity for such a harbor on the East Coast is greater now than it was then. Our ships are larger and require more room to swing; our Naval seaports are always crowded; our trade is greater and still on the increase; our population more than ever dependent on a constant supply from abroad of food and raw material; our neighbor more powerful and more hostile.

Germany being at present not strong at sea, the demand for a strategic harbor on this coast may be by some considered premature. It is therefore advisable to show how long it took this country to form some of the earlier harbors. Cherbourg was commenced by the French at the latter end of the eighteenth century. Plymouth Breakwater was begun in 1812 as an answer to Cherbourg, and not finished till 1841. Portland Harbor was commenced in 1846 on recommendation of a Royal Commission. It was finished in 1871 at a cost of slightly over a million sterling. It is now being added to. Dover was begun in 1847, the Admiralty pier and inner harbor being made. Its extension as a strategic harbor was advocated by the Royal Commission of 1859; a bill was laid before Parliament in 1875; but nothing further was done till 1897, when the contract for the present work was signed. The extension of the Admiralty pier is to be completed in 1905, and the rest of the work two years later. Filey was recommended as a suitable place for a strategic harbor by the Royal Commission of 1859; it was again recommended by a committee in 1880-1881. Mr. Chichester Fortescue, when president of the Board of Trade, stated that if ever Germany rose to any prominence as a naval power, the government would be prepared to embark in the necessary expenditure, but up to this date nothing has been done.

From the above it will be seen what a tremendous amount of time has been consumed in the postponement or evasion of the expenditure of the public money on the construction of strategic harbors, and how necessary it has been never to let the question rest. The present government has been much more businesslike in the way it has taken in

hand the construction of naval works. The various works have been gone into, settled, and the work put in hand, with but little delay. Gibraltar, for instance, was brought up for final consideration in 1893, in 1895 the Naval Works Act was passed, the construction begun, and the work is expected to be finished in 1905—only twelve years.

Germany, on the other hand, was, from the first, more expeditious. The site for the harbor of Wilhelmshafen was purchased in 1854, and the harbor completed in 1869; its fortifications in 1870 being strong enough to prevent any injury being done by the French fleet. It was stated in 1883 that there was in that port more wharfage facility for embarking and disembarking troops and munitions of war than in all our dockyards put together. France in the eighties spent five and a half millions on eight harbors, within a space of 250 miles, opposite our shores.

Lest it should be thought that the expenditure here advocated would be only another case of wasting money on shore defenses, which would be much better spent on the Navy, it may be pointed out that the selection of Filey was made especially on account of its suitability as a naval base, and also a harbor of refuge for the fishing fleet.

With regard to the fishing industry, it is estimated that half the entire take of fish in the United Kingdom passes through the East Coast ports, and is valued at about £4,000,000 sterling; it appears, moreover, that fishermen from all parts of England resort to this coast in the autumn to engage in the herring fishery. The distance of the Doggerbank is only sixty miles, and Filey may be said to be in the centre of the best fishing-ground on the coast of Great Britain. This East Coast is especially dangerous to shipping, not only from the crowded state of its waters with fishing boats and the trade, but also from the shoals extending far off the shore in many parts, and the few places of shelter. In the twelve months from June, 1898, to June, 1899, there were lost between Harwich and the Firth of Forth seventy-four vessels of 19,419 tons, and sixty-seven lives. The value of this lost shipping alone could not be less than a quarter of a million sterling, and no doubt much of it might have been saved, and lives also, if there had been an easily entered harbor on the Yorkshire coast.*

It may be of interest at this point to give some of the distances between places on our coast and on the other side of the North Sea. Our

*A few months ago a Grimsby steam trawler ran on the rocks a few miles south of Filey, and was lost with all hands, ten in number; a sad addition to the loss of life in this vicinity. This could hardly have occurred if there had been a breakwater and fog-signals in Filey Bay.

fleet bound for the Cattegat would have to pass the Skaw, the most northern point of Denmark; from that point Filey is the nearest bay on our coast, being only 405 miles distant; Aberdeen is 414; the Firth of Forth 450, and Sheerness 520. From the light-vessel off the mouth of the Jahde Filey is distant 285 miles; Sheerness 300; the Firth of Forth 385. In each case, therefore, Filey is the nearest, perhaps not by much, but even a few miles makes a good deal of difference when thousands of passages have to be made. It has been objected to Filey that there is not sufficient depth of water to allow of many heavy-draught ships finding harbor-room there. That is really only a question of expense, as the bay shoals fairly gradually. The tides, moreover, are not nearly so strong as at Dover.

Enough has been said to demonstrate the advisability of constructing a strategic harbor somewhere on this coast. Filey has been especially mentioned, as it was recommended by the Royal Commissioners, among whom was Sir John Coode, probably at that time our greatest authority on harbor construction. It could, without doubt, be made to fulfill nearly all the requirements of a good strategic harbor at a moderate expense. It is connecteed with the railway system, so as to afford ready means for the concentration and embarkation of troops, and for the supply of naval and military stores, provisions and coal. It is practically midway between the centre of the coal ports and the mouth of the Humber; it is also midway between the mouth of the Thames and the Firth of Forth; it is close to Flamborough Head, which is the point of departure of the northern trade; it is, moreover, adjacent to the northern coalfields, to the military camp at Strensal, and to a large manufacturing and shipbuilding district.

From a military point of view it could be easily and cheaply defended, as the neighboring hills are of a suitable height and contour. From a contractor's point of view there is the advantage of proximity to the iron and timber trades, and there is also a plentiful supply in the immediate neighborhood of stone, similar to Portland stone, very suitable for the work.

The Humber and Cromarty Firth have both been suggested as suitable places at which to establish a naval base. Cromarty Firth possesses great natural advantages, but is too far distant from all necessary supplies, such as coal, iron, and the like; and is not nearly so well placed strategically as a more southern port.

The Humber *is* well placed strategically, and has a fair extent of water. It is, however, very much exposed to southeasterly gales; it suffers from the disadvantage of strong tides, and is crowded at times by its extensive mercantile and fishing trade. The annual ton-

nage entered and cleared from the Humber alone is more than double that from Southampton, Portsmouth, Portland and Plymouth combined, which would certainly be a great disadvantage to a naval station. It has been much improved of late years, and quite recently accommodated the Home Squadron, so that no doubt the Admiralty will have received an exhaustive report as to its capabilities at the present time.

This is, however, all by-the-way; the point to be made is, that there is an immediate necessity for the establishment of a completely equipped naval base somewhere on this coast. This once accepted, the selection of the most suitable site can be quickly determined by the proper authorities.

Our present dockyards, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham and Sheerness, are rapidly becoming overcrowded, and unable to cope with the ever-increasing necessities of our Navy. Another royal dockyard on this coast would meet a great want, not only as to the repair and construction of ships, but also as another naval and marine recruiting station to tap the northern districts, more especially with regard to engine-room artificers and stokers. "Marine" is mentioned advisedly, as the marine barracks in the south are rapidly becoming congested, and hopes are entertained that this splendid force may be still further increased.

Finally as to cost. Sir John Coode estimated that an area sufficient to enclose 700 acres of deep-water anchorage (enough to moor twenty large ships) could be enclosed at a cost of about £1,000,000.* Since that time the cost of labor and material has much increased, so that £1,500,000 would perhaps be nearer the mark now. Plymouth Breakwater cost £1,500,000; Portland (the old works), £1,033,000; Wilhelmshafen, £1,500,000. The cost of buildings, stores, barracks, etc., should not be more than £500,000 at first; or with the purchase of the necessary ground (and this should not be of too small an extent to allow of expansion), say £600,000. Defensive works need not be more than sufficient to drive off raiders, perhaps a couple of 9.2 breech-loading guns, six or eight six-inch quick-firing and a few smaller quick-firing guns, in case of a torpedo-boat raid.

The cost of a dockyard, with one or more docks, machine shops and all the necessary plant, would no doubt be considerable, and it would be difficult to estimate the amount in such an article as this; but suppose that the total cost came to £5,000,000, it would be well expended on the establishment of a strong and much needed naval

*A model of Sir John Coode's proposed harbor is *still* in existence in the South Kensington Museum.

base; a scarcely less needed harbor of refuge for our merchant shipping and fishing fleet in times of war and storm; a supplement to our much congested royal dockyards, and a suitable port of embarkation for the northern *corps d'armée.* Moreover, the expense, if the construction is proceeded with in our usual leisurely manner, would be distributed over, shall we say, ten years; the capital expense being thus reduced to about £500,000 a year; an insurance on our £200,000,000 of trade and shipping in those waters, amounting to about one-quarter per cent., and that only for ten years.

As stated before, in fifteen years' time the German Navy will be doubly as strong as it is now, and our watching fleet would also have to be doubled. Our dockyards, barely sufficient for our present needs, will have used up all their expansive power; our fleet, let us hope, will have largely increased both in *personnel* and *matériel;* and unless we launch out in some direction or other our case will be parlous.

I need not say that I have no interests in Filey, pecuniary or otherwise; but I do entertain most strongly the views set forth in this article as to the danger arising to this country from the growing power of Germany. This power sooner or later is sure to become aggressive, as Germany will have much to gain and little to lose in a conflict with Great Britain, if the latter should be involved in a war with other strong nations.

At this moment we are spending five or six millions on Gibraltar, hundreds of miles away, as to the advisability of which expenditure experts hold very divergent opinions; whilst here at home, near the heart of the country, is a position which, if defended and built up as a naval base, would be of the greatest advantage to a fleet taking the offensive, which is our true *role.*

Lord St. Vincent's plan, of cruising off the enemy's coast with a squadron watching each of the enemy's squadrons, and another in rear in reserve, would be doubtless the soundest scheme to employ in the North Sea. It would, however, require a very much more powerful fleet than our present Reserve Squadron, or two like it, so the nearer and more efficiently equipped the base the better.

The government leans heavily on the "Man in the Street" for support, and begs his advice, especially in matters that require much initiative or expenditure. I humbly contribute my mite.

THOS. B. MOODY,
Commander R. N., Retired.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

AN analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

The following articles have appeared in our exchanges on this subject:

1. Australia and the Navy.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* February 14.
2. Imperial Policy.—*United Service Magazine,* March.
3. Imperial Federation.—*Same.*
4. The Admiralty Scheme.—*Same.*
5. The Admiralty Scheme.—*Same.*
6. The British War Office.—*Army and Navy Journal,* February 21.
7. The Military Reserve.—*Army and Navy Register,* February 28.
8. The Organization and Functions of a Bureau of Military Intelligence (Stuart).—*Journal Military Service Institution,* March-April.
9. Same (Mott).—*Same.*
10. Our Military Judicial System.—*Same.*
11. French Naval Program.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* February 14.
12. New Army Organization (Belgium).—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* February.
13. A National Guard.—*Same.*
14. Changes in the World's Armies.—*Internationale Revue,* January-February.

The first five of these articles relate to proposed changes in Great Britain, especially in the defense of the colonies and the education, training and organization of the corps of naval officers.

The first again brings up the question of Australia's proper part in the defense of the British Empire. A brief quotation will give the gist of the subject-matter under discussion:

"The subject of Colonial contributions to the Navy, and particularly of contributions by Australia, continues to furnish matter for discussion both here and over-sea. If we were inclined to take some of the writers as seriously as they appear to take themselves, we might find good reason to deplore this discussion, which certainly tends to become somewhat heated.

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"We are constrained to return to this subject by the appearance of two articles in the current number of the *United Service Magazine.*

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"The problems which Mr. Young considers furnish no test of loyalty one way or the other. They are four in number:—(1) Is the Australian connection a source of strength, or of weakness, to the British Navy? (2) Is the British connection a source of strength, or of weakness to Australia? (3) Is there any value in 'local defense?' (4) Is cash the best kind of Colonial contribution to the Navy? He argues, as regards the first problem, that as the British Navy is not enlarged for the special protection of Australia, and Australian ports may be of great assistance as naval bases, while an independent Australia might be an enemy, therefore the Australian connection is a source of strength to the British Navy. In regard to the second question, he holds that an independent Australia, though less secure than the British Navy makes her at present, would be also less liable to attack. The reply to this question is thus indeterminate. On the subject of local defense, Mr. Young quotes Lord Brassey and Sir Edmund Fremantle in support of his contention that, while for Great Britain local defense is not a chief consideration, 'for some States—for Australia, for instance—it might well have great importance.'

"Finally, Mr. Young deals with the question of the cash contribution, one of the chief objections to which by Australia, he says, is that there is not nor can there be any guarantee that the money will be spent for the purpose intended. He repeats what he said in an article in the September number of the magazine, that instead of cash Australia would offer manhood. 'Australia has men; England has ships. Join the two, and the question of maintenance alone remains, and that presents no difficulty.' He suggests that what Australia wishes is the loan of a British ship or ships, to be manned by Australians under the command of a British officer, but to some extent independent of the British Navy."

The second article has some elements of general interest, although relating more particularly to the same subject as the first. There are lessons for all nations in England's present condition with reference to the Colonies and the defense of the Empire:

"It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the many important questions now under debate are not only interdependent, but are all parts of one concrete whole.

* * * * * * *

"So it is with imperial policy. Have we one common conception [illegible] he to which this empire is advancing? Is there of what [illegible] may be answered, almost unhesitatingly, an ideal before our eyes? [illegible] that there is not.

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"A very large part of imperial policy then, that part which regards the future, is concerned with imperial defense; and the purpose of imperial defense is far higher than the mere warding off of aggression. It is this matter of defense which includes the many subjects of discussion.

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"And here is reached what is, for a service journal, the main interest. Spasmodic effort in military preparation is vastly to be deprecated; continuity of strategic aim depends to an enormous degree on continuity of effort in the building up of the forces to be employed. There has been in this country no real endeavor to consider strategy as an imperial subject. Schemes are from time to time introduced which indicate but too clearly that the close inter-relation of the sister forces is none too well understood in at least one of the military departments. Until this difficulty is finally resolved no true scheme of imperial defense can be propounded. At present it is too much the custom to consider naval strategy to be one thing and military strategy to be another. A new train of thought is indeed on the rise, and it will doubtless presently be a platitude that strategy is altogether an imperial matter; but there will be many an ebb and flow before this consummation is reached, and before it is definitely decided even what is the strategic frontier of the British empire. Our sea-frontier is usually—*pace* Staff Officer's able article in *Blackwood's Magazine*—set at the five-fathom line on the enemy's coast; but our sea-frontier is not all. The military frontier also must be considered, not as a thing in itself, but as an integral part of the one undivided front which we present towards our most probable foe. At present it would appear that naval thought and military thought recognize

two entirely different frontiers, which would involve, of course, or rather which would be the manifestation of, entirely different methods of strategy. Have we any guarantee that the departments which control these two great branches of the national service are of accord in their views, that they join in recognizing one strategic frontier and the one consequent method of strategy? It may be so indeed, but the country has no guarantee that in high places there are not conceptions as radically different as those recently advanced by irresponsible thinkers.

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"To all these questions authoritative answers should be forthcoming. It is, perhaps, premature to hope for systematized consideration of strategy as a whole, which will make it possible for the public to receive a convincing assurance that the inter-relation of Navy and Army has been carefully weighed, and that military preparations are being made in accordance with our real needs. Rightly or wrongly, the belief is widespread that, in the preparations of the Navy for war, the deficiencies—if such exist—are in the main in regard to quantity; but that, as regards the Army, the shortcomings refer entirely to method. If this be so, it is not enough to be consoled with the reflection that the Navy is, after all, the more important arm to us. Without an effective Army, as well as a perfected Navy, there will be no forcing a first-class power to sue for terms."

The third article (practically on the same subject) is by Major General T. B. Strange, late R. A., and contains some very interesting mattter, and is a very common-sense view of the entire subject. We are tempted to quote the entire article, but want of space prevents us. The extracts given here will at least indicate the trend of thought in the article:

The article opens with the statement:

"It is hard for insular Englishmen to understand over-sea Britons, and *vice versa*," and continues:

"For while the Parliament (mis-called Imperial) is discussing the desirability of the people of these islands making some little sacrifice for the sugar industries of the West Indian and Queensland Colonies, the Federal Parliament of Australia is deliberately destroying the sugar industry of Queensland, at the bidding of the labor party of non-tropical states. The white man cannot work in sugar plantations, and he exiles the Kanaka who can. The Australian pearl fisheries will be exploited by the Dutch, who are not too squeamish to allow an almost amphibious Pacific Islander to dive for oysters. As for native

labor in South Africa, Exeter Hall started the blood-feud between Briton and Boer on that subject nigh a hundred years ago, and the end is not yet. We insular English have a sneaking belief that the poetic license of Kipling is strictly descriptive of the conduct of our brother or our son, directly he goes south of the Equator—

> "Somewheres east of Suez,
> Where the best is like the worst,
> Where there ain't no ten commandments,
> And a man can raise a thirst."

"Let us turn to where 'the cold in clime are cold in blood.' The Canadian is essentially a cool man. Calmly he enunciates as an excuse for not providing for his own defense, that the Monroe doctrine exempts him from European aggression. Of course the logical sequence is that the Monroe doctrine blots out the British Empire in America. When you point this out, he stoutly avers that he does not mean to be annexed. But, he adds, 'as you refuse us reciprocity in tariffs; if the United States offer it, how long do you suppose sentiment will fight against profit? As it is, Newfoundland is striving for reciprocity with the United States. What are you doing to prevent her entering a commercial union which must end in political union?' If you speak of the protection of Newfoundland by the British Navy, he explains that she only feels it when British warships destroy her lobster-pots and canneries along the French shore. How long, he asks, would there be a French shore, if Newfoundland were part of the United States?

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"The Colonies will never part with any portion of their autonomy, except as federated States in such an Empire. We are doing exactly what we did to the thirteen Colonies, now United States, demanding taxation before giving representation. We shall enforce neither, and the Canadian is much too prudent to provide a Boston tea-party by spoiling good tea with salt water.

"It is the British Canadian to whom it is brought home every day, how he has been shut out from unfrozen ports by the blundering diplomacy of Britain—especially by the Ashburton Treaty of 1842. Americans boast that their Commissioners produced an incorrect map,*

*In true British fashion, Lord Ashburton had no map of the country about which he was sent to adjudicate, though the latter had been in our possession nigh on a hundred years. To the Americans the territory was well known. In the winter of 1775, an army under General Montgomery invaded Canada along the valley of the Penobscot river, a tributary of St. John's; they were defeated and their leader slain, under the walls of Que-

showing a different course for the head-waters of the St. John river, and so obtained it as a boundary, which allowed a wedge to be driven into our territory by the State of Maine, approaching as it does to within twenty miles of Rivière du Loup, where a few troopers in a night ride could blow up the bridges and culverts of the Inter-Colonial Railway, which has to make an enormous *détour* to reach Halifax. The Canadian Pacific Railway, taking a short cut through the State of Maine, has its exit, Portland, at the mercy of a foreign country. At this moment, when disease has broken out among the cattle of the United States, the cattle of Western Canada are placed under the same embargo.

"For more than a century we have poured our money and our immigrants through New York, to build up the United States at the expense of Canada. Now the overflow is passing into Canada and Americanizing it, and we wonder! But we still subsidize mail steamers to New York, paid by the Admiralty to be available as war cruisers! Oh, imbecile islanders! to suppose that in the event of war any of your Cunarders would be allowed to leave New York to prey on United States commerce! Yet you subsidize no Canadian line to Halifax, St. John, or Cape Breton, where your vessels would be safe in the event of rupture with the United States.

"These aspects of our social life will not tempt our Colonists to place their destinies in the hands of an impotent Parliament. Their past will make them hesitate still more, until they see a change in our methods not very apparent at present. * * * It is natural for an ancient oligarchy to dread a federation with democratic Colonies. But Imperial Federation would of necessity restore to the Crown some of the ancient prerogative that was unchivalrously filched from it when worn by an amiable Queen. The Colonies are content with things as they are. We are drifting into an undesirable alliance with a most antagonistic people which may bring about a misunderstanding with the kindred people of the United States over the Venezuela question. The policy of our statesmen, if they have any, is exemplified only in sonorous sentences about "splended isolation." There can be no policy without strength behind it, and our Imperial race must submit to personal service or fall, as Rome fell when her citizens refused service in the legions and delegated their duty to mercenaries and barbarians."

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bec. A simultaneous advance under General Arnold, against Montreal, was also defeated. How many Staff College-made Generals, who might be sent to defend Canada, know the history of this winter campaign that well-nigh wrested Canada from our grasp, within ten years of its conquest?

The next two articles are by Admiral Fremantle and Vice-Admiral Fitz-Gerald, respectively, both relating to the new regulations for the entry and training of navy officers, that is, combining line and engineer officers, a scheme adopted in our navy, but, according to many, this combination of duties has proved a complete failure, although Captain Chadwick (as quoted by Admiral Fremantle), commanding the Naval War College, and Captain Clover, at present attaché in London, both favor it.

Admiral Fremantle favors the Admiralty scheme, while vice-Admiral Fitz-Gerald is strongly opposed to it.

The article on the *British War Office* gives an account of that complicated machinery, with some interesting notes on its history.

The seventh article on *The Military Reserve* is an editorial on the report of Colonel William Cary Sanger, now Assistant Secretary of War, on the reserve and auxiliary forces of England and the Militia of Switzerland, prepared three years ago upon the invitation of President McKinley and Secretary Root.

The report as well as the editorial have a direct relation to the recent law on the militia force of the United States.

"Col. Sanger's remarks on the subject of militarism * * * are of temperate tone, but he reminds us that we should not be blind to the fact 'that if we are to maintain any standing army at all, and if the states are to continue paying out money for their forces, it is the part of common sense and patriotism to secure for the Army and the national guard that organization and training which will make them most effective to do the work for which they are maintained; if we are to maintain a standing army, whether it be 100,000, 50,000, or 5,000, it should be so organized and trained that it can render the utmost possible service in defending the honor, the lives, and the property of the people; and its officers should be in character, training, and capacity the best which the country can produce; if the state forces are maintained with a view to national defence in time of need, there can be no excuse for not devising in time of peace the best plan for utilizing their services; and if they are not to be so used when war is declared, it is an injustice to the members of the forces and to the states not to have that fact known by all; and if it is admitted, as admitted it must be, that the Army and the state forces combined will not be numerically strong enough to carry on any great war, it is our plain duty to decide in advance what is the wisest and best plan for expanding our fighting force when such action is necessary.' "

The eighth article is the Gold Medal Prize Essay, and the ninth

the Silver Medal, and both are worthy of careful study and consideration. The former is by First Lieutenant Edwin R. Stuart, Corps of Engineers, and the latter by Captain T. B. Mott, Artillery Corps, at present attaché in Paris. They are well written articles, compact, clear and comprehensive.

The tenth article, by Colonel Edward Hunter, Judge Advocate, is an able article on our present Military Judicial System, and a noble defense of its past history.

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

There are several articles on this subject:

-. The Military Education of Army Officers.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* March-April.

2. New Musketry Regulations.—*Military Mail,* February 20.

3. New Infantry Firing Regulations.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* February 14, 21.

4. Firing Methods of French Field Artillery.—*Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift,* 2.

5. Naval Gunnery on the China Station.—*United Service Magazine,* March.

6. The Army War College.—*Army and Navy Journal,* February 28; *Army and Navy Register,* February 28, March 7.

7. Examination for Promotion of Officers.—*Army and Navy Register,* February 28.

8. Military Freehand Drawing.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* February.

9. Mounted Infantry Maxims.—*Same.*

10. The Training of the Army.—*Same.*

11. Naval War Game between United States and Germany.—*Scientific American Supplement,* February28, March 7.

12. The French Naval Maneuvers of 1902.—*Marine Rundschau,* February.

13. The British system of Training Naval Officers.—*Same.*

14. The Imperial German Maneuvers.—*Internationale Revue,* Supplement, 47.

15. Maneuvers of the 35th French Infantry Division.—*Internationale Revue,* Beiheft 37.

The *first* of these is a continuation of the excellent essay by Major Black, Engineers, the present instalment containing a brief account of the military schools of Germany, France England and the United States. The entire paper is a well-digested, philosophic study of the subject, and should receive atttention not only from all army officers,

especially those connected with our military schools, but also from our legislators.

The *second* article gives the courses laid down, in the new British Musketry Regulations, for the Imperial Yeomanry and Volunteers.

The *third* article relates to the new French Firing Regulations.

The *fourth* contains a detailed account of the French methods of ranging and firing with the new field artillery material, which make full use of modern improvements. It is a very carefully prepared article and brings out all the important points in an effective way, and it is evidently written by an expert in field artillery matters.

The *fifth* paper is a very interesting one, especially to the Navy and coast artillery. It appears from this paper, that the *Ocean,* firing at a target 15 feet high, with an area of 525 square feet, at ranges of 1,400 to 2,000 yards, moving at 8 knots speed, made with her 12-inch guns 0.7 hits per gun per minute, making 68 percentage of hits, firing 1.04 rounds per gun every minute. The *Blenheim,* with her 9.2-inch guns, on the same target, made 0.75 hits per gun per minute, 52.9 per cent. of hits, firing 1.4 rounds per gun per minute. The *Ocean,* with her 6-inch guns, firing at a target 15 feet high, 300 square feet area, range 1,400-1,600 yards, speed 12 knots, made 71.7 per cent. of hits, or 4.9 hits per gun per minute, firing 6.8 rounds per gun per minute. The *Talbot,* with the 4.7-inch guns, on the same target, made 63 per cent. of hits, 3.8 hits per gun per minute, firing 6 rounds per gun per minute; and the *Bramble,* with her two 4-inch guns, on a similar target, made 48 per cent of hits, firing 6.02 rounds per gun per minute.

The targets being only one-fifth to one-eighth the size of a modern cruiser, the ranges correspond to much greater actual ranges in battle.

The *sixth* article is of special interest in the history of our Army, since the Army War College and the General Staff mark an epoch which is sure to be a great turning point in the development and welfare of the Army.

"The speakers were President Roosevelt, Secretary Root and General S. B. M. Young. The President in the course of his remarks said:

" 'Now a word to the officers and enlisted men of the Army.

" 'The last two or three years have witnessed a notable awakening in our people to the well being of the Army. Our people are understanding as never before the fact that the Army, like the Navy, will do well in war mainly in proportion as it has been prepared well in peace; that after the war has begun it is too late for us to prepare for

the victory. Defeat will come inevitably and surely if the preparation is put off until the war begins, and victory will come if it has been prepared for in time of peace and on no other terms.

" 'During the session of Congress that is now closing we have seen the first stride taken in putting the national guard, the militia of the country, on a footing of efficiency—the first long stride taken on the lines marked out by Washington himself, the first successful effort made to put into effect Washington's plea, which, for one hundred and ten years, was disregarded by our people. And, again, the first long stride has been taken toward the modernization, toward increasing the efficiency of the Army in accordance with modern methods as devised by General Sherman a quarter of a century ago.' "

Secretary Root's address contained these wise words:

"It is a common observation, and a true one, that practical qualities in a soldier are more important than a knowledge of theory, but this truth has often been made the excuse for indolence and indifference, which, except in rare and gifted individuals, destroy practical efficiency. It is also true that, other things being equal, the officer who keeps his mind alert by intellectual exercise, and who systematically studies the reasons of action, and the materials and conditions and difficulties with which he may have to deal, will be the stronger practical man and the better soldier.

"No better illustration of the necessity of such an institution as this, and of a General Staff to make its work effective, can be found than in the fate which befell the work of a soldier to whose memory I wish to pay honor to-day, Brevet Major General Emory Upton, colonel of the 4th Artillery. Graduated from West Point in the year 1860, he became while almost a boy one of the most distinguished officers of the Civil War. He commanded successively a battery of artillery, a regiment of infantry, a brigade of infantry, a brigade of artillery and a division of cavalry. Constantly in the field, he exhibited in camp and march and in scores of battles dauntless and brilliant courage, strict and successful discipline, and the highest qualities of command. Professor Michie, revered authority, said of him:

" 'No one can read the story of his brilliant career without concluding that he had a real genius for war, together with all the theoretical and practical knowledge which any one could acquire in regard to it. He was the equal, if not the superior, of Hoche, Desaix or Skobeleff in all the military accomplishments and virtues, and up to the time when he was disabled by the disease which caused his death, he was, all things considered, the most accomplished soldier in our

service. His life was pure and upright, his bearing chivalric and commanding, his conduct modest and unassuming, and his character absolutely without blemish. History cannot furnish a brighter example of unselfish patriotism or of ambition unsullied by an ignoble thought or an unworthy deed.'

"After the close of the Civil War he addressed himself to the task of interpreting the lessons of that war to his countrymen for the improvement of our military system. Of his own motion he devised a new system of tactics, which, being capable of adoption by a simple military order, was adopted, and revolutionized the tactics of the Army. On the recommendation of General Sherman he was sent around the world with two associate officers to study the armies of Europe and Asia, and upon his return he made a report which gave the results of all his accumulated experience and observation. He recommended the three-battalion formation in cavalry and infantry regiments. He recommended interchangeable service in staff and line as against the permanent staff department. He recommended examination as a condition to promotion. He recommended the establishment of a General Staff, and he recommended the general and systematic extension of military education. His recommendations, had behind them all the prestige of his brilliant military career. They had the advocacy and support of the great soldier who then commanded the American Armies, General Sherman. They embodied the practical lessons of the Civil War, and the results of military science throughout the world. Yet his voice was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The Government did not even print his report, but with those of his associates it was filed in manuscript and forgotten among the millions of documents in the archives of the War Department. General Upton subsequently printed the report himself for the benefit of the public through a private publisher. A copy may now and then be found at a second-hand book store. More than a quarter of a century later, and long after death had ended the restless striving of that farseeing intelligence, other men working out the same problems with which he dealt found the sanity and wisdom of his conclusions and gave them effect. Were Upton living to-day, still upon the active list of the Army, he would see all of the great reforms for which he contended substantially secured: The three-battalion system, the interchangeability of staff and line, examinations for promotion, and now, by the wisdom of the present Congress, the establishment of a General Staff, and the completion of the system of military education under the controlling body which will find its permanent home in the building whose cornerstone we lay to-day.

"Many another officer has studied and striven and written and appealed in vain for improvements in the military service, and has passed away, and he and his work have been forgotten. The helplessness of the single individual who seeks to improve a system has settled into hopelessness. The wisdom acquired in such officer's experience has been buried with him. Only an institution perpetual but always changing in its individual elements, in which by conference and discussion a consensus of matured opinion can be reached, can perpetuate the results of individual effort, secure continuity of military policy, and command for its authorized, conclusive expressions of military judgment upon military questions the respect and effectiveness to which that judgment is entitled.

"I am sure that I speak truly when I say the Presidents and Congresses and Secretaries of War invariably desire such aid in the performance of their duties; and for this I look with hope and confidence to the General Staff of the Army and its great adjunct, the War College, which we are now establishing."

General Young remarked:

"It is said by one of the most careful writers and military students of our Mother Country that 'the main qualities which characterize the American soldier are shrewdness, strength, valor and personal intelligence. The natural initiative of the American and the general fearlessness of responsibility are as conspicuous among the soldiers as in the nation at large.'

"The art of war is difficult. To apply strategic principles correctly the commander must be able to accommodate strategy to political exigencies. He must have a clear knowledge of men as well as of questions of supplies and transportation in all their numerous branches; of sanitation, and of every detail concerning the moral and physical well-being of his troops. But as it is impossible for a commander to personally superintend all the details necessary to the thorough preparation of an army for efficient field operations, he must be surrounded by an efficient staff—a body of trained soldiers who have studied and worked out to a successful solution all problems in these questions, and who realize the enormous responsibilities that rest on the commander who has in his keeping not only the lives of his patriotic soldiers, but the honor and the life of his Government. The fate of a battle may sometimes depend on a matter that would appear of small importance to the uneducated soldier. Knowledge gained by study, or born of experience, or that which is better—a study and experience—is essential in preparation for war. The best means to avert a war is to be fully prepared for it. When war is inevitable it

should be made quick, and the contest should be made as short, sharp and decisive as the full power of our Government and the best ability of our country could make it. It is the duty of the War College Board to carry out the intentions and purposes of our honored commander-in-chief and his most worthy Secretary of War, to see to it that the young officers of our Army shall have full opportunity for attaining a high grade of efficiency in their chosen profession, and that our Army is comparable to the armies of the world as our Government compares with the other governments."

The *seventh* article is the new General Order for the Examination of Officers for Promotion, which is based on experience, sound in principle and sensible in every way.

The *eighth* article, by the professor of military topography at the British Staff College, is an excellent exposition of a most important subject, namely, Military Freehand Drawing of Landscapes in Reconnaissance Work. The article is fully illustrated, and the immense use of such an art to a general is at once apparent.

The *ninth* article, based on active service experience, discusses the use of mounted infantry in the field. It is illustrated by a number of diagrams representing mounted infantry advance guards, etc.

The *tenth* article sets forth the essential elements of intelligent training of recruits.

The *eleventh* article is a continuation of the Naval War Game (Jane's), referred to in previous numbers of this magazine.

The last four articles are all very complete, masterly accounts of the maneuvers involved, by noted authorities on the subject.

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

The articles on these subjects comprise:

1. Our Navy on the Pacific Coast, 1847.—*Journal Military Service Institution*, March-April.

2. Fixed and Flying Bases.—*Army and Navy Gazette*, February 28.

3. Military Impressions of Delhi.—*Same*.

4. The Tactical Defensive in England.—*Same*, February 14.

5. Strategy and Tactics in Mountain Ranges.—*United Service Magazine (London)*, March.

6. Service of Security and Information in European Armies.—*Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift*, 2.

7. Lessons of the Boer War.—*Journal Military Service Institution*, March-April; *Journal Royal Service Institution*, February.

8. Our Cavalry.—*Army and Navy Gazette*, February 14.

9. The Important Duty of Cavalry.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* February 21.

10. Tactical Problem.—*Same,* February 14.

11. Military Psychology.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* March-April.

The *first* of these relates to the Blockade of Mazatlan in 1847, an interesting little episode.

The *second* paper again considers the disadvantages of Gibraltar as a base for the fleet:

"Several circumstances contribute at the present moment to make the subject named above of topical interest. We referred last week to the meeting called to discuss the desirability of a North Sea Squadron; we have this week the latest report on Gibraltar, and Mr. Bowles's comments thereon; and finally there is the particularly interesting and instructive paper which Sir Cyprian Bridge has written on 'The Supply and Communications of a Fleet.'

"The question of a further expenditure of many millions on the construction of an eastern harbor at Gibraltar is aptly illuminated by the paper read at the Hong Kong United Service Institution by the commander-in-chief on the China Station. We hope that this paper may be republished in the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* at home, but in the meantime we commend to the attention of our naval readers the leading article upon it which appeared in the *Times* on Thursday in last week. Sir Cyprian Bridge explains with a lucidity and force which carries conviction why a fleet when it assumes the offensive has to establish what are sometimes called 'flying bases,' to which it can resort at will. And it seems to us that under the present day conditions of warfare the necessity for the establishment of such bases will be even more imperative than it was in times past. Nowadays the area over which the active defense of a port in which is a fleet waiting to put to sea is considerably enlarged by the creation of the torpedo and the submarine. With a fair wind the sailing blockaders off Brest or Toulon could run in until they drew the fire of the forts. But to-day there would be at least considerable additional danger in taking heavy ships as close, and certainly it would be foolhardy to do so between dusk and dawn. The heavier blockaders will, therefore, in all probability lie in some harbor conveniently placed for making the port in which are the ships of the enemy. A very slight study of strategical geography will show that in the Mediterranean neither Gibraltar nor Malta are suitable harbors for the purpose we have mentioned. Flying bases would have to be established, and the dockyards would mainly be used for the repair of

vessels badly damaged in action. This being the case, the question of what is being done at Gibraltar, or what is to be done, should be regarded rather in the aspect of its usefulness in time of peace, and it is obvious that, looked at in this light, it matters very little whether the harbor is on the eastern or western side of the Rock. In peace time the value of Gibraltar with its facilities for shelter and repair are not to be gainsaid. In war time we shall hold it because it would be inexpedient to allow anyone else to have it, and because of its excellent position as a shelter for torpedo craft. But our real base of operations in the Mediterranean will most likely be in an altogether different locality."

The *third* article, referring incidentally to the Delhi maneuvers, and Lord Kitchener's orders to the Himalayas, considers the grave question: "Is India Ready?" The lack of General Staff officers is the most serious point involved.

The *fourth* article discusses the advantages that could be taken of the natural and artificial features of the ground to repel an invasion on the tactical defensive, by defensive-offensive operations.

The *fifth* article is a continuation of a paper previously referred to.

The *sixth* is an elaborate essay on the means of reconnaissance and information service in Europe: patrols, cyclists, balloons, telegraphy, telephony, etc., and discusses the material used, and the organization of the special troops for this service.

The *seventh* is a continuation of the excellent article previously discussed. The present instalment is illustrated by sketches of the battlefields of Magersfontein, Colenso and Spion Kop.

The *eighth* article is on the British Cavalry, and incidentally refers to the tactical value of this arm:

"The recent decision of the military authorities to form new regiments of cavalry is satsfactory evidence that the commander-in-chief has not allowed himself to be influenced by the ignorant clamor of those who have failed to understand that the obviously desirable development of mounted infantry furnishes no reason whatever for the abolition of cavalry. So far from having become an obsolete arm, it is quite certain that in the future, as in the past, the cavalry have functions, all their own, which mounted infantry, or even 'mounted rifles,' cannot possibly undertake. The effect of modern weapons upon the employment of cavalry for shock action is exercised rather in augmenting the difficulty of being on the spot ready to embrace opportunities than in opposing any increased power of resistance to the actual charge itself. Cavalry which succeeds in arriving without

serious loss to within charging distance of surprised or demoralized infantry, and which has not only the courage to ride home, but the necessary drill and discipline for rapid evolutions, will succeed against magazine rifles and smokeless powder under any circumstances that would have permitted them to prevail against Chassepots or Martinis.

"It should never be forgotten that as Von Bredow charged successfully through and through the French infantry at Rezonville on August 16, 1870, and met with but little loss until his exhausted squadrons were charged by immensely superior forces of the enemy's cavalry, so also on February 14, 1900, nearly thirty years later, General French, with Boers in front and Boers on his right and left, charged successfully through on his road to Kimberley at the cost of only half-a-dozen casualties amongst men on horses. De Wet, too, at Springhaan's Nek, and upon other occasions when he found the way blocked by hostile rifles, solved the difficulty promptly and effectually by the simple expedient of galloping through the fire of the enemy.

"We can scarcely boast at present that our cavalry are what they should be in any respect. Their lack of numbers is about to be remedied to some extent, and as regards their efficiency, Major-General Baden-Powell has a great opportunity and may be trusted to utilize it. Whether capable or not of maneuvering a cavalry division, the newly appointed Inspector-General is at all events fully qualified to ensure the proper training of the individual, and this is the most important matter of all. To be without a great cavalry leader is a misfortune, but to be deficient of well-trained cavalrymen is a fault."

The *ninth* article also refers to the tactical *role* of cavalry, holding that cavalry will still find its opportunities for charges on the battlefield.

The *tenth* is one of the usual tactical problems in this periodical, which constitute so excellent a study for the younger officers.

The last article discusses the elements of courage, obedience, the sense of duty, devotion and the moral sentiment of military duty.

ARTILLERY AND FORTIFICATIONS.

There are but five articles on these subjects:

1. The Armament of Field Artillery.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* March-April.

2. Are New Field Guns in Sight?—*Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift,* 2.

3. Photographic Determination of the Rate of Rotation of Projectiles at the End of Their Trajectory.—*Same.*

4. Are 12-inch guns in battleships the best value for the weight entailed.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* February.

5. Earth or Armor Protection for Modern Coast Forts.—*Marine Rundschau, 2.*

6. The Re-fortification of Paris.—*Internationale Revue,* February.

The *first* of these is an essay on the proper armament for field artillery, particularly with reference to the caliber to be adopted. The author, Lieutenant Stuart of the Engineers, compares the relative efficiencies of a 4-inch gun, combined with a rapid-fire pompon, and the new 3-inch gun, for battle purposes.

The *second* refers to the introduction in the German army of a new field piece like the French, with shields, and a change of organization of 4 pieces to the battery.

The *third* is a solution by mathematical discussion and photographic experimentation, of a ballistic problem of some interest, namely, the rate of rotation of projectiles at the end of their trajectories. In the German field gun shell the number of turns per second reduced from 110 to 103 in a flight of 1,403 yards.

The *fourth* article explains itself.

The *fifth* is a discussion by a noted German artillery authority on modern fortification in coast forts, and practically advocates the system adopted by our engineers nearly twenty years ago. It must be remembered in this connection that in European coast forts the guns are largely mounted in armored structures, turret-like, one for each gun, or perhaps two guns of different calibers in tiers, these turrets being then placed in emplacements. Open batteries like ours are rare.

SMALL ARMS AND EQUIPMENTS.

1. Sabre-Pistol.—*Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift, 2.*

2. Portable Wireless Telegraphy Equipment in the German Army.—*Scientific American Supplement,* February 28.

3. The Lance Abolished for Russian Cavalry.—*Internationale Revue,* January.

4. The new cap.—*Military Mail,* February 20, 27.

The *first* is a combined sabre and pistol, the latter being attached to the sabre hilt, so as to be ready for use when the sabre is held vertically.

The *second* has a good description, with illustrations of the German wireless field telegraph equipment.

The *fourth* describes the new British cap, soon to be issued. It is larger than the old cap, covers the entire head, but without a brim or vizor, and flaring slightly at the top.

"Within the next few days, if rumor be correct, the new cap, of which we gave an illustration last week, will be issued at Woolwich and other stations to the Royal Horse and Royal Field Artillery. It is, we know, futile at this eleventh hour to raise a protest at the absolute hideousness of the thing and the harmful effect it will inevitably have on recruiting, but we are compelled to make it, as we have made it on several previous occasions. It may be lamentable density on our part, but we confess that we cannot in the least see what advantage it has over the present pattern of artillery forage cap, and the only thing that can be urged in its favor is that it covers the whole of the head instead of a part of it. From this civilians are apt to deduce the fact that it will prevent sunstroke, but is this so? The boys of Christ's Hospital wear no cap at all, yet we have never heard that sunstroke is unduly prevalent among them.

"The real test of the cap will be when it comes to be put on the recruiting posters, and men are asked to enlist in order to wear the shapeless thing. The chief argument in favor of the retention of the scarlet tunic and smart uniform generally has always been that it tends to attract recruits, and one does not need a very intimate acquaintance with human nature to realize the amount of truth which there is in this. At the present moment, too, recruiting is not in such a flourishing condition that it should be retarded in any way, as retarded it certainly will be when the whole army, horse, foot, and gunners, are arrayed in this fearful and wonderful headgear. Who devised it, and why? are two things which are absolute mysteries to the 'man in the street.' We are prepared cheerfully to admit that the present pattern service caps are not all that they ought to be, but we have small hesitation in saying that for smartness and attractiveness they are miles in front of the headgear that is to supersede them. It should not have been beyond the bounds of possibility to devise something which, while acting as a better protection from the effect of the sun, should still have been attractive to the eye, and it must be said that the production of this cap confers very little credit on either the artistic eye or the common sense of those responsible, and it seems safe to say that the 'pancake' shape was adopted without the Inspector-General for Recruiting being consulted in any way.

"In this matter, as in only too many others, the authorities seem to have turned to Germany for inspiration, and as the fount from whence comes all military wisdom. We cannot understand this sublime, almost childish, devotion to Germany, and all things German. The German army is a fine one, admittedly, but it exists under very different conditions to those which obtain in this country. In the first place, it is a purely conscript army, and as such it must needs wear such uniform as the authorities like to select. In England, however, things are very different, and in a voluntary army such as ours an attractive and becoming uniform is an absolute necessity. This cannot be driven home too strongly to the War Office. Because the Kaiser sees fit to issue to his men a cap which for sheer uncompromising ugliness is very hard to beat, that is no valid reason why Pall Mall should force a similar abortion on the British army. Our military leaders are too prone at the present time to bind our army to the chariot wheels of Germany, and it is high time that some protest was raised against this. It is not in the matter of these caps alone that this slavish devotion to the German models is displayed, but in every branch and department of the army, and it emphatically does not tend to make the army popular, as it should be, with the nation at large."

WARSHIPS.

1. The French Battleship St. Louis (illustrated).—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* February.

2. U. S. S. Albany (illustrated).—*Army and Navy Register,* March 7.

3. Changes in the World's Navies.—*Marine Rundschau,* 2; *Internationale Revue,* February.

MILITARY HYGIENE.

1. Lodgment and Deflection of Bullets (Major Nancrede).—*Journal Medical Surgeons,* February.

2. The Military Motor Ambulance (Lieut. Ford).—*Same.*

3. Mosquitoes of the Philippine Islands (well illustrated).—*Same.*

4. Sanitary Work of the Army in Alaska (Major Egbert).—*Same.*

5. Diseases of Army Animals.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* March-April.

6. The Prevention of Enteric Fever in War.—*United Service Magazine* (London), March.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

NAMES FOR NEW WARSHIPS.

HISTORICAL LIST SUGGESTED BY A NAVAL OFFICER

[*From the New York Sun.*]

What's in the name of a ship? To the sailor, almost everything. Why, the very mention of the Constitution, Hartford, Kearsarge, conjures up a host of stirring memories. And here is a suggestion made by a naval officer for a new system of naming American warships along this line.

"It has been suggested in Congress that one of the new battleships be named Constitution," he says. "That is the right idea, undoubtedly.

"We should be careful how we name our ships, and we are careful. Congress has given us a law, and a very wise one, too, by which we name our new vessels after States and cities and towns. Thus we make all the country take the navy to its heart and interest, and thus we taught the country there was a navy, and that system, far-reaching in its many excellencies, should always continue.

"But at the same time let us not give up our old names. Let not all the names be new. We are going to build, as all good patriots hope, a navy big enough to hold to our foreign policy and promote respect for that policy wherever our flag flies. Therefore, let us keep those old names, those famous names, those proud names—the pride and heritage of our people.

"Shall we let die the Constitution, the Essex, the United States or the Bonhomme Richard? What an honest flush the mention of such names brings to an American! Give them back to us again, and people will soon find out just why that big battleship is called the Guerriere; or that other one the Confiance, or that high white-sided armored cruiser, the Macedonian.

"These are the names that John Paul Jones and Barry knew, that Hull, Decatur and Perry loved, and that Foote and Farragut and Porter, when yet boys, mentioned with a glowing cheek. Take the old frigate names of the Revolution, or the French war, or the Tripolitan war, or that great sea struggle of 1812 when sixteen ships won from a thousand.

"Our English cousins, always excellent in matters naval, understand the effect of this perpetuating of old names. Their newest and finest vessels bear the names of ships that flew the flags of Nelson, Anson, Rodney and Jarvis years ago. Yet by those names the century-old victories they fought in are present always with the English of to-day.

"In like manner some of our best battleships should be named Constitution, Constellation, Bonhomme Richard, United States and Essex. These five famous old frigate names, at least, should never be allowed to die out. They are our sea inheritance.

"Neither for cruisers and gunboats should the just as glorious names —although the ships were smaller— Andrea Doria, Alfred, Ranger, Saratoga, Alliance, Enterprise, Boston, Randolph, Hornet, Wasp, Peacock, Lawrence, Niagara, Eagle, Ticonderoga, Wyoming, ever be found missing from our navy list. They all fought the good fight, and a new and worthy successor should bear their name.

"Then there are the most stirring names of all—names of vessels we have captured or destroyed in battle —the Serapis, the Java, the Cyane and a host of others.

"Look at all the big English ships with French names—the Impérieuse, Achille, Pomone, Sans Pareil—every one a Frenchman captured years ago. This sort of thing is just what we ought to have. I believe every American would like to see it, too. Moreover, it could go hand in hand with the present excellent system of States and towns.

"Of English frigates captured by us in battle we have the Serapis, Guerrière, Macedonia, Java and Confiance; from the French we got the frigate Insurgente — 'Ann Sargent,' as Truxton's old sailors used to call her—and lately from the Spanish we have got a corresponding class—the Reina Christina, Infanta Maria Theresa, Viscaya, Cristobal Colon and Almirante Oquendo.

"Taken with our five own frigate names, here are sixteen big names to give our big fellows—and we will need more than sixteen if the Monroe Doctrine is to mean anything.

"These are for our first-class ships, our battleships and armored cruisers. For our smaller list we could glut our list with the names of ships we have captured from the British and Spanish; but these that we took in hard-fought fight should have first choice and always remain. Look at them — here they are: Racehorse, Drake, Jason, Countess of Scarborough, Savage, General Monk, Frolic, Boxer Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost, Epervier, Cyane, Levant, Linnet, Reindeer, Penguin, Nautilus—all these from the British and a lot more.

"From the French we have the Berceau, and from among a goodly number from Spain we have the Pluton, Furor, Castilla and Don Antonio de Ulloa. Every one of these was taken in battle, and yet how many of us know where, when or how?

"Our captured list is large. From the British alone we have taken in equal combat five frigates, twenty-nine sloops and brigs and twenty-three small craft, to say nothing of fourteen armed privateers. We also captured in other ways from the mother country fourteen naval ships and thirty privateers. If we add to these all the French privateers and Tripolitan craft we have taken off and on, we have really too many to choose from. States and large cities may give out, but hardly this list of honor.

"Think what it will mean to a man to tread the decks of a ship called once more the Constitution! What will it mean to all patriotic Americans to so name their ships?

"Of all our captures there are at present on the navy list the names of but three—Detroit (British flagship at battle of Lake Erie) and the Jason and Alert (two British sloops). Only three out of all our list of honor!

"Remember that our flag is the oldest naval flag afloat. It was adopted in its present form in 1777. Next in point of age come Spain, 1785; France, 1794; Great Britain, 1801; Portugal, 1830; Italy, 1848, and Germany, 1871. This flag of ours was

thus flown twenty-four years before the white ensign of Great Britain made its advent upon the seas.

"Here are some more things about ships' names, in connection with this subject. There is a curious custom in our own and the British navy of still keeping a name in the navy, although the ship bearing that name was captured by a foreign power. That is, a new ship is built and gets the same name as the vessel lost to the enemy.

"For instance, we have on our list to-day the Vixen, Eagle, Rattlesnake, Scorpion, Essex, Raleigh, Chesapeake, Ohio and Somers—every one of these the British took from us.

"On the other hand the British still have on their list the Hawke, Alert, Druid, Magnet, Jason, Boxer, Hunter, Reindeer, Avon, Confiance, Linnet, Penguin, Racehorse and Caledonian. Every one of these was captured by us from the British. It may be that this custom has sprung from the feeling that defeat is not disgrace—as it certainly has never been with either ourselves or the British.

"Some of our British captures, too, were vessels recently captured from the French by them, as, for instance, the Guerriére, Cyane, Epervier and Confiance.

"This is an interesting subject to lovers of our navy, and nowadays nearly all patriotic Americans are included in that designation. The names of ships handed down in varying types from one generation to another show the nation's struggles and the nation's life to the country and to the world.

"He who runs may read. Let us once more carry into foreign ports the history of our people blazoned in gilt letters on the stern of our finest and newest ships, and show the world how proud of them we are."

Here is a full list of names available, the figures in parenthesis indicating the number of guns carried:

MEN-OF-WAR TAKEN FROM THE BRITISH.

Edward (7)	Serapis (50)
Racehorse (12)	Countess of Scarborough (22)
Mellish (10)	Atalanta (16)
Druid (14)	Little Belt (3)
Drake (20)	Chippewa (1)
Jason (20)	Epervier (19)
Trepassez (14)	Reindeer (19)
Savage (16)	Avon (18)
Genreal Monk (20)	Confiance (37)
Hawke (6)	Linnet (16)
Bolton (12)	Chubb (11)
Fox (38)	Finch (11)
Little Belt (22)	Penguin (19)
Guerriere (38)	Cyane (34)
Frolic (22)	Levant (21)
Macedonian (38)	Nautilus (14)
Java (38)	Detroit (6)
Peacock (20)	Caledonian (2)
Boxer (14)	Duke of Gloucester (14)
Detroit (19)	Eagle (1)
Queen Charlotte (17)	Black Snake (1)
Lady Prevost (13)	
Hunter (10)	

MEN-OF-WAR TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.

Borceau (24)	Insurgente (36)

MEN-OF-WAR TAKEN FROM THE BARBARY STATES.

Meshboha (22)	Mashouda (46)
Transfer (16)	Estido (22)
Tripoli (14)	

MEN-OF-WAR TAKEN FROM MEXICO.

Libedtad (1)	Alerta (1)

MEN-OF-WAR TAKEN FROM SPAIN.

Reina Christina	Infanta Maria Teresa
Castilla	Viscaya
Don Antonio de Ulloa	Christobal Colon
†Don Juan de Austria	Almirante Oquendo
†Isla de Luzon	Furor
Isla de Cuba	Pluton
Marques del Dour	†Alvarado
General Lezo	†Sandoval
Velasco	Jorge Juan
Argos	†Callao
†Reina Mercedes	†Elcano
	†Leyte

†Now in service.

NAVY STATISTICS.

Facts and Figures Showing our Inferiority to Germany.

In view of the revelation made by Chief Naval Constructor Bowles in his recent report to Secretary Moody a comparison between our own and the German navies will be interesting. It is made from authoritative statistics never before published. We have ten battleships in commission, three of which, the Indiana, Massachusetts, and Oregon, launched in 1893, must be modernized. But for the delays which have occurred in the construction of others, we might have afloat at least five more, or, altogether, twelve first-class modern battleships, instead of seven, as needing modernizing. The newest of our battleships in commission is the Maine, launched in 1902. Next to her in age, come five which were launched in 1898. Since 1896 Germany has launched at least one battleship a year, with the exception of the years 1898 and 1902. In 1899 two were launched; in 1900 two more; and in 1901, four were launched. Since 1896, the year when our Iowa was floated, we have added six battleships to our navy. During the same time Germany has increased her navy by nine battleships. The Maine is the only American battleship of more than 11,500 tons; she is of 12,500 tons. Germany has five battleships of 12,000 tons each. The speed of the Maine, our swiftest battleship, is 18 knots; that of the others range from 16.2 to 17.1. Five of the German ships have a speed of 19 knots, and five more a speed of 18 knots. The ten German ships are armed alike, each carrying four 9.4 inch and eighteen 6 inch guns. All told, our ten battleships carry 184 guns; thirty-two of these are 13 inch and eight are 12 inch. The Germans have no guns of a larger calibre than 11 inch, but they greatly excel us in rapid fire guns, having 180 6 inch guns in their fleet of nineteen battleships to our seventy. Here is a mooted question. The important point, in respect to our tardy building being that Germany has nineteen first-class battleships to our ten, and ten thoroughly modern battleships to our six, while five of the ten are as swift as the Maine, and the five others are swifter.

Of second-class battleships, including monitors, we have nine, and the Germans have eleven. Besides these eleven, Germany has thirteen armored gunboats for coast defence. In this class we excel in speed and armament, and, besides, two of our nine were launched in 1900 and 1901, respectively, while the newest of the German ships of the class was launched in 1895. Some of the German vessels date back to the sixties, whilst the Miantonomah, our oldest, took the water in 1876. The second class battleship, however, is practically abandoned.

The armored cruisers constitute the most important class after the first-class battleship. Of these we have two, the Brooklyn and New York, and are building eleven. Germany has seven, three of which are pretty old and slow, dating back to 1868 and 1874, and rated at fifteen knots. Four, however, are much more modern than our two, about as fast, and more heavily armed. We have fourteen protected cruisers, and Germany has eighteen. Our oldest were launched in 1884 and 1885. Germany has one ship of this class launched as far back as 1887. Our newest, the Albany, was launched in 1899. Germany launched four in 1900, and two in 1902.

Germany has thirty-four torpedo boat destroyers to our four, and

eighty torpedo boats to our thirty, the grand result being that the German navy consists of 182 vessels, while that of the United States consists of sixty-nine. Not taking into account the different methods of armament, which raise a controversial question, Germany possesses a much larger number of very recently built good and serviceable warships than we have afloat.

When we take into consideration the vessels in construction for the two navies we get some notion of what the delay revealed means to this country. We are building seven battleships and the Germans are building five. Of our seven five are from 1,600 to 2,000 tons larger than the German ships, all of which are of 13,000 tons. For these new ships both countries are using the 12-inch gun. Five new battleships are also appropriated for, three of which at least are to be of 16,000 tons. The Germans have projected six, the last to be completed in 1908. If the two countries complete their battleship programme by 1908 the United States will have twenty-one first-class battleships and Germany will have thirty. Of these thirty we can count perhaps five as of little value except as commerce destroyers. We are building and contemplating more armored cruisers than is Germany, and in 1908, unless the delays continue, we should have thirteen first-class cruisers of from 9,000 to 14,000 tons and with a speed ranging from 21 to 22 knots, as against Germany's nine of from 7,391 to 9,000 tons and with a speed ranging from 15 to 21 knots.

Omitting torpedo boats and destroyers, and counting first-class cruisers as superior fighting ships in 1908 the United States would possess fifty, while Germany would have fifty-three. The Emperor, however, would still have an advantage over us in his fleet of thirteen coast defenders, while we would quite match him in protected, but not first-class cruisers.—*Harper's Weekly.*

RICHARD LOVELACE.

(Died in London, 1658)

BY S. J. UNDERWOOD.

There comes adown the years a song,
Stirring as a bugle call,
So clear and high, with duty strong,
Yet wondrous sweet withal.

Two centuries its magic touch
Has swept the heart-strings o'er,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

Darling of all, of one the thrall—
The story old, yet new—
Off to the wars, mayhap to fall,
He wrote a farewell true.

A farewell brave and tender, such
We still its strain adore,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

O never year but men have vowed
At feet of lady fair,
And turned their backs on love most proud
For truth to do and dare;

To one alone to voice his deed
Was given silver tongue,
Poor Lovelace gained at last this meed,
Men love the song he sung.

Two centuries its magic touch
Has swept the heart-strings o'er,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

—THE INDEPENDENT.

FRANK LEE DENNY.

Born in and appointed from Indiana. Commissioned as second lieutenant, June 16, 1880; Marine Barracks, New York and Annapolis, 1880-1; U. S. steamer, "Quinnebaug," European Station, 1881-4; with detachment United States forces on shore at Alexandria, Egypt, July 14 to 24, 1882; commanded marines of detachment, July 15 to 24; special mention for services with detachment in communication from Government of Norway and Sweden to U. S. State and Navy Departments; also in the order of latter Department referring to such services; Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, 1884-5. Promoted to first lieutenant, December 23, 1884; with U. S. forces on Isthmus of Panama, 1885, commanding Post San Pablo, five days; special mention for services in report of commanding officer of expedition; Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washing, 1886-7; U. S. steamer "Boston," 1887-9; Marine Barracks, Boston, 1890; special duty, Judge-Advocate General's Office, 1890-2. Commissioned Assistant Quartermaster, with rank of Captain, February 26, 1892; Office Assistant Quartermaster, Headquarters Marine Corps, March 23, 1892-7. Commissioned Quartermaster, with rank of Major, June. 1897. Promoted to rank of Colonel, March 3, 1899.

TO THE

OFFICERS

OF THE

Army and Navy!

THE DESIRABILITY OF A THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS LIGHT BEER FOR CONSUMPTION IN THE MESS AND TO CARRY IN STOCK, IS ADMITTED AS DESIRABLE BY ALL SERVICE MEN. THE REPUTATION OF

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THE

UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF

MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS

FOUNDED 1879

THIRD SERIES.

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UNITED SERVICE

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THE UNITED STA[illegible]
FISH AND [illegible]

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COLONEL GREEN CLAY GOODLOE,
PAYMASTER U. S. M. C.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE

UNITED SERVICE

EDITED BY L. R. HAMERSLY.

MAY, 1903.

THE UNITED STATES COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES.

AN account of the rise and progress of the United States Fish Commission would be incomplete and unsatisfactory without a brief mention of the conditions and interests which led to its establishment.

The early settlers found the streams of the east and west coasts of North America teeming with a great variety of excellent food fishes, so abundant that they could not conceive the possibility of such a diminution as to materially affect the supply.

Their confidence was rudely shaken, however, as early as the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century by the discovery that many of the most prolific streams on the Atlantic coast were suffering an annual depletion of their valuable food fishes. Individual efforts were made from time to time to protect fish life, but no systematic or continuous plans were adopted until the attention of the General Government was called to the necessity of taking prompt and efficient measures to preserve and, if possible, to increase the supply of food fishes which afford a cheap and wholesome diet to all classes, and to the poor in particular.

The fisheries of the Pacific coast suffered proportionally under the wasteful methods of a rapidly increasing population, until the necessity for adopting adequate measures for the preservation of the fish supply became apparent to all.

The general condition of American fisheries became a subject of earnest appeal to Congress, and finally a law was enacted February

9, 1871, which provided that a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries should be appointed by the President from among the civil officers of the Government, a person of proved scientific and practical acquaintance with the fishes of the coast. It was also provided that he should serve without additional salary.

The Commissioner was to ascertain whether a diminution in the number of food fishes had taken place, and, if so, to what causes the same was due. He was directed to ascertain whether any and what protection, prohibitory, or precautionary measures should be adopted, and to report upon the same to Congress.

The Executive Departments were directed to render all necessary and practical aid, and the Commissioner was authorized to take fish and other specimens as might be needful, any law, custom, or usage of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was appointed Commissioner by President Grant, February 25th, 1871, and entered at once upon the duties of his office. The provision in the law that the Commissioner should serve without additional compensation was a wise one in view of the fact that only $5,000 was appropriated for the first year's work.

The appropriation was inadequate, yet a respectable showing was made through the co-operation of the Executive Departments and the valuable assistance of an efficient corps of volunteers who gave their services without pay.

The essay of Prof. G. Brown Goode on "The First Decade of the United States Fish Commission" describes its purposes and method so clearly that I shall take the liberty of quoting freely from it.

"The work is naturally divided into three sections:

"1. The systematic investigation of the waters of the United States and the biological and physical problems which they present. The scientific studies of the Commission are based upon a liberal and philosophical interpretation of the law. In making his original plans, the Commissioner insisted that to study only the food fishes would be of little importance, and that useful conclusions must needs rest upon a broad foundation of investigation purely scientific in character.

"The life history of species of economic value should be understood from beginning to end, but no less requisite is it to know the histories of the animals and plants upon which they feed or from which their food is nourished; the histories of their enemies and friends, and the friends and foes of their enemies and friends, as well as the currents, temperatures, and other physical phenomena of waters in relation to migration, reproduction and growth. A neces-

sary accompaniment to this division is the amassing of material for research to be stored in the National and other museums for future use.

"2. The investigation of the methods of fisheries, past and present, and the statistics of production and commerce of fishing products. Man being one of the chief destroyers of fish, his influence upon their abundance must be studied. Fishery methods and apparatus must be examined and compared with those of other lands, that the use of those which threaten the destruction of useful fishes may be discouraged, and that those which are insufficient may be replaced by others more serviceable.

"Statistics of industry and trade must be secured for the use of Congress in making treaties or imposing tariffs, to show to producers the best markets, and to consumers, when and with what their needs may be supplied.

"3. The introduction and multiplication of useful food fishes throughout the country, specially in waters under the jurisdiction of the General Government, or those common to several States, none of which might feel willing to make expenditures for the benefit of others.

"This work, which was not contemplated when the commission was established, was first undertaken at the instance of the American Fish Cultural Association, whose representatives induced Congress to make a special appropriation for the purpose. This appropriation has since been renewed every year on a more bountiful scale, and the propagation of fish is at present by far the most extensive branch of the work of the commission, both in respect to the number of men employed and the quantity of money expended."

Returning to the work of the Commission, it was decided to confine operations, for a time at least, to the New England coast, where the fishing interests were largely centered. Investigations were necessarily confined to the summer months, and were conducted in temporary laboratories, where the specimens collected from contiguous waters were studied by a corps of specialists.

The ground was covered by the occupation of the following stations: Woods Hole, Mass., in 1871; Eastport, Maine, in 1872; Noank, Conn., in 1874; Woods Hole, again in 1875; Salem and Halifax, in 1877; Gloucester, Mass., in 1878; Provincetown, Mass., in 1879; Newport, R. I., in 1880; and in 1881 Woods Hole was selected as its permanent summer home. This wise selection was the result of ten years' experience at the several stations, which convinced the commissioner that the waters of Woods Hole were superior to those found at

any other point on the New England coast. A temporary laboratory was occupied until the completion of its new station in 1884.

The work of investigation commenced at Woods Hole in June, 1871. The commissioner and a corps of specialists took up the various lines of work known to naturalists, which included shore collecting, seining, setting nets and traps, and exploring the sea bottom with dredge and trawl.

The adjacent waters were alive with minute pelagic forms in masses so dense at times as to change their color, and as these organisms contributed largely to the food supply of the coast fishes, it was not surprising to find them in such great numbers and variety. The temperature of the water, currents, and specific gravity were carefully observed, and through the co-operation of the Light House establishment, Revenue Cutter service, and the Coast Survey, their observations were extended along the whole Atlantic coast, and formed the basis for the study of the supply of fish food and the habits of the coast fishes.

Among the more important questions for solution were the pollution of streams by sewage, the escape of deleterious substances from manufactories, and the wasteful destruction of fish caused by the erection of dams, and the use of weirs and pounds. The predatory habits of certain species of fish cause great destruction among the pelagic schools such as mackerel, menhaden and herring. The destructive habit is common to many species, but the bluefish, veritable sea wolves, hold the record in this respect. The Commissioner said of this savage freebooter:

"No one who has spent a season on the coast where this fish abounds can fail to have been struck with its enormous voracity and the amount of destructiveness which it causes among other kinds of fish; wherever it appears in large numbers it is sure to produce a marked effect upon the supply of other fishes, either by driving them away from their accustomed haunts or by destroying them in large quantities in any given locality. * * * It is a pelagic or wandering fish, going in huge schools and characterized by a voracity and bloodthirstiness which, perhaps, has no parallel in the animal kingdom. The fish seems to live only to destroy and is constantly employed in pursuing and chopping up whatever it can master. As someone has said, it is an animated chopping machine.

"Sometimes among a school of herring or menhaden thousands of bluefish will be seen, biting off the tail of one and then another, and leaving in their track the surface of the water covered with the blood and fragments of the mangled fish. * * * If, now, we admit

the presence of 100,000,000 bluefish in the waters referred to, we may form some estimate of the number of fish destroyed by them. To estimate twenty per day destroyed if not devoured by each bluefish, is by no means extravagant."

Accepting the above estimate of Prof. Baird, and allowing a quarter of a pound average weight for each fish, the destruction would exceed 29,000,000 tons for the 130 days they usually remain on the coast. Quoting again from the commissioner's report: "I am inclined to assign to the bluefish the very first position among the injurious influences that have affected the supply of fishes on this coast."

Among the first important investigations of the commission was a systematic examination of the fishing industries of the Great Lakes, and the benefit resulting from these explorations attest the economic and scientific value of this work.

In compliance with the law requiring the Executive Departments to render all practicable aid to the commissioner in the prosecution of his work, the Navy Department responded by the loan of a steam launch, which was used during the season of 1871 for dredging and trawling in the waters of Vineyard Sound and Buzzards' Bay. The launch had for consort a small sailing craft which she usually towed to the field of operations in the morning, the latter frequently towing the disabled launch back at uncertain hours, and it was through this hearty co-operation that the naturalists were able to make a fairly good showing.

Naval co-operation, which began in this small way, steadily increased with the growth of the commission until their relations became more intimate than is usual between different branches of the Government.

Having given a brief sketch of the origin and purposes of the Fish Commission, we will now consider its general operations and rapid expansion, frequently in directions not contemplated at the time it was established.

Among the most important legislative events in the life of the commission was the enactment of a law at the instance of the American Fish Cultural Association, dated January 10, 1872, providing "for the introduction of shad into the waters of the Pacific States, the Gulf States and the Mississippi Valley, and of salmon, whitefish and other food fishes into the waters of the United States to which they are best adapted."

The artificial propagation and distribution of shad commenced on the 2d of the following month. A year later, 1873, 35,000 artificially hatched shad were transported by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific

and deposited in the Sacramento river. Some of us remember the comments, facetious and otherwise, made by the people of the Coast regarding this "fish story." Yet from this apparently insignificant beginning the streams of the West Coast from California to the borders of Alaska are so bountifully stocked with shad that it is now quoted lower in the Pacific States than it is in its old home in the Atlantic.

The introduction of shad into the Sacramento was followed by a modification of its habits which seems worthy of mention. In its home in the Atlantic it visits fresh water streams annually for the sole purpose of depositing its spawn, then departs and is seen no more for a year. In San Francisco Bay and its tributaries it is found in sufficient numbers to insure its being quoted daily all the year round.

The Navy Department continued the practice of loaning a vessel to the commission until the season of 1880, when the Fish Hawk was commissioned. This excellent little vessel was designed for the special work of the commission, having on board a complete fish hatching outfit, also the necessary appliances for deep sea exploration. Her officers and crew were drawn from the U. S. Navy.

She was completed too late to engage in fish hatching operations in the spring, but reached the station in time to take an active part in deep sea explorations. Her field of inquiry extended to and beyond the 100 fathom curve from 90 to 110 miles south of Martha's Vineyard, where a wonderfully rich fauna was found far exceeding in numbers and variety of species any region hitherto explored by the commission.

The finding of a new food fish is always a matter of interest, both to the fisherman and to the scientist. A new species made its appearance off the southern New England coast in 1879, and it fell to the lot of the Fish Hawk to investigate the stranger, study its habits, and determine its market value. The investigation was carried on during the season of 1880-81, the stranger being found to resemble the cod in size, general form, texture and flavor. It was present in great numbers, and could be caught with hook and line, or with the regular cod trawl-lines of the Gloucester fishermen. Its market value would be approximately the same as that of cod. Its distinctive external markings consisted of a bony crest on its head and numerous brick colored spots dotting its body without regularity or system. It was this peculiarity that gained it the name of "Tilefish."

They were feeding on small sea crabs called munedas, which were so plentiful that the beam trawl brought up bushels of them at every haul. The stomach of one fish contained the wreck of a mutton chop

which a sable attendant declared was "de same mutton chop that the strange ge'man lost for he's breffast dis mawnin'."

The tilefish (lopholatilus Chamaeleonticeps) was discovered off the southern New England coast during the season of 1879, and after the investigations of the Fish Hawk it seemed destined to occupy an important place in the food products of that region, yet during the following March vessels arriving in Atlantic seaports from the eastward reported sailing through great numbers of dead and dying fish floating on the surface of the sea, which upon investigation proved to be the recently discovered tilefish.

These reports being carefully collated, the area of floating fish was found to be between 5,000 and 6,000 square miles, and the aggregate weight of this mass of fish, after reducing the reports of ship-masters to one four-hundredth, reached the astounding total of 321,143 tons.

After a few days the floating fish disappeared from the surface of the sea and nothing more was seen or heard of the species for eleven years, when it suddenly reappeared in its wonted haunts.

The remarkable discoveries of the Fish Hawk in her brief sea trips demonstrated the necessity for a larger seagoing vessel, with the requisite apparatus for deep sea exploration, even in the greatest depths.

The Albatross was launched in August, 1882, and went into commission later in the season.

She was specially designed for deep sea exploration, with the necessary requisites of strength, seaworthiness, easy motion, and the ability to lay to with either bow or stern to the wind. Her hull is of iron, displacement 1,000 tons. She is driven by two pairs of vertical compound engines and twin screws.

Her equipment was complete, her scientific apparatus containing the most approved appliances known at the time.

The Albatross was actively engaged on the Atlantic between four and five years, her field of operations extending from the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to Nova Scotia, to the Bay of Fundy, and the coast of the United States from Maine to the delta of the Mississippi. In the West Indies it embraced a large part of the Caribbean Sea, the coasts of Yucatan, Cuba and the Bahamas.

Her operations were not confined strictly to biological and physical investigations; she steamed many thousands of miles in the vain effort to discover from whence came the great schools of mackerel, menhaden, shad and other migrating species which visit our coasts annually for the purpose of spawning. Much time was expended also in search of the lost tilefish.

The Fish Hawk lines of deep sea exploration were extended seaward, and midway between Block Island and the Bermudas the Albatross, for the first time in the history of deep sea exploration, made a successful haul of the beam trawl in the great depth of 2,949 fathoms.

During the decade ending in 1883 Gloucester suffered the loss of eighty-two fishing schooners foundered at sea, involving the sacrifice of the lives of 895 fishermen. While a portion of this loss of life and property was incident to the rough and perilous calling of ocean fishermen, it was believed that too large a proportion was attributable to a faulty construction of the vessels employed in the industry.

Speed is a vital element in the construction of New England fishing vessels, and to secure it economically builders had gradually adopted shallow and sharp vessels of great beam, with huge centerboards which gave them the requisite speed, and filled the general requirements in light and moderate weather, but the center of gravity was too high for safety in heavy seas.

The commission believed that the type of fishing vessel could be greatly improved, and had the Grampus built as an object lesson. She was launched in 1886.

The Grampus embodied the best features of successful schooner yachts, pilot boats, and Gloucester fishing vessels. Her advent upon the fishing banks attracted immediate attention, which resulted in an almost entire revolution in the form and rig of the Gloucester schooner.

The death of Prof. Baird in 1887 caused many changes in the commission and its relations with other departments of the Government. At the time of his death he was secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the U. S. National Museum and the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. He gave his personal attention to the conduct of every department of these great institutions, hence his loss was felt with marked severity.

The early years of the commission were devoted to experiments in artificial propagation of the more important species of food fishes. Prof. Baird manifested the greatest interest in these investigations and lived to witness the rapidly expanding operations until they embraced nearly every State in the Union. He had established sixteen propagating stations in various localities, which produced annually hundreds of millions of young fish fry, which were distributed from Maine to Texas, and even to the waters of the Pacific. Several valuable species of foreign fish had been acclimated, surveys of oyster grounds on the Atlantic coast were in progress, and preliminary researches were being made for the artificial propagation of oysters and lobsters.

The wide distribution of young fry was accomplished by the use of a number of cars designed and built for that purpose. The great station at Woods Hole had been completed, and the biological and physical researches conducted in its spacious laboratories, and the vessels of the commission were approaching their greatest development.

Upon the death of Prof. Baird the duties of commissioner *ad interim* were assigned to Prof. G. Brown Goode, at the request of the President, and he continued in their performance until the appointment of Marshall McDonald as commissioner in February, 1888.

The results of the Albatross exploration of the Atlantic fishing grounds attracted the attention of some of the leading men of the Pacific coast, who urged the commission to send a vessel to the West coast to develop their sea fisheries, particularly those of Alaska, regarding which very little was known. The Albatross was finally detailed for that work, and sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, November 20, 1887, with instructions to prosecute such investigations en route as seemed advisable, within the limit of time, the 15th of May, 1888, having been fixed upon for her arrival in San Francisco.

Her first stop was at Santa Lucia, thence to Bahia, Montevideo, Straits of Magellan and Sandy Point. Nearly a month was devoted to explorations in the Straits and Western Patagonian channels. She then proceeded to Lota, to Panama, the Galapagos, Acapulco, La Paz and San Francisco, where she arrived on the 11th of May, 1888.

The scientific results of this trip were very satisfactory. Deep sea investigations and shore collecting were prosecuted whenever practicable. The study of the fishes added much to our knowledge regarding the distribution of species, and many were found entirely new to science.

The subsequent career of the Albatross in the Pacific has been one of continuous activity and usefulness and can be referred to here only in the most cursory manner.

She carried on fishing and deep sea investigations on the Pacific coast of the United States from Lower California to Alaska. She surveyed many thousand square miles of codfish banks in Behring Sea and adjacent waters, where she also performed patrol duty and carried on fur seal investigations.

By direction of the President she carried the U. S. Senate Indian Committee to Southeastern Alaska, and the U. S. Behring Sea Commission to the Pribilof Islands. She surveyed the submarine cable route from California to the Hawaiian Islands.

She made two notable voyages of discovery and deep sea explora-

tion under the direction of Prof. Agassiz. The first embraced an extensive area, including the west coast of Mexico, Gulf of Panama, Central and South American coasts to the latitude of the Galapagos, including that interesting archipelago and the Gulf of California. The second and most important occurred in 1899 and 1900. Sailing from San Francisco, a line of investigation was extended to the Marquesas, thence through the tropical islands of Polynesia and Micronesia to Guam and to the coast of Japan.

It was during this notable cruise, near the island of Guam, that the Albatross made her deepest sounding, 4,813 fathoms, in the same depression in which the U. S. S. Nero found 5,259 fathoms, the greatest depth ever recorded.

From Japan the Albatross resumed operations in Alaska, followed by a season in the Hawaiian Islands, and is now (April, 1903) preparing for further investigations in Alaskan waters.

The Fish Hawk is still actively employed on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts in deep sea exploration, the survey of oyster grounds, the artificial propagation of shad and other species, the investigation of the Florida sponge industry and other useful work.

The Grampus continues her work in connection with the New England fisheries and the propagation of codfish, lobsters and other species.

The remarkable success attending the general operations of the Fish Commission has resulted in steadily enlarging its sphere of action, and has entailed new duties and responsibilities from year to year. The artificial propagation of useful food fishes is still the most important and extensive branch, and there continues to be a steady annual increase in the number of species under artificial culture.

The successful and economical propagation of the lobster is considered to be among the greatest triumphs in this direction, and it is hoped that it may largely compensate for the wasteful methods which have steadily tended toward the extinction of this valuable crustacean.

The gathering and systematic compilation of statistics is an important branch of commission work. It includes complete annual statistics of the fishing industries of the United States, whaling, and the fur seal herd, the Florida sponge grounds, including experiments in sponge planting, and many other branches of inquiry and experiment too numerous to mention in this article.

The affairs of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries have been administered by five commissioners: Spencer F. Baird, 1871-87; G. Brown Goode, 1887-88; Marshall McDonald, 1888-95; J. J. Brice, 1896-98, and George M. Bowers, 1898 to the present time.

Without attempting to review the operations of the commission in detail, a brief synopsis will serve to illustrate its general growth, and some of the practical results attending its operations during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901.

There were thirty-seven hatching stations in operation in twenty-six States, in which thirty-one species of useful food fishes, including lobsters, were hatched and distributed throughout forty-nine States and Territories and eight foreign countries.

Of fertilized eggs there were distributed 150,307,251; young fry and fingerlings, 107,687,868; adult and yearling fish, 5,838,343; of lobster fry, 60,879,000; a grand total of 1,173,833,462.

The distribution was effected by the use of four Fish Commission cars, specially constructed for the purpose; the car mileage was 103,982, and detached messenger mileage 200,743.

The interest shown in this wide distribution by the great transportation companies was manifested by sixty-one railways having given 37,099 miles free transportation to the distributing cars and 75,466 miles to the Commission's messengers.

The annual appropriation for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, was $589,980.

The U. S. Fish Commission achieved its marked success through its businesslike methods, by which it accomplished great scientific and practical results, fairly earning its position among the economic and scientific branches of the Government.

Z. L. TANNER,

Commander U. S. N., Retired.

*GAINESVILLE, 1862.**

By Charles King, Captain 5th U. S. Cavalry, Retired, and Brigadier General of Volunteers.

It is nearly twenty-two years since the name of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States began to bear to me any especial significance. Reference to it I had frequently seen in the columns of the Army and Navy Journal, whose genial and gifted editor was then, as he is now, one of the foremost men of the Order. But the nature of military service in the South, in the days immediately succeeding the great Civil War, and later on the Indian frontier, left little time for the contemplation of other matters.

Few, if any, of my comrades of the regular service—even those who had fought throughout the war—were at that time members of the organization. The Commandery of the State of California, through its indomitable recorder, had not swept the service far and wide and gathered into the fold the array of eligibles in the permanent establishment. It was not until my return to Milwaukee along in the winter of '79 and '80 that I saw the button on the lapel of many an old friend and comrade. It was somewhere about that time that I heard of an interesting address delivered before the Wisconsin Commandery by a distinguished soldier who had attained the rank of General of Volunteers during the war—an address upon the very point in the campaign that culminated with 2d Bull Run, wherein I had reason to feel most vivid interest. It hinged, as did the issue of a momentous day, on the movements of the First Division, Third Corps, Army of Virginia; in other words, King's Division, McDowell's Corps of the Army under Pope. What I heard of that address aroused me to the possibilities of the Loyal Legion as a means of both disseminating and correcting false impressions. That address was followed in the course of a few years by articles in the public press somewhat similar in tenor, written, with perhaps two exceptions, in all sincerity—all, without any exception, in ignorance of the real facts and conditions. Some of these facts, not all, were laid before readers of the Milwaukee Sentinel in answer to a strange article that appeared just as the vet-

*Read before Wisconsin commandery, M. O. L. L., U. S.

erans were assembling here for the great reunion of June, 1880. These conditions and a few others were subsequently set forth in a military magazine, the UNITED SERVICE, in answer to Mr. John C. Ropes, whose critical essay on Pope's campaign in Virginia has so very much to commend it that it seemed doubly unfortunate he was not in possession of some, at least, of these facts before concluding his chapter on Gainesville. But, though there was sometimes sore temptation, after my admission to our honored Order, to reply, not too placidly, perhaps, to certain essays that later appeared, I have reserved most of my ammunition for the paper long promised my own Commandery of the Loyal Legion. Bear with me as best you may should the paper prove as long as the promise.

There is no need to recall to most of your number the stirring events, the startling combinations, of the remarkable campaign in front of Washington the second year of the war. With the very best of intentions on part of most of our generals, no one of their number won immortal fame as a result of his participation therein. The bright particular star of the campaign—the man whose dash and leadership, whose luck, in fact, were well nigh phenomenal, while his plans were paralleled only by those of that military eccentric, Charles the XII. of Sweden—the man who time and again dared in '62 what would have been death and destruction in '64—was that wonderful right arm of the chivalric Lee—Stonewall Jackson, of Virginia.

Well nigh a religious recluse at the outbreak of the war, a teacher in Virginia's academic halls in the heart of her beautiful hill country, he seemed, as did his pupils, to intimately know every road and by-path in the valleys drained by the brooks and streams that mingled farther east to swell the Rapidan and Rappahannock. Of incalculable benefit was this to him when Fauquier and Loudon, Prince William and Culpeper counties became the very center of the seat of war. Like the Little Corporal in Lombardy, Jackson had amazed his adversaries in the Shenandoah. Banks and Shields, Fremont and Sigel all had winced under his swift, unerring blows, all had reeled before the wondrous speed of his attack. No man—no combination of men—could pin him. Leaving their divisions scattered and astounded, he sped cross country southeast, fell upon McClellan's exposed right at Gaines' Mill and doubled up the most renowned corps of the army in crushing Fitz John Porter. Then, as McClellan re-embarked, back he led the rush to overwhelm Pope along the Rapidan before the crestfallen corps commanders of the Army of the Peninsula could sweep round by sail and steam to Alexandria and Asquia and march to the succor of our Army of Virginia. Then, most daring feat of all, while

Lee and his war dog, Longstreet, busied our stubborn, sullen divisions, forced back from Cedar Mountain to the upper Rappahannock, and while Porter, Heintzelman, Hooker and Kearny from the Army of the Peninsula (as I prefer to designate the troops under McClellan, since they all subsequently became the Army of the Potomac)—while these of the Army of the Peninsula were still in march behind Pope's wearied left, Jackson cut loose from his great leader, marched day and night with his gaunt "foot cavalry" round our right flank, up behind that baleful screen of the Bull Run Mountains, and, pouring through Thoroughfare Gap, swooped down upon our massed stores, supplies and trains at Manassas Junction—squarely behind our extended lines along the Hedgeman, squarely between the Army of Pope and the rest of the Army of the Peninsula hastening to his succor at the rate of three miles a day from the direction of Alexandria. Grand as was the material, fine the drill, dress and equipment, and brilliant as were many of our generals in Virginia in '62, the Army was cursed with altogether too much individuality, and, in its devotion to one beloved leader or another, had yet to learn in many a command the true meaning of soldier loyalty. Another thing: our engineer generals seemed to scorn the use of cavalry, preferring to grope rather than to gather information, and so it happened that just after nightfall of August 26, while Major General John Pope, "headquarters in the saddle," had known for over 24 hours that Jackson's whole corps had gone northward round his right flank, Buford's light brigade of cavalry was still in bivouac near Waterloo, close to that curtaining range, with instructions to start at dawn on the 27th, 36 hours after he should have been sent and told to see what Jackson was doing—Jackson, who at that moment, say 8 p.m. of the 26th, was ripping up the rails of Pope's one line of supply at Bristoe Station, having marched since daybreak every inch of the way from Salem, through White Plains, Thoroughfare Gap and Gainesville, and 25,000 seasoned Southern fighters, the flower of the Confederate Army, were making merry at the expense of Uncle Sam over supplies and prisoners captured, and the fact that not until they struck the railway at Bristoe had they met the faintest opposition.

At nine that night, while dictating orders for the morrow, Pope heard that the enemy's cavalry were behind him "Playing hell at Bristoe," said the staff officer who bore the news. Heintzelman, of the Peninsular Army, had reached Warrenton Junction, and Pope, with the full knowledge that Jackson had then been gone *somewhere* ever since the morning of the 25th, never seeming to remember the audacity and speed of Jackson's dashes in the Shenandoah—never seeming

to consider the possibility of Jackson swooping down behind him, ordered Heintzelman to put a single regiment on the cars and send it immediately to Manassas "to repair damages and protect the railway." One regiment on the cars vs. Jackson's whole corps of foot cavalry, plus Stuart's horsemen!

At midnight while his soldiers slept, Pope was beginning to wake up. By 9 a.m. of the 27th he faced his army about, to retire to the line of Gainesville and Manassas, but still he did not realize the truth. Not until Hooker had fought a fierce and brilliant battle with Ewell's division on the afternoon of the 27th at Kettle Run did Pope learn that Jackson's whole command was between him and Manassas. Not until still another day did he learn what had happened during the black night of the 26th-27th—that Stuart, after a fourteen-hour march, had taken his horsemen and Trimble's brigade of foot, made still another march, pounced on our people at Manassas Junction soon after midnight, and had seized the enormous trains and stores, far more than enough to feed and fit out Jackson's whole corps, and there, serene and confident, the Confederate leader spent the whole day of the 27th with Pope's divisions sweeping across country from the line of the Hedgman—Reno, Kearny, Sigel and McDowell aiming to envelop him from the west, Heintzelman and Porter barring him from the south and southeast, and the other divisions of the army from the Peninsula supposably covering the country to the east and northeast; Pope professing to believe these latter close at hand; Jackson, who made proper use of his brilliant cavalry, well knowing that they were not.

Still Jackson was now widely separated from the rest of Lee's army, and in imminent danger of being hemmed in and captured. But, with a skill and science rarely equalled, he slipped away on the night of the 27th. Mark the method; for, had it all been planned a week ahead, and the complaisance of our corps commanders assured beforehand, it could not have been more deliberately executed. At nightfall on the 27th Pope had located his daring enemy at Manassas and clearly saw his splendid opportunity. His orders were written at once, and, dated at 9 a.m., were soon speeding to the scattered corps commanders, Sigel and McDowell, far out on his left, to push through Gainesville, Sigel to march on the Junction by the railway (Manassas Gap), Reynolds to echelon on Sigel's left, King to the left of Reynolds, Ricketts supposably to the left of King. These would have swung around Jackson from the north and northwest, assuming that Jackson would be fool enough to stay there, while Pope with three other corps assailed him from the west and south. "Be expeditious," wrote Pope to McDowell, "and the day is our own."

It was near midnight, out toward Buckland Mills, that McDowell received this almost jubilant order, prophesying "we shall bag the whole crowd" if he, McDowell, would move promptly at daylight on the morrow—that morrow the fateful 28th. But by 9 p.m. McDowell knew through Buford's cavalry that Lee and Longstreet were coming. That daring dragoon with his little squadrons had actually grappled with Longstreet beyond the Gap and compelled him to deploy and show his whole hand at White Plains. Pope didn't hear it until early next morning, and refused to believe it then,—refused even to believe it on the 29th, two days later. McDowell therefore had to drop the plan he had already made, of pouncing on Longstreet with the five divisions at his disposal, Sigel's two, Reynolds' remnant of the Pennsylvania reserves, only some 2,800 strong, and the splendid commands of King and Ricketts. He ventured on his own responsibility, however, to detach Ricketts and send him up to delay Longstreet at the Gap; then, with the rest of his force, obeyed his orders to concentrate on Manassas.

Now that night of August 27-28 was the blackest of the black, moonless and overcast. One general at least who was ordered to march at 1 a.m., pocketed the paper and put his men to bed. Too dark for *us* to march over roads obstructed by wagons and lighted only by flitting lanterns, or the lurid blush on low hanging clouds about the distant Junction that told what havoc Johnny Reb was playing with our provisions. Too dark for us without much inconvenience, perhaps, but never too dark for the light-footed, light-hearted fellows of Stonewall Jackson's Corps. It was high noon of the 28th when Pope and his leading divisions, feeling their way up track from Bristoe, a mile an hour, found the Junction a deserted and smouldering ruin, with just a few rebel rear-guard skirmishers twinkling through the trees toward Blackburn's Ford.

Pope must have puzzled over the problem an hour before he decided what next to do. It was one o'clock when he despatched an aide to check McDowell's move on Manassas, but where to order Reno, Kearny and Hooker was indeed a poser. There northeastward on a bee-line to Centerville, lay Blackburn's Ford with those gray rear-guardsmen plainly suggesting, "This is the way we went—come on if you want us!" With the corps of Franklin and Sumner and other Peninsular veterans, surely to be expected in the neighborhood of Centerville by this time, it seemed singular that Jackson should have marched in their very face. Pope must have indeed marveled at his effrontery, yet it was just exactly what that astute leader intended Pope should believe, and this is the way he compelled him.

Black as was the night, Taliaferro's division, newly arrayed in Yankee garb of one kind or other, fell in at 11 o'clock by the light of the smouldering ruins and silently slipped away northward by the Sudley Springs road—a mere cross country lane, as I can testify, from Bull Run to the Junction. Then up rose A. P. Hill with the famous Light Division at one o'clock, and with malice prepense and aforethought, leaving McGowan's brigade for a later purpose, away he groped through the woodland lanes eastward, then turned north toward Blackburn's Ford, crossed Bull Run and marched straight to Centerville, which point he occupied at dawn of the 28th. Then, later still, followed grim old Ewell, striding after Hill as though he, too, were going to Centerville, but, loafing leisurely along, did not reach Blackburn's Ford until after dawn; crossed to the east bank, but, once there, turned sharply to his left and marched swiftly away to the Warrenton Pike and the old Stone Bridge, then recrossed, unobserved of a single Union scout, and by noon of the 28th he, too, was resting on the old battlefield of the year before. Last of all, late in the night, McGowan called up his rear guard and drifted off through the woods on the trail of his division chief, leaving just enough skirmishers to coax the foremost Yanks into pursuit, and led them a wild goose chase around by Centerville. It worked to a charm. Do you remember in the Waterloo campaign how Grouchy with 40,000 men was sent by Napoleon after the fierce fights at Ligny and Quatre Bras, to follow Blucher's retiring Prussians while the Emperor followed Wellington? —how Grouchy was ordered to interpose between Blucher and the British and prevent their uniting in front of Brussels—and how he did it? The very trick by which Blucher led Grouchy after him to Wavre, then, turning square to his left, himself interposed between the pursuer and his Emperor, Hill now played on the pursuing divisions of Pope.

Now, when Pope took in the situation about him on reaching the Junction at noon on the 28th, not one of his own divisions was with him. Instead, he found himself with Heintzelman, a corps commander, and Reno, Hooker, Kearny and Stevens, division commanders of the Army of the Peninsula. Porter's corps was still back toward Bristoe. It is hazarding little to say that the men from the Peninsular Army were not too much enamored of their new commander. He had referred slightingly to them and their methods in his initial order. He had received with marked discourtesy their most distinguished corps commander, and McClellan's closest friend, when that officer, Fitz John Porter, reported to him in person on his arrival from Acquia. Admirable soldiers were there at Pope's beck and call and what

he did was just what Jackson strove that he should do—leave him, Jackson, and his main body to rest in the shade of the trees north of the Warrenton Pike all the livelong day, and send the bulk of the blue divisions chasing after shadows clear to Centerville. Away went Kearny, Reno on his tracks and Hooker hindmost—Pope following, too, and insisting up to 4:15 p.m. of the 28th that Jackson's whole command was still between Centerville and the Orange & Alexandria Railway to the southeast of that town, for he so wrote McDowell in ordering him to turn his divisions back to the pike and thence to Centerville, whither also he ordered Sigel, who by this time was in the neighborhood of Bald Hill and the Henry House. While Jackson's whole corps (for Hill had rejoined him at noon), crouching in the leafy shades barely cannon shot away to the north, lay watching out every move, not a man in the Union Army seemed aware of it.

Kearny, reaching Centerville late in the afternoon, found only a regiment to represent Jackson's "foot cavalry," Hill having leisurely left there at 10 a.m. and turned west again to Sudley Springs, where he was, by one p.m., snoozing peacefully with his brother division and brigade commanders. To most of Jackson's men the afternoon of the 28th was one of dreamless and refreshing repose, guarded by Stuart's troopers, with advanced carbines, along the pike from Groveton to Stone Bridge. To Pope and his divisions it was all plodding and perplexity. Kearny, Reno and Hooker were now far off to the east and southeast. Sigel's corps, with some of McLean's brigade in advance, peering about them at the Henry House, were halted in the thick woods south of that point along the Sudley Springs road, for Sigel had got it into his head from surface indications that Jackson wasn't at Centerville at all, but might be slipping away northwestward toward Aldie Gap. Reynolds' remnant of the Pennsylvania Reserves had shouldered a way eastward from the neighborhood of Bethlehem Church and were halted southwest of Bald Hill near Sigel's men; all, except a few of McLean's people, out of sight from the Warrenton Pike. Ricketts, detached by McDowell, was away off westward deployed in front of Longstreet's column pouring through Thoroughfare and Hopeville Gaps and, finding himself outflanked by the latter, was slowly retiring on Gainesville. Pope and his staff were by this time far over across Bull Run toward Centerville, and the drowsy silence of the late August afternoon had settled on what, until seemed by the rude hand of war, had been a charming landscape, when, just as the sun was sinking to rest, far and near men sprang to their feet and bent their ears to the sudden bellow and roar of shotted guns, for all alone by itself a single division of the Union

Army, unscreened by cavalry, unwarned of danger nearer than Centerville, marching eastward along the Warrenton Pike in compliance with its orders, had tempted the tiger from his lair. Jackson, seeing its isolation, had roused and struck it furiously in flank.

And then followed one of the most dramatic, even tragic, links in the chain of mischance that all through his brief connection with the armies in Virginia had tripped, entangled and finally throttled Pope.

Ordered to march at dawn and envelope Jackson, supposed to be at Manassas Junction, McDowell had obeyed with Schenck's, Schurz's, Reynolds' and King's divisions, in the order named; Ricketts, at the rear, having been switched off to Thoroughfare Gap. Schenck and Schurz had followed the railway toward the Junction. Reynolds, echeloning on their left, stirred up some of Stuart's cavalry and light guns along the Pike east of Gainesville, exchanged shots and then, as ordered, turned southward into the woods toward the Junction. Then came King, with four of the best brigades and some, at least, of the best brigadiers in the army—John P. Hatch, Abner Doubleday, M. R. Patrick and John Gibbon. Echeloning on Reynolds it resulted that King's left flank was nearest Jackson when, in accordance with orders, he, too, suddenly quit the Pike and bored with his four heads of brigade columns into the southward woods. Certain of Stuart's scouts, watching this maneuver from a skirt of timber half a mile north of the Pike and one and a half miles northeast of Gainesville, reported this to Jackson and Jackson was puzzled. He did not suppose it conceivable that as late as that hour the Federals still believed him to be at the Junction.

It was somewhere about two when McDowell, riding with King's division, got Pope's order checking his further move on Manassas. They were then in the woods, perhaps a mile south of the Pike. Stack arms was the word, and, glad of a chance to rest, most of the men of the four brigades threw themselves upon the sod, while others set to work killing beef cattle for supper. And there they waited. Off to the east could be heard an occasional far away field piece—Stuart's skirmishers, and Sigel's, swapping long-range compliments toward the Stone Bridge. Five o'clock came and with it a galloping aide with surprising orders for McDowell. "Face about. Regain the Pike. Jackson's whole force is east of Bull Run. March at once on Centerville," and McDowell, puzzled but prompt, turned to King, repeating exactly the information and the order, telling him, as testified to by Hatch, who heard it all, to look to his left after reaching the Sudley Springs road. These were the very last orders he gave that day to his senior division commander, and then, with the possible purpose of

first seeing Reynolds and Sigel and giving like orders to them, he announced his intention of going to find General Pope, explaining to him what he had done with Ricketts, and, "with the best motive in the world," as Pope frankly says, to give him the benefit of his extensive knowledge of the neighborhood. He had reason to know it. Yet in trying to find Pope, McDowell lost himself and cost a battle. At a vital hour he vanished from sight and touch of his command, and was never heard of or found again until the following day. This left King to his own devices.

Promptly that General called up his willing men. For weeks past, as Companion Haight so graphically described, they had been marched this way and that, night and day, long and hard, swinging from Falmouth to Front Royal, Rappahannock to Rapidan, from flank to flank, "the Pendulum Division" of the Army they called it. King himself was worn and haggard. Illness and impossibility to get an hour's sleep were telling their tale in his sombre eyes, but his pride in that division, and notably in his old brigade, was something almost passionate, his loyalty to the officers appointed over him was something no man ever yet has slurred. The evening was lovely. The slanting sunshine glinted on spear-tipped flag and sloping rifle. The bands, many of them, struck up their soul-stirring quicksteps. No enemy was nigh—they had Pope's word for that, so why not have music? And thus, refreshed by slumber, stimulated by soldier coffee and soldier song, out from the leafy shades they strode to the Pike, and, with Hatch in the lead, breasted the gentle rise to a point half a mile eastward where, with a thick grove bounding it on the north and the unbroken line of thicket hemming it on the south, the highway seemed to disappear over the eastward crest. Mark well the ground, for it has become historic! A mile to the west of that grove on the rise is another, a bit larger, on another little rise. Between them the ground dips into a shallow swale. North of and surrounding them on all sides, except the south, where stretched the Pike, the fields were cleared, and rolled away on slightly higher ground to other groves and clumps of timber that, scattering at the west, became continuous opposite the eastward —the Gibbon-wood, and then, stretching away northeastward to Sudley Springs, were bounded, thanks to the downward dip of the land toward Groveton, by a long, curving embankment, convex to the south —the fateful parapet, the unfinished railway, behind which at this moment Jackson was still slumbering, and behind which two days later the rebels poured death and destruction on the Union lines. Between the Gibbon wood and the opposite and higher fringe is half a mile or more of open field with a long, shallow dip, like that between

two lazy ocean swells. East of the wood the breadth increases, and, somewhere in the neighborhood of 5:30 P. M., Jackson's westernmost watchers were surprised to see the blue columns issuing from the woods at the south, then striding jauntily away on the road to Groveton. "Old Jack" at that moment happened to be with Ewell at the center of his line. He and his 25,000 were placidly waiting the coming of Lee, the distant boom of whose guns could already be heard far over to the west at Thoroughfare and Hopeville, and whose scouts, circling Ricketts on the northward flank, were already swapping news with Stuart's far-reaching troopers. Already Jackson was laughing in his sleeve at the success of the ruse by which he had drawn Pope and three divisions out of the way to the east. Here was another strong division, evidently marching, like them, beyond all possibility of interposing between him and his beloved leader. All he had to do was to lie low and let it slip by, then block the road behind Ricketts, now all alone six miles out across the westward fields, and Ricketts would be hemmed in and captured. But here, close at hand, was this big Yankee division, utterly isolated, flaunting its colors and beating its drums almost under the black muzzles of his cannon. He had nearly four to one in point of numbers. Why not smash it first, then whirl on Ricketts as the sun went down? The temptation was too great. He turned to Ewell and ordered attack. The guns began it, for the footmen still slept.

At that moment Hatch's brigade, in the lead, was just beginning to issue from behind the Gibbon wood, and the heads of his mounted officers to appear above the edge of the open field to the east of it. Gradually the roadway reached the level of the land and then began the equally gradual descent of the long slope at the foot of which lay the few roofs of the little hamlet of Groveton. King and his staff had turned out to one side to the west of the Gibbon wood to observe the march of the men, and Hatch was suddenly accosted by a keen-sighted staff officer who pointed to some slowly moving objects, close to the timber nearly a mile to the north, and exclaimed, "General Hatch, there's a battery!" The speaker was Captain Houston, of the Engineers of the Army, McDowell's aide, specially instructed to ride with King's division and conduct it to Centerville. Hatch, looking in the direction, replied, "Only cattle, I think," and pushed ahead. One after another his five regiments followed him, and then a few rods behind came the second brigade in column, King's old and much loved command, now headed by his former chief of artillery, General John Gibbon—the one distinctively Western brigade in the Eastern army, and destined within that solemn hour to win

immortal fame. It was made up of the 2d, 6th and 7th Wisconsin and 19th Indiana, four regiments never separated from October, '61, till the day of muster out—four regiments that, despite their pull-together way in battle, had, nevertheless, their individuality, their rivalry, their jealousies, if you will. The 2d had been through First Bull Run and swaggered a bit in consequence. They rather patronized the other regiments, put on veteran airs, swore by their own officers—O'Connor, Fairchild and Tom Allen, but hadn't much use for anybody else. They were superbly drilled, but decidedly given to sarcastic comment on other commands. The 6th, 7th and 19th had not had the 2d's opportunities, but were cock sure that when the time came they could fight every bit as well, stay just as long in a hot place or charge just as daringly into a hotter. It was this, one might hazard, that accounts in large measure for the stirring feat of arms that follows. The 2d having talked so much, could not be the first to fall back. The others would not budge so long as the 2d stayed.

Gibbon, seeing three or four stragglers from Hatch peering out over the fields to the north, as his head came up level with the bank, took a look that way himself, and what he saw sent the blood leaping in his veins. The trained eye of the field artillerist saw instantly in the precise intervals, the uniform movements of the supposed cattle a mile away, nothing short of a mounted battery executing the familiar and menacing maneuver "In Battery." Almost before he could start an aide on the gallop to bring up his own old pets, the guns of Battery "B," jogging at the rear of his brigade, the distant slopes belched fire and sulphur smoke, the shells came screeching overhead, and the shrill voice of old Colonel Cutler, heading the 6th, rang out over the startled column—"Ha-alt! Front! Load at will! Load!" A moment later and the 6th to a man was scrambling to the bank and the rock fence to its left, and there, sprawling on the turf, watched with eager eyes the sudden opening of the soldier drama before them, while with crack and clatter of whip and hoof, the famous regular battery of the brigade came bounding up the stony pike, and then, whirling in battery in front of the 6th, thundered fierce and eager answer to the challenge of the foe. It was a sharp artillery duel speedily taken up by other batteries to the east, bringing Hatch to a halt. Then as our gunners seemed to drive the enemy to cover there came shots from the northwest and two guns were spied at the edge of the timber half a mile away.

Then in his soldier zeal, in the full belief that Jackson's corps was east of Bull Run, as Pope had declared, Gibbon made his first mistake.

"It's Stuart scouting," said he, "just one of his cavalry batteries," and calling Colonel O'Conner with the 2d to follow him, dove straight into the clump of woods, ever after known by his name; the Bull Run veterans at his heels, while the 7th and the 19th, looking enviously on, damned the luck of the 2d, little dreaming of the almost instant opportunity that awaited them all. It was Gibbon's plan to steal within musket range of the rebel gunners and overwhelm them with a volley by battalion. Then, while men and horses were thrown into probable confusion, to pounce upon them with his Badgers and score the first capture for his fiery brigade. But as he issued from the wood at the northern edge, and the regiment pushed ahead to the attack, up sprang from the long grass midway across the open fields a longer line of skirmishers in gray, and their volley, not his, crashed the opening chorus of the bloodiest battle for its size yet fought in that war of giants.

"Companies A and B as skirmishers!" was the order shouted over the field as the 2d swung to the right to meet this apparition, and out danced the right and left flank companies, their little colonel at their heels, buoyantly, confidently speeding to his death. Fairchild has told me how O'Connor waved some signal to him, then stumbled and went face forward into the grass, for now, with its last look at the swift marshaling hosts as it dipped to the westward mountains, the sun was glinting on the serried ranks and on many a red field and blue St. Andrew's cross, as battalion after battalion, the brigades of Taliaferro's division sprang forward to the attack, and, farther to the east, Ewell's men came bristling from their leafy lair, eager in support.

Gibbon, in amaze, saw the peril, and, darting back to order up his other regiments, left the 2d for the moment to its fate, and the "Black Hats," gritting their teeth, bethought themselves of all they had told the 6th and 7th of what it meant to stand fire, and if fifty brigades, instead of five, had burst upon them, there were men in those stubborn ranks that would never have yielded an inch. Down on their faces went the skirmishers, while the lightning leaped from the sturdy blue line behind them, the 2d's challenge to Jackson's whole corps. A strange formation was that in which Taliaferro's men came forward to the attack. Few of his or Ewell's regiments by this time had more than 250 muskets, but they advanced in three and in some cases four lines, with the colors foremost, as though each battalion had formed "double column on the center" with division front and no more. Never yet, save possibly at Malvern Hill, had those veterans been long denied, and not for a second did they doubt their power to smash and

scatter the force in their front. As for the single regiment for the moment lined up against them, its doom was sealed. But, to the amaze of the Confederate leaders, so far from falling back even to the wood, the "Black Hats" knelt in their tracks as though bidding them come on, and east and west of the wood other regiments came hurrying forward in support, Indiana at the left aligning on Wisconsin; the 7th swinging coolly into battle to the east of the 2d, the 6th "right-obliquing" until they got their interval; then, with their incomparable adjutant, Frank Haskell, to point the line, striding forward until they, too, were in full view of the coming host in gray, and then with a crash and rattle that woke the woods for miles around, the brigade opened savagely on their astonished foe. Ewell and Taliaferro, who had thought to broom the field, were compelled to halt and open fire in reply.

And then, say Yank and Rebel both, ensued a combat the like of which the armies had never yet known. One mortal hour of give and take after the musketry began, the volleys reddening with every minute as gradually night spread her mantle over the scene. Despite his preponderance in numbers, not a backward inch could Jackson drive those Western men, three-fourths of whom had never before faced fire in battle. "Obstinate determination," said he, for, schooled by past successes to see their foemen break before their onset, the men of the gray brigades were now apparently at a loss. It was an awkward thing to have to stop and shoot. It was deadly, desperate work. Within a few minutes the major general's (Ewell's) leg was gone. Within the first half hour Taliaferro, his brother division commander, was sorely wounded—thrice, in fact, before compelled to leave the field. Colonels Botts and Neff, of the Stonewall Brigade, Virginians, fighting on their own ground, were killed, and Colonel Grigsby severely wounded. The Louisianians of Stark's and Hay's brigades had suffered much, and, without having gained a foot, the assaulting force had lost in killed and wounded one-third of their array. On the other hand, while Gibbon busied himself in hurrying up reinforcements, our field officers had, despite severe casualties, held their men sturdily to their work. Colonel O'Connor had met his death wound. Colonel Cutler, of the 6th, had been shot through the leg and led from the field. Colonel Robinson and his major, of the 7th, both shot, had been borne to the rear; Major May, of Indiana, mortally hit; gallant Colonel Meredith crushed by his dying horse. Forty per cent. of the 2d and their next door neighbors, the 19th Indiana, were lying dead or wounded on the line. Doubleday had succeeded in getting his foremost regiment up to the aid of Gibbon. King had hurried aides to recall Hatch, and call up Patrick. Hatch, down in the low ground

beyond Groveton, had heard the crash of musketry behind him, and so turned back and met King's staff officer opposite the Dogan house. Patrick, for some reason never yet understood, had edged off the Pike into that mile away patch of timber to the west, of which previous mention has been made, and from there with an unparalleled chance to deal the enemy a deadly blow on their right flank, kept out of the fight entirely, and the aide, sent along the Pike to find him, galloped by in the gathering dusk and never drew rein till he ran into Ricketts' rear guard at Gainesville. Colonel McClure, who was with Patrick at the moment, told me at Manila that Patrick explained his inaction by saying he was ordered to hold that ground, but *who* ordered has been to this day a secret between himself and his Maker. Certainly it was not King. How vastly different the conduct of Hamilton, lieutenant colonel of the 7th, and long an honored member of this Commandery. At a stage in the fight when the carnage seemed insupportable, the Southern general left in command on the field massed his men into charging column of the old time tactics and urged them forward on the shattered but indomitable ranks of the 2d and the 19th. Up almost to short pistol range the yelling brigades came stumbling, shooting on, but again halted, refusing to be led or driven into such a hell of flame, and in advancing that far had exposed both flanks. Patrick saw, and, with four eager regiments of New Yorkers, held off. Hamilton looked, and over the sputter of the savage "fire at will" his voice rang out the order that thrilled the 7th like the bugle charge, and won the soldier praises of friend and foe alike. "Change front forward on 10th Company!" and almost with the precision of their daily drill that splendid regiment made its oblique change of front to the left, and then poured in hot volleys on Ewell's wincing flank. This, too, in spite of shrapnel and sharpshooters that were shaving away his extreme right, and, though no one was permitted the knowledge of it, presently drove a hissing Enfield through thigh and saddle and deep down into the left leg. "What do you think of the 7th now, General Gibbon?" asked Hamilton, when, nearly an hour later, all unaided, after darkness came and the foe gave up the fight, he withdrew his men to the line and reeled from the saddle, swooning from loss of blood.

Yes, darkness alone put an end to it—the bloodiest, doggedest, stubbornest combat even Old Jack had ever yet known, and now on both sides surgeons and stretchers went groping over the fields, doing their best for the hundreds of stricken. Some of Jackson's officers came too far. One, a dashing fellow, pinned beneath his dying horse, was dragged out, and, with certain others, taken before the division

commander, at the moment engaged in writing his first dispatch. It was to Ricketts, from whom he had just heard—Ricketts, who said he had been compelled to fall back before Lee's advance, and was now coming in to Gainseville for the night. There was brief examination of the prisoners. It may well be they were bidden to tell the story, but they declared that Jackson with 60,000 men was in front of and between King and Bull Run, instead of being, as Pope said. across and beyond that storied stream. Then came the question what to do, for at that moment King had no knowledge of any troops anywhere in his neighborhood, except possibly Ricketts, three to four miles away, after marching and fighting all day. But, despite the tremendous punishment he had had, King felt sure he had given blow for blow, and that he meant to stand to his guns his 9.30 p. m. letter to Ricketts proves.

"Division Headquarters,
Aug. 28, 9:30 p.m.

General: We have been engaged with the enemy, for some hours, but hold our own, and will stay here till we hear from you. I think you had better join us here, tho' that depends, of course, on your orders.

Yours always,
(Signed) RUFUS KING."

Directed to Gen. Ricketts.

Then staff officers from division headquarters were sent at once in search of the corps commander, lost somewhere in the woods, and then came Hatch, Doubleday and Gibbon to that glimmering camp fire in the corner of the snake fence of the Gibbon wood, and then the story of the heavy losses—nearly 40 per cent. of the Iron Brigade shot out of action. No prisoners as yet and few skulkers. In its maiden fight the famous command had more than stood the breaking strain of 33 per cent., which all expert writers in the art of war declare to be the limit of endurance of even veteran troops, and had never yielded a foot. As for Doubleday's men, in their brief hour they, too, had been severely handled. Hatch had no loss to speak of, and Patrick had yet to be heard from. McDowell was gone, no one knew where, and the only tidings from the outside world came when Reynolds, alert and soldierly, spurred through the blackness of the night to learn the situation. His little force of the Pennsylvania Reserves was bivouacked off to the right rear of King, perhaps two miles away in the woods, and some few of their pickets—a venturesome little squad of Bucktails—had pushed forward on their own hook and lined up with the 6th, bearing valiant part in the battle. When 10 o'clock came and no McDowell, no word from any source, things looked black indeed for the division. So far as he, King, then

knew only Reynolds was anywhere near, and he with only 2,800. There they stood, utterly isolated and Jackson ready to pounce on them right, left and front the moment one could see in the morning. Still King would have stayed, and so, though weak, worn and exhausted, he wrote to Ricketts and said to Chandler, of his staff—almost everybody else being away hunting for corps, division or brigade commanders. But Gibbon and Hatch were sore troubled, Doubleday moody, silent and depressed when a conference took place. First and most vehement to speak was Gibbon, and long after he wrote reaffirming what he said that night to King, and I have his letter. Listen to his own words:

"Baltimore, Md., March 7, 1863.

To Brigadier General R. King, U. S. Volunteers;

General: The official report of Major-General Pope comments in strong terms upon the retreat of your division after the action of the 28th of August last near Gainesville, Virginia, and the authorities may be inclined to censure you, its commander, for the action.

I deem it not out of place to state that that retreat was suggested and urged by myself as a necessary military measure, and that the movement was approved by two others of your brigadier generals present in the conference.

I am free to admit that the movement, had it been ordered by a senior officer cognizant of the position of the rest of our troops and having the requisite authority to make a proper disposition of them during the night of the 28th, it would have been a grave military blunder, but as no such officer was present I do not hesitate to say, and it is susceptible of proof, that of the two courses which I considered open to you, of obeying your orders to march on Centerville or to retreat on Manassas on your own responsibility, the one you adopted was the proper one

Having first suggested the movement and urged it on military grounds, I am perfectly willing to bear my full share of the responsibility, and you are at liberty to make any use of this communication you may deem proper. I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN GIBBON,

Brigadier General Volunteers."

Then spoke Hatch, as Hatch, too, wrote and told me. "We simply cannot stay. We are utterly without supports. We have got to fall back or be overwhelmed." Then Doubleday was looked to, but what his manner then conveyed and what he wrote thereafter seemed to differ. In reply to my urgent letters he curtly replied: "I voted stay—the others go." When I showed this to Gibbon in the early 80's he burst into a bitter laugh. When I showed it to Hatch at the United Service Club in New York long years ago, he, too, laughed. Both said that, though they could not remember Doubleday's using words,

he was anything but encouraging in manner. Finally Houston, McDowell's aide, the brilliant West Point engineer, had earlier said his say and he thrice told me at different times just what he said that night: "General King, you have got to get out of here, that's certain." And so whatever the Division Commander wished to do at 9 o'clock, it would seem that his most trusted advisers and senior subordinates were opposing solidly at 10.

The nation knows the rest. At 1 o'clock, leaving his dead and wounded with the surgeons, and sending word at 11.15 to Ricketts of his purpose, King roused his brigades and noiselessly slipped away from Jackson's front. Not one word, hint or order from any superior source whatsoever (as Colonel Birkhimer, too, points out in his fine tribute to Gibbon) had reached the division since McDowell ordered them to march on Centerville at 5 o'clock, and this of course was now worse than useless. It could only have carried them further from the field. To stay where they were meant in all probability to be crushed 'twixt Lee and Jackson with the rising sun of the 29th. King took the only course that then seemed open of saving what was left of his fine division, and retired toward Manassas, where he felt reasonably sure of finding Fitz John Porter and supports, as in fact he did find them with the dawn of the coming day.

Ricketts, on receiving King's notification about midnight, promptly took the first road he could find and followed suit. Unluckily it led to Bristoe, five miles west of the Junction, and threw him even farther away. And so ended Pope's last hope of bagging Jackson.

Seeing only the result, and knowing little of the causes, historians, critics, and soldiers, too, have lavished many a caustic comment on that unhappy move. And on the floor of Congress, even by one or two who knew the facts and deftly suppressed them, my father's course has been the theme of undeserved denunciation. This is due to two things. First, General John Pope's official report. Second, the Porter court-martial. The second can be settled in the fewest words. General King was ordered to sit as a member of the Porter court, and obeyed. It was no fault of his, but another link in the chain of misfortune that seemed finally to break his heart, but it was no misfortune for Porter.

As for Pope's report. It was not written until January, '63, by which time that deposed and defeated soldier had more things to explain than any general of his day and generation. Ropes and other historians have riddled it and shown how full it is of misinformation, if nothing worse. But I have to do with only one point. After leaving King and riding away to find his own chief that night, Captain

Houston, wearied with miles and hours in saddle, stumbled into Pope's camp somewhere over toward Centerville, told him of King's fierce fight, and that King was still holding his ground. To him Pope gave orders to go on and find McDowell and tell him to hold his ground. *No staff officer of King's saw Pope that night. No order from Pope reached King that night.* But King's friends were astonished to read when Pope's report appeared explaining why he failed to bag Jackson, these singular words:

"I accordingly sent orders to General McDowell, as also to General King several times during the night and once by his own staff officer, to hold his ground at all hazard and prevent the retreat of Jackson." Mark the ambiguity—the ingenuity—of it. Nine men out of ten in reading it would say it was King's own staff officer by whom the orders were sent—might indeed be excused for supposing that King must have got some of the messages, and then, after such positive orders, had abandoned the field. Many did and still do write and say so, but it is all wrong, and Pope felt called upon to write to King as follows, and I published it in 1880:

"Headquarters Department of the Northwest,
Milwaukee, March 23d, 1863.

My Dear General: I have just received your letter of the 17th enclosing one to you from General Gibbon. He has misunderstood my meaning altogether. I only gave a narrative of facts as they were known to me, and if you will examine my report you will find that I do not attach blame to anyone. You will notice that I state that your withdrawal was made necessary by the absence of Ricketts' division at Thoroughfare Gap, a fact which I did not know until afterwards. The great cause of the whole trouble was the unfortunate absence of McDowell from his command, induced by the best motive in the world, the desire to see me and communicate information concerning the country which he had and which I had not. It was far from my purpose to imply even that any blame attached to you in the matter, but I wished to give a complete narrative of my purposes and understanding of the operations of the 28th of August, as I had heard that Gibbon himself had complained that by mismanagement on my part his brigade had been left to encounter very superior forces of the enemy.

(I don't remember who told me this, but it made an unpleasant impression on my mind and I desire to correct such an impression by a clear narrative of the facts.)

I am sure you know how highly I esteem your services during that campaign and will readily acquit me of any sort of intention to do you an injustice.

In relation to the aide-de-camp by whom I sent you the message my memory is quite clear. I was *not* at Centerville that night, but on Bull Run near the bridge on the Manassas Junction road. The officer came into my camp about ten o'clock at night looking for McDowell to report to him the result of your action. I told him I had no idea where McDowell was, but to return

at once to you with a message to hold your ground and I would have McDowell looked up and informed. He got something to eat, I think, with Ruggles and went off. I do not remember who he was nor the staff officers with me, though several of them remember the circumstance. Whether he was on your staff or sent by you I really do not know, though I thought he was your staff officer.

Several officers of McDowell's staff came to me during the night looking for him, and to more than one of them I gave the same message for McDowell. These are the facts so far as I know them. I considered the detachment of Ricketts to Thoroughfare Gap a mistake and his falling back to Bristoe instead of Gainesville a still greater mistake. If McDowell had been with his command, as I supposed he was, Sigel and Reynolds could both have been brought to your support. I was disappointed, of course, but did not for a moment attach any sort of blame to you. I never knew whether the aide-de-camp reached you that night or not, but I felt always perfectly satisfied that whether he did or not you had done the very best you could have done under the circumstances.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I shall always be glad to hear from you and meantime I hope that you will believe that I am,

Sincerely your friend,
JOHN POPE.

General Rufus King, Fort Monroe, Virginia."

More than that, when I pointed out to General Pope in November, '78, how persistently "Veteran Volunteer" and others were using his words as authority for attacks on my father's memory, for all but memory had been taken from us, he promptly said: "It is utterly unjust. I don't think I sent any orders to your father that night. They were all to McDowell." This was in the presence of Mr. Robert Eliot, of this city, who has never forgotten it.

A few years later, at Frontenac, on Lake Pepin, I asked General Pope, in justice to my father, to publish what he had said to me, and correct the evil done through his faulty diction.

"I will," said he, "the first chance I get." Yet before many months thereafter the Century came out with the same riddled old story, Pope's own, in its series of war papers, and when, months after its appearance, we accidentally met again—the General and I—and I could not conceal my sense of the wrong he had done, he saw it and began at once: "I'm so sorry," said he, "that inadvertently that same language appeared again. It was all an accident," or words to that effect. But by that time I had lost faith. Once more, it is true, I appealed to him at last to undo the wrong, and after many days came a letter saying *for* him that he was far from well, but just as soon as he was able to handle pen again it should be done. It was promising, as usual, and possibly in the Great Beyond he has made his amend,

for he vanished from among us very soon thereafter, and that paragraph of the report, at least, stands a model of misrepresentation to this very day.

But students of war history, as a rule, have found the truth. Other and better pens than mine, like Birkhimer's, and more potent for good, because less biased by the love and veneration in which an only son must ever hold that father's name, have in course of years revealed the real facts to the reading world. One by one the members of the division staff, loyal Bob Chandler, Hathaway, Pineo, Robinson and all I ever knew, even Benkard, have joined him on the other shore. Many of the field officers, like Fairchild, Allen, Meredith and Hamilton, were his faithful friends, but few are left to us to-day. A marked feature of the efforts of certain prominent soldiers, when defending either their own or some popular leader's action, is that they defame the good name and record of other men, and seek to raise their own by pulling others down. (See the debates on the Porter case in Congress). It was an article of faith with Rufus King that he should never, even in self-defense, asperse or falsify—a trait that handicaps a soldier in these pragmatical days when Knighthood no longer is in Flower and chivalry is too often laughed at. But here in this companionship of loyal men, who bore the brunt of the Nation's battle for its very life, nearly four decades ago, there can never die the sense of justice and fair play to soldier comrade, living or dead. Long years have passed since, all too gladly, as I often think, my father heard the recall sounded for him from beyond the River of Shadows, and there was left to me his sword, his treasured memory, and these letters that proved beyond all peradventure the injustice of the attacks upon his name, the falsity of most of them. Whether he could have accomplished anything beyond losing what was left of his division by holding on till dawn of the 29th, is something on which the best critics long since began to differ. That he did intend to stay and desired Ricketts to support him, is evident from his letter to his brother division commander sent at 9 p. m. That he finally abandoned the idea and the field was due to the urging of his counselors, two of whom, perhaps, forgot in the long years that followed just what they had said or implied that fateful night until reminded, in one case, by the sight of his own letter; in the other by the keener memories of other survivors. I have drawn only on official reports or on these very letters still in my possession for the facts here laid before you, save for certain conversations, heard by witnesses still living, and often referred to by permission during the lives of the speakers. But now, when you hear of Gainesville in the future as the field abandoned by

King after positive orders to hold it, do my dead father the justice to remember that *no such order ever reached him,* that of his counselors all but one urged the move, and that one is greatly in doubt, and finally that John Pope, who created the wrong impression through his obscure, misleading, ambiguous report, himself exonerated the man his words accused. Then, more than ever shall I feel that the companionship I prize, as I prize no kindred title, preferring to come to you by inheritance from Rufus King than through other means that were open to me, is a companionship in fact as well as name, and that here in these hallowed surroundings and in the fast dwindling circle of the veterans who, having saved the Nation, restored a noble government and made possible the magnificent development of our day, have lived, thank God, to see the fruits of their heroic sacrifice and struggle, it has been the blessed privilege of the son to sweep the unmerited stigma from the name of the father whose whole life was at least one long, devoted and unsullied loyalty.

CAPITAN CONSTANCIA.

"WITHOUT any doubt, this is the worst we've found yet, Denis." The superlative did not seem exaggerated. A Filipino town in one of the northern provinces stretched its long dusty street before the eye of the speaker, mercilessly baked by the tropical sun; a row of nipa houses on each side, every one like its neighbor, with here and there a larger one of wood, shut out the view of the foothills. At one end the church and convent built around the Plaza, and at the other a fine large house surrounded by a garden of palms hid the green rice fields beyond. Several hundred brown natives in all stages of dress and undress, cut from the same pattern and dyed in the same dye, with only a difference of length and breadth, stared stolidly at a company of tired soldiers drawn up at parade rest in the Plaza. The long lean pigs sniffed at them suspiciously, the dogs sat on their haunches and barked unsociably, and the cocks perched on their owners' shoulders crowed disdainfully. Only the human beings seemed apathetic. Four years of warfare had made them careless and indifferent. They were wondering in a listless sort of a way could these big white men oppress them more than their own kind, who demanded all and gave in return vague promises of "La Independencia." They didn't exactly know what "La Independencia" meant, nor cared, either, for the matter of that. This they did know, that they were poor and tired and overburdened with "contributions" and wanted to live in peace and quiet.

The two officers, one a captain grown gray in the service, the other a subaltern, with a fine enthusiasm for his profession, were looking the situation over. For two years they had been campaigning together in the tropics chasing fleet-footed Filipinos over hill and down dale; too often, alas, with indifferent success.

"It isn't nice, surely, captain, but I think we may find some interesting work. General Tijera operates in this province, and he is a fiend, if there ever was one; only forty-nine men have been assassinated about here under his orders during the last month. Wouldn't I like to catch him and send him—well—a little farther than Guam. We're sure to capture him! don't you think so?"

"Now, Denis, you're pipe dreaming again. Such an optimistic youngster! Do you think the general is going to stand still and let

you embrace him? You know he will vanish like thin air if we move a hand in his direction. However, that is by the by; we'll discuss it later. The men are unhoused and night coming on in an hour. Try the convent for the men while I look up a house with the aid of the presidente. That must be he bowing and scraping over there. All presidentes act alike."

"Well, Presidente, como esta? Glad to see the Americanos and welcome them to your happy home? (That is civil of you, but rather suspicious; I'll keep an eye on you). This large house to the right; to whom does it belong?"

"To Capitan Constancia, senor."

"Ah, pretty name that. (I presume the gentleman is a constant insurrecto). And this one across the street?"

"To Capitan Constancia as well."

"Oh, indeed, and the large one at the end of the street with the garden around it?"

"That is the home of Capitan Constancia."

"Does Capitan Constancia own everything about here?"

"Almost everything, senor; another man once owned some property, but his houses burned and he lived not very long. It is better when Capitan Constancia owns all."

"Undoubtedly. What an interesting character the Capitan must be. Does Capitan Constancia own you, Presidente?"

"Well, I owe my position of Presidente to the Capitan."

"I thought as much. And you consult together on all subjects of common weal?"

"Yes, senor; the Capitan offers me valuable advice, which I follow. I am young to be a Presidente and I am going to marry the daughter of Capitan Constancia."

"Interesting. (I'll keep two eyes on the gentleman). This house will do very well. I am greatly obliged for your information. Now for something to eat. Why, what have we here?"

"Your favor, senor," piped the childish voice of a comely native girl, carrying an immense basket of food on her head, which she presented in the name of Capitan Constancia accompanied by a little speech of welcome.

"Many thanks, nina. (Evidently the ubiquitous Capitan has me on his list".)

A little later the troops were quartered and the younger officer found his new home just in time to escape one of those sudden deluges of tropical rain. All night the water poured through the roof in streams. In the wee sma' hours, after being thoroughly soaked the

Captain said in a tired voice, "I wonder if Capitan Constancia ordered this rain? He seems to run everything about here. I hope he'll have fireworks in the morning to dry things. This is the third time I have moved my bed to-night."

When morning came Denis inquired from one of the many native servants, to whom they had fallen heir along with the house, where to find workmen to mend the roof. An old man who was holding a sick child in his arms answered: "I can not say, senor, it will be necessary to ask Capitan Constancia."

"Good heavens, man, can't any one think in this pueblo without first asking Captain Constancia?"

"No, senor, it is not permitted."

The child in the old man's arms gave a feeble cry and he turned tenderly to comfort it.

"That is a sick looking child you are holding, my man. What is the matter with it? Ah, I see, fever. Haven't you any medicine?"

"No, senor."

"Doesn't Capitan Constancia supply his flock with medicine?"

"No, senor, Capitan Constancia's flock is not supplied but supplies."

"The old heathen, he ought to be ashamed, and I'll tell him what I think of him when I see him. Here I'll give you some medicine, quinine, and you must bring the child to me two or three times a day. I've done most everything since this blooming war began, cooking, washing, plain sewing; I might as well try my hand as a 'medico.'"

The old man's face glowed with gratitude. The child was the sole survivor of his numerous family whom an epidemic of fever had carried away one by one. If the Teniente could only save his "pobrecita," his "ninita," he would serve him for ever. For the Filipino dearly loves his children even unto his children's children.

The two officers paid a visit to Capitan Constancia at once and were two confounded men indeed, when they found the all-powerful ruler of Santo Domingo none other than a middle aged Filipino woman of fine presence, who welcomed them cordially, placing everything she possessed at their disposal, according to the hospitable custom of the country. They passed an agreeable half hour in which they did not tell Capitan Constancia what they thought of her, but listened politely while she assured them of her delight at the arrival of the Americanos, her loyalty to the new government, her dread of Insurrectos, and a long recital of her losses since the revolution began. She presented her pretty daughter who was to marry the Presidente soon, and begged them to grace the festivities with their presence.

As they left, she called a servant to accompany them with presents of eggs and chickens. The appearance of this particular servant seemed to cause her much anger. She took him by the shoulders and pushed him down the steps, calling him "carabao" with feeling.

"Why, she's a regular Queen of Sheba, Captain. The natives have to take off their hats when they pass her house whether or no she is in sight. Not a bit of rice comes in this town that she does not say how it shall be disposed of. The whole town is afraid of her. I don't see how we are going to make any headway while she terrorizes the lot of them. My only hope is old Pablo; the medicine I gave his little grandchild has saved her life and he is eternally grateful. I shall try and work through him."

Reports came in often of General Tijera; now he ambushed a wagon train, now picked off sentries, now intercepted messengers. The native who displayed the least friendliness toward the Americans disappeared promptly and was heard from no more. He tortured his prisoners and was a terror to the whole country. All attempts to capture him were unavailing; he could vanish like the wind to his mountain camps, none knew whither.

Little by little, Denis conquered the overweaning fear in which old Pablo held Capitan Constancia and found that the redoubtable lady was the wife of General Tijera, that she supplied food for his command, that she had arms and stores hidden on her hacienda and that the General came often to see her in disguise.

Here then was the chance for a grand coup, but everything must move cautiously; the slightest suspicion would undo all; Denis set his keen wits together and thought long and hard with this result. Pablo was put to bed with a raging fever and Denis ministered unto him. Sometimes in delirium the old man left his bed and wandered out in the direction of Capitan Constancia's house and invariably found himself exhausted at her door. And she carelessly let him lie where he chose, poor demented soul, until he gained sufficient strength to wander back. It was thus that he heard many things. The wedding of the daughter was soon to be celebrated. There was to be a grand fiesta, the like of which Santo Domingo had never seen. "Vino" was to flow freely though surreptitiously for the soldiers beginning the day before. There was to be a "baile" the night of the wedding day and this "baile" was to be for the Americans a dance of death.

Thus had clever Constancia planned all. At the celebration of the ceremony in the morning many guests were expected. Among them two bands of musicians who were to wear a special uniform presented

by Capitan Constancia for the occasion. This uniform was to be large and loosely fitting so that arms could be concealed beneath and these musicians were to be a hundred trusty men of General Tijera's command. Another hundred were to be in readiness without the town and come in after nightfall, their arms waiting for them in a neglected paddy field. In the American company there were eighty available men; these were to be more or less intoxicated by night, and at the "baile," three hours after Angelus, the Insurrectos within and the Insurrectos without were to make a combined attack. All this and many details the old man learned, lying huddled in a corner, murmuring crazy nothings in his madness. There were many men who came with a scrap of paper on which was written, "Deliver to bearer six roosters and sufficient palay." To all of whom Capitan Constancia answered: "To the old paddy field behind the house and help yourself."

All this he told to Denis, whose eyes shone and whose blood tingled with delight at thought of the coming fray. The night before the wedding he had a little secret expedition of his own; Pablo, a sergeant and himself made a detour of the village and came out upon a neglected paddy field behind Capitan Constancia's house. At irregular intervals they could dimly see the grass tied together in bunches. Near these they began to dig. After a couple of hours' work they had unearthed fifty guns; these Pablo had hid in a bamboo thicket, "Lest the roosters might crow," he said. A little later they came upon a cache of ammunition, the palay for the roosters to eat. Denis came home a weary but happy man and slept the sleep of sanguine youth.

The wedding day dawned bright and fair. The two bands of music in their brand new costumes marched at the head of the motley procession. The bride in her white robe and veil, surrounded by her attendant maidens in bright colored dresses, made a brilliant picture. Capitan Constancia was resplendent in black jusi with diamonds and pearls in profusion; she was followed by a special attendant who carried her prayer book and fan and who never left her side. During the long service in which the wife, among other things, promised never to leave her house without the consent of her husband, old Pablo found the jars of vino, emptied them, and refilled them with a harmless liquid most similar in appearance.

The prodical feasting and merrymaking lasted all day. At night the American Captain asked to have the bands play at his quarters and escort him to the "baile." They serenaded him royally and he brewed for them a drink that had made him famous in his old club days. At first they demurred and did not wish to drink, but he insisted with ap-

parent anger, "If you do not drink with us you are not our friends, but Insurrectos. When Americans wish to show friendship for each other they drink together."

They drank, and to their everlasting sorrow. The smooth, insidious punch seemed so mild and one drink called for another. One by one the sergeant led them to the orderly room, and took from beneath their ample robes bolos, pistols, and all manner of arms.

Then, surrounded by soldiers, in studied confusion, with laughter and goodfellowship, they reached the house of Capitan Constancia, where hundreds of little cocoanut lamps shed their soft light over the scene. The old servant whom the Constancia had called "carabao" and who had followed her all day was near her now. The bands entered, the music began, and such tipsy tunes were never danced to before. Suddenly there was an ominous silence. The Capitan announced in a quiet but commanding voice: "You are my prisoners; if you attempt to escape my men will fire and the women and children be hurt."

At this moment, in an excess of delirium, old Pablo tumbled against the servant who had followed his mistress all day and who was now trying to slip away unseen, but Denis put a detaining hand on his shoulder—"General Tijera?"

"But no," from the Constancia and a hundred voices at once.

"But yes," from Denis, for Pablo had marked him well.

After the hundred or more natives had been carefully secured, the Captain and Denis talked the affair over way into the night. "It is awfully good of you to let me have Tijera, Captain," said Denis.

"Not at all, my boy. You worked up the whole thing and I am going to send you to Manila with him to-morrow."

"Old Pablo is the real hero of the occasion, Captain, and I'll take him along if I may, to get him out of harm's way."

AN OFFICER'S WIFE.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

THE navy of the Confederacy had but a brief existence and was a small affair compared with the great navies of the world, yet its career was not without stirring events which the Muse of History may deign to record in some future day. The purpose, however, of this article is simply to notice briefly and cursorily the general character of that service, some of the difficulties and embarrassments attending its creation, and a few of its more prominent operations, so far as they may serve to illustrate the action and value of the new class of vessels that were for the first time ushered into naval warfare.

The Southern navy was modeled precisely after that of the United States. The same articles of war and internal rules were adopted, and the same discipline, usages, and general routine prevailed. With all these accessories, the older officers, holding their accustomed rank and surrounded very much by their former familiar associates, might have had need at times to cast a glance at the flag overhead or at the gray they had donned in place of the blue to realize fully that they belonged to a new service, foreign and hostile to the one in which they had passed the better part of their lives.

This organization was working smoothly and efficiently when a sweeping change was made by an act of Congress passed in May, 1863, creating a new service styled the "provisional navy." The officers appointed to it were all taken from the older service, now contra-distinguished as the "regular navy." The juniors were transferred *in toto*; the seniors were selected by the Secretary of the Navy: all maintained unimpaired their status in the old navy.

The vessels, with all their *matériel* and their entire crews, were next summarily transferred *en masse* to the new creation, and the regular navy, thus stripped of all its properties, was reduced to a small body of veterans still in the vigor of life, yet cut off from all participation in service afloat, and consigned to the comparative inaction of "shore duties," which, nevertheless, were shared in common with the provisionals.

This duplicate organization of a general service, which, despite its nominal partition, remained essentially one and the same, was attended

with confusion, embarrassments, and even more serious objections that led, after a year's trial, the chief of the bureau of detail to recommend that the transfer to the new service should be made to embrace all the officers indiscriminately; but high officials are seldom inclined to brook any interference with pet measures, and the suggestion found no favor.

About the same time another act was passed to establish what was called the "volunteer navy." The effect of this measure would have been to systematize privateering, and, by combining its forces under the guise of a new name into a national marine, to raise it to a higher level than could be attained by single and independent vessels sailing under the authority of letters of marque and reprisal. There is reason to believe that Congress was in some degree prompted to this course by the agreement which had been concluded between the maritime powers of Europe, in 1855, to place privateering *hors de loi,* for, though this agreement was only binding upon the parties assenting to it, its moral effect as a public expression of European sentiment tended to put that method of aggression under ban and at discredit wherever practiced. The more immediate object, however, was to induce capitalists to invest in enterprises that promised swift and profitable returns, with the advantage to the government of despoiling the commerce of the enemy without cost to the treasury.

The law authorized the President to accept the services of armed vessels, furnished and equipped at the expense of the owners, to appoint officers, confer assimilated rank, define the rights and duties of those engaged in the ventures, and establish rules for the general government of the whole. The sentiment of the naval officers proper was not favorable to the scheme. Though not themselves insensible to the charms of prize money, they did not fancy being classed under the same generic head with mere adventurers whose incentive was the greed for plunder; but the law proved inoperative. Its only fruit was the appearance at street corners of a few newly appointed volunteers tricked out in a uniform that was never destined to be wet with salt water. It is believed no vessel was ever equipped for the service.

There was yet another marine force, which, as it does not fall strictly within the purview of this paper, is only noticed to dissociate it from the navy with which the historians of the day confound it. It was styled the "river defence," or more popularly "Montgomery's fleet," and consisted of a number of Mississippi steamboats, commanded and manned exclusively by river men, and placed under the control of the War Department. These boats, with their engines protected by a barricade of cotton and their bows riveted with a plating of iron, were

designed for the special purpose of running down and sinking the ironclads of the enemy. Part of the fleet was eventually destroyed by their own commanders after co-operating with the navy in the unsuccessful attempt to prevent the Federal fleet from passing Forts Jackson and St. Philip, in April, 1862, and the rest for the most part were captured or sunk during a hotly contested engagement with a superior force of ironclads off Memphis, in June of the same year.

It is no disparagement to the Confederate navy to say that it played comparatively a subordinate *role* in the war. The reason for this is obvious. At the outbreak of hostilities the South had no navy, in the proper sense of the term, nor did she possess at any time during the struggle a sufficient number of efficient vessels to cope with the powerful squadrons mustered along the entire coast. She had a body of valuable recruits of every grade in the naval officers who had resigned from the United States service, and a limited number of seamen and stokers who had been thrown out of employment by the stoppage of trade, but was destitute of ships, and before she had time to construct them found herself in the thick of the conflict. In this strait the government was driven to the usual expedient in such cases,—a wretched makeshift at best,—that of attempting to turn merchant craft into war ships. But no ingenuity of the shipwright could achieve the transformation with such material as the dock-yards of the South afforded. Vessels like British mail steamers, adapted in their original structure to war contingencies, or the stoutly timbered clipper ships of New York might be proper objects for such conversion; but the South, with the exception of a few sea-going vessels picked up here and there, had to rely mainly on steamboats and steam-tugs, river barges, canal- and ferry-boats.

The utter inadequacy of our trumpery fleets when the formidable squadrons of the enemy began their operations on the Southern coast might well, but for the gravity of the subject, provoke a smile. When Dupont appeared with his large and well-appointed squadron off Port Royal in November, 1861, he found nothing to oppose him on the water but seven small merchant craft improvised into war ships, and commonly known under the derisive name of "mosquito fleet." They were under the command of Commodore Tatnall, who could do no more than hover on the outskirts of the enemy and attempt ineffectually to interrupt the sounding parties as they were feeling their way over the bar. Later, during the following February, Commodore Lynch found himself in a similar position. He was stationed on the sounds of North Carolina with orders "to hold those waters to the last extremity." To make good those brave words his pennant was floating over the same

number of vessels of insignificant size that but a few weeks since had been river traders or canal-boats. When the Federals made their combined attack on Roanoke Island, on the 7th, he was confronted by thirty-three vessels of various descriptions, comprising seventeen steam gun-boats armed with guns of the heaviest calibre, among which were 80 and 100 pounders. In the first action, conducted at long range, he lost two of his vessels,—one sunk and the other disabled. Two days afterwards the battle was renewed off Elizabeth City, and the small flotilla was well-nigh annihilated, one boat only escaping, which made its way through Dismal Swamp, the rest captured by the enemy or blown up by their commanders. On the Mississippi similar disasters overtook the same wretched class of vessels about the same time. Here, in February, 1862, Commodore Hollins was co-operating with the land forces with a force of five converted gunboats carrying in all thirty-two guns,—7½-inch rifles and 8-inch smooth-bores. These "shells," as they were facetiously called, answered pretty well for intercepting military transports or occasional brushes with the hostile batteries; but as yet they were separated by the formidable batteries on Island No. 10, at the bend of the river near New Madrid, from Foote's ironclads and mortar flotilla, the first alone mounting seventy-five guns in the aggregate, including 10-inch Columbiads, 9-inch smooth-bores, and 100-pound rifles.

Two telegrams passing between Hollins and the secretary disclose the changed condition of affairs in April, and display, be it said, *en passant*, a sharp contrast between the practical judgment of the veteran on the spot and the fatuous confidence of the Minister of State seated in his official chair at Richmond. On the 9th, Hollins briefly and bluntly announces: "The boats of the enemy are heavy iron gunboats; each one of which is heavier than all mine; they have passed Island No. 10. I can see nothing I can do against them in a fight; my vessels might render good service at the mouth of the river."

There is a touch of epigrammatic pungency in the secretary's answer on the 11th: "Your proposition to carry the fleet to the mouth of the river is totally inadmissible. Every effort that nautical skill, invention, and courage can put forth must be made to oppose the enemy's descent at all hazards." Fortunately, better counsels prevailed than those which would have compelled the hopeless encounter intimated by the telegram. The vessels were shortly afterwards dismantled of their guns, to be placed in safer and more serviceable positions at Fort Pillow, and it was no serious loss to the Confederacy when their commanders were forced to destroy them, the disarmed and helpless craft, at the mouth of the Yazoo River, on the approach

from below of Farragut's fleet, just flushed by the recent capture of New Orleans.

Early measures were taken for forming a navy. A secret agent employed at New York was directed in March, 1861, to purchase vessels suitable for conversion into men-of-war. Soon afterwards an officer of the line, accompanied by a competent engineer, was sent for the same purpose to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and yet another envoy was dispatched to buy a certain steamer in Canada. All these efforts proved fruitless; the Canadian steamer, for some reason, could not be obtained, and the United States had forestalled the South by purchasing or chartering whatever was available in its own waters. Naval officers were also hurried to England and France, provided with ample funds, to purchase ironclads, or, in default of this, to have them built, and to procure arms, ordnance stores, and supplies of all kinds. The hope of acquiring ironclads in this way must have been prompted by the prevailing delusion of the moment that the great staple of the South would control the policy of those nations by forcing them into open hostilities in her behalf, or at least by inducing them to connive at the equipment of armaments in their ports. These hopes, as we all know, were not realized. The officers, being thus baffled in their first purpose, were instructed to have wooden vessels built in England for cruising on the high seas.

To accomplish this required secrecy, tact, and finesse of no common order. The English law known as the "Enlistment Act," passed under one of the Georges, prohibits, "under a penalty of fine and imprisonment, with forfeiture of property," the equipment of any vessel to be employed against the subjects or citizens of a State at the time in amity with England. To evade this act in the face of police authorities kept keenly on the alert by spies and detectives employed by the United States seemed almost a hopeless attempt; yet, in spite of every obstacle, the Alabama, the Georgia, the Florida, and the Shenandoah, which severally inflicted so much damage on the commerce of the United States, forcing almost the entire trade into foreign bottoms, were all built in British waters, from which, as soon as completed, they sailed openly under the English flag, bound to the appointed rendezvous of some lonely island, where they received their armament, hoisted the Confederate flag, and launched forth on their adventurous career.

The views of the Secretary of the Navy in regard to the character and extent of the naval preparations that were required to put the South on a good naval footing may be gathered from a communication addressed by him to the Executive under the date of March 2,

1862, for the information of Congress. In this document he states that there was or might be necessary during the current year "50 light draft and powerful steam propellers plated with 5-inch bar iron and equipped for service in our own waters, 4 iron- or steel-clad 10-gun frigates of about 2,000 tons each, and 10 clipper propellers with superior marine engines, both classes of vessels designed for deep-sea cruising." He desires provision made for "3,000 tons of boiler and plate iron, 1,000 tons of rod, bolt, and bar iron, 3,000 pieces of heavy ordnance, ranging in calibre from 6 to 11 inches and in weight from 6,000 to 14,000 pounds, 1,000 tons of musket powder for filling projectiles and pyrotechny, 4,000 naval revolvers and 4,000 cutlasses with equipments and ammunition." To utilize this vast amount of material he requires "3,000 seamen, 4,000 ordinary seamen and landsmen, and 2,000 mechanics."

Looking at the poverty of our internal resources and almost entire dependence for means and appliances for naval purposes on foreign supplies at the time this communication was penned, the project it unfolds would rather seem the Secretary's ideal of what the foundation of the Southern navy should be than a well-studied plan proper for legislative consideration. But that official was looked to by Congress for the initiation of its naval measures, and it was perhaps his wisest policy to present affairs under such an aspect as would inspire confidence and promote liberal appropriations. The suggestion of ironclads for sea cruisers at the time seemed premature. The question of rendering that class of vessels capable of encountering the perils of the sea had not yet been solved by satisfactory tests. As the most advanced ship in that line of improvement, the representative vessel was the French frigate La Gloire. She was the final product of the best French engineering science and skill, which had been prosecuting its investigations through a succession of costly experimental structures, and it was claimed that she was as invulnerable to the storms of the ocean as to the shot of the enemy. The English, however,—better authorities on nautical subjects than their neighbors across the Channel,—denied the sea-going qualities of their crack ship.

But, accepting the Secretary's views as real and earnest, let us examine as briefly as may be some of the difficulties he had to encounter in the attempt to carry them out, and what finally was the outcome of his labors, which continued up to the last year of the war.

It will be readily seen that it was no easy task to create a navy in a country at once invested by sea and invaded by land, depending largely on foreign supplies for many of the most important materials, yet snatching them as it were from the chances of blockade-runners,

destroy vessels still on the stocks or retreat with others more advanced and constantly compelled by the advance of the enemy to abandon or to safer points for completion. Thus the progress of the work was frequently checked and delayed, and much that had been accomplished at great cost rendered abortive. Gunboats in process of building were lost in this way by the capture of Nashville; two were destroyed on the ways when Norfolk was evacuated; some ten or fifteen in various stages of construction on the shores of the York and Pamunky Rivers were sacrificed as the Confederates retired from the Peninsula; when Memphis was threatened one ironclad unfinished was hurried off to the upper waters of the Yazoo, and the torch applied to her consort still unlaunched; and the greatest loss of all was that of the Mississippi, a powerful ironclad, destroyed when nearly completed, off New Orleans, to prevent her capture by the Federal fleet near at hand.

These were only some of the disasters arising from the cause stated. Had all of them been reckoned at the time, the sum total might have created a fear that the work of demolition was fast overtaking that of construction.

Besides such reverses, the inadequacy of our resources beset the task of construction at the outset with endless hindrances. The South had two dock-yards only. That at Pensacola was too remote and isolated for the occasion. The Norfolk yard was a priceless acquisition, with its dry-dock, foundry, machine-shops, its stores of material and supplies and large amount of ordnance, but the facilities it afforded could only be utilized on the spot, while the necessities of the case required that the vessels should be built in every quarter.

The Tredegar Iron Works, at Richmond, were the only ones in the whole Confederacy capable of casting guns of heavy calibre, until the government erected its own establishments at Charlotte and Selma.

In the entire Confederacy there was not a reliable establishment, except in Tennessee, where a first-class marine engine could be constructed. Three rolling mills only existed in the whole country, two of which, in Tennessee, were unavailable owing to the disturbed condition of the districts in which they were located, and the third, at Atlanta, Georgia, had to undergo extensive alterations, involving serious delay, before it could undertake the heavy work of the navy. The private machine shops and foundries resorted to by the government in the absence of public establishments of the kind were everywhere more or less crippled by the loss of operatives, who had enlisted in the land service. The navy was especially pushed for skilled workmen to build its ships, and seamen to man them when built. Both of these classes had been largely absorbed by the army, which was un-

willing to relinquish them. Laws passed for the recovery of them for naval uses became well-nigh inoperative from the complicate and dilatory processes of red tape and routine that hampered every effort to attain to the object. Not more than one-tenth of those for whom application was made could be obtained, and these were mostly detailed for limited periods instead of being permanently transferred.

At the outset the navy was in pressing need of everything—hemp, coal, iron, powder, ordnance, ordnance stores, medical supplies, provisions, clothing; in short, almost every article of prime necessity. Even the wood of which the vessels were built was generally standing green and flourishing in the forest when the contract which was to utilize it was signed.

To supply most of these wants the main reliance of the South, as already stated, was upon blockade-runners. All the Southern ports were busily engaged in these enterprises, much of their capital and energy, shut out from the usual fields of activity, being concentrated in this one eager pursuit. Wilmington, North Carolina, took the lead, trading chiefly with Europe, but Charleston, Mobile, Savannah and New Orleans had their full share in the new game of chance. Nor were other places less noted idle. Along the extensive Southern estuaries might be found here and there at some obscure inlet or sheltered cove an improvised settlement diligently prosecuting the same traffic, the vessel screened by a convenient headland tufted with trees, and the neighboring beach strewn with cotton in process of shipment, or perhaps piled with a freight just landed and worth now a hundredfold its cost, and all these busy doings going on with the watchers outside not a whit the wiser.

The Navy Department was soon itself compelled to become an active and direct participant in these ventures. When, from the exhaustion of its funds abroad and the depreciation of its currency, it was found impracticable to purchase exchange in the ordinary way, shipments of cotton were made to Europe on naval account to provide means for obtaining home freights. The appropriations applied in this way incurred the double risk of the homeward and outward voyages, and the ventures were not always fortunate.

In addition to all these drawbacks to the work of construction, one of no little magnitude had to be encountered in the transportation of heavy naval material, such as ordnance, propeller shafts, and machinery, from the point of manufacture to the building depôts, over dilapidated railways already overburdened by the conveyance of troops with provisions and munitions of war and by the general—or

it might be called the universal—travel, for the whole population seemed to be in motion.

As time advanced some of these evils were remedied, some wants keenly felt at first abundantly supplied, and new means and appliances brought into active play. Naval ordnance works and laboratories were established at Richmond, Charlotte, Atlanta, and Selma, which facilitated the work and largely increased the war products. A special bureau was appointed to foster the coal and nitre interests, with satisfactory results. Powder works at Columbus, Georgia, were made to yield all the powder the navy required. Rolling mills at Richmond turned out iron plating whenever the raw material could be obtained, and at rope-walks set up at the same place the cotton fibre was successfully substituted for hemp, making a substantial cordage. But no human agency could find a substitute for iron, the great, the pressing want of the Confederacy during the whole struggle. Scarce at the beginning, towards the close it was not to be had at any price. In the early part of 1861 it was quoted at twenty-five dollars per ton, in 1862 it had risen to two hundred dollars, and in January, 1865, the price was thirteen hundred dollars. The home product, never adequate to meet the ordinary local wants, much less the necessities of the government, had by this time been narrowed down to its minimum through the occupation of the mining areas by the enemy, and the supply from abroad had dwindled to driblets.

The work of constructing a navy, once commenced, was prosecuted with as much vigor as limited resources and trammeled facilities allowed. It began to take shape and system in July, 1861, though before that time the keels of some fifteen gunboats had been laid at the York River and Pamunky, and a few others at scattered points.

Our active naval force at that period could be easily reckoned. The Sumter, of 530 tons and 10 guns, had run the blockade and was cruising in open sea. The McRae, of 180 tons and 7 guns, with the Jackson, converted from a river tugboat, were in commission on the lower Mississippi. Two small steamers had been purchased from North Carolina for the defense of her sounds. Three side-wheel steamers, the Patrick Henry, Jamestown, and Yorktown, had been brought from Virginia. The first of these was our most powerful vessel. She was of 1,300 tons burden, armed with six 8-inch broadside guns and two 10-inch pieces on pivot, and had the most vulnerable parts of her engine shielded with iron. These vessels, with the Lady Davis, the Simpson, the Resolute, and perhaps a few other light vessels not worthy to figure in naval annals, constituted the active naval force of the South at the stated period. The Merrimac, afterwards

the Virginia, was on the stocks undergoing here conversion into an ironclad. The sloops Germantown and Plymouth, sunk before the Gosport yard came into the possession of the South, had been raised and restored, but were never put in commission.

The *personnel* of the navy consisted of nine captains, twenty-six commanders, sixty-four lieutenants, four masters, seventy-five midshipmen (full and acting), nineteen surgeons with ten assistants, seven paymasters, three chief engineers and ten assistants of all classes, four boatswains, three gunners, four carpenters, three sailmakers, and five hundred enlisted men. All the officers of the superior grades and the greater part of those of the lower had resigned from the Federal Navy.

In the summer and autumn of 1861 contracts were made for eleven steam gunboats in all at the several points of New Orleans, Jacksonville, Richmond, Norfolk, Charleston, Chattahoochee River, and Pensacola Bay. In August two armed vessels were commenced under contract at Memphis, and in October the keels of two additional ones were laid at New Orleans.

Reserving for a somewhat more extended notice the Virginia, which came first in the order of construction, let us here trace in a few words the history of these ironclads up to their final fate. One of the two last mentioned, the Louisiana, Captain Mitchell, not yet properly sheathed, altogether in an unfinished state, and totally unprepared for action, was forced by the emergency to take part in the defense of the approaches to New Orleans when that city was captured. At the earnest solicitation of General Duncan, commanding Forts Jackson and St. Philip, she was hurried down to the approaching scene of conflict between the forts, where she arrived only three days before the hostile squadron made its memorable advance up the river on the 24th of April, 1862. She had left the levee, under tow of another vessel, with gangs of mechanics still working at her engine and her raw crew short in complement and eked out by an artillery company, who volunteered for the occasion, busy in mounting a battery at which they had never been exercised. Up to the hour of the flight she had not sufficient motive power to stem the current of the river, and even to shift her berth from point to point required extraneous assistance. During the desperate contest that took place she was secured to the shore under Fort St. Philip in a position that precluded the use of half her guns. She was so powerful a vessel that had she been thoroughly completed and prepared for battle some interesting incidents would have been added to that night's encounter.

The Louisiana was two hundred and sixty-four feet long, with a

beam of sixty-four feet. Her hull, which was neary submerged, was surmounted by a casement protected by a covering of double T-rails as a substitute for iron plates that could not be obtained, and inclined at both sides and ends at an angle of 45°. A metallic deck formed the top of the casement, and was the station of the small-arm men when at quarters. It was open overhead, but guarded against grape and canister by heavy bulwarks plated with iron. The battery consisted of sixteen guns, made up of two 7-inch rifles, three 9-inch shell pieces, four 8-inch and seven 6-inch smooth-bores. The propelling power was two central wheels inclosed in the body of the hull and a propeller on each quarter, which last assisted in steering. The armor passed through a severe test during the action, receiving a broadside at close quarters from the 8-inch rifled guns of the Hartford. The shells buried themselves to about half their diameter, then fell crumbling into the river.

The surrender of the forts to the mortar flotilla three days after the action with the fleet completely isolated the ironclad. Hemmed in above and below by overpowering forces, without means of replenishing her supplies, and scarcely capable of stemming the current, notwithstanding the completion of her engines since the engagement, her capture even by simple blockade was a mere question of a few days. In this extremity a council of war was held, which decided upon her destruction. She was accordingly set on fire, and her officers and crew, who had taken refuge on board of tenders, where they were soon made prisoners, witnessed from the decks of the enemy the final catastrophe when her magazine exploded and her fragments were given to the waters.

The new ironclad built at New Orleans was pronounced "wonderful" by a veteran commodore who had served in almost as many ships as he had years. And she was wonderful for her novel structure, her massive weight and strength, and her abundant promise of speed and power. The work upon her had been watched and urged with unusual solicitude by the department from the moment the first plank was laid, and the most glowing hopes were entertained of successes that were to follow her completion. It was believed—and the belief was not thought extravagant at the time—that when armed and equipped she would, almost unaided, be capable of assuring naval supremacy in the Mississippi waters, and even raising the blockade of the Gulf ports.

The structure of this vessel was peculiar and entirely new. Some years ago a Scotchman who had never been to sea wrote an original treatise on naval tactics which became the text-book of the royal navy,

and in the instance of the Mississippi a planter in the interior of Georgia, Mr. Nelso Tift, who knew nothing of naval architecture, incited by the exigencies of the moment, conceived a new method for building naval ships which his brother, Mr. Asa F. Tift, a merchant of Key West, assisted him in developing. His device was designed to obviate the difficulties arising from the great scarcity of shipbuilders and the equal scarcity of the crooked timber which they employed. The hull of an ordinary vessel is made of a skeleton of futtocks, curved ribs, and crooked cross-knees, to which the planking, artificially bent to follow the lines of the model, is bolted outside and inside. The plan of the Tifts dispensed altogether with this complicate framework, and substituted for the sides of the vessel a solid wall of pine planks built with the requisite thickness upon a flat bottom, and having only straight lines and flat surfaces except at the junction of the sides with the ends. This plan made available for every purpose of the structure, from stem to stern, the tall, straight timber of the Southern forests, and the simplicity of it placed the work within the capacity of ordinary house carpenters and joiners.

The Tift brothers were earnest and enthusiatic men, modest in their pretensions, yet confident in their invention. They carried their plan to Richmond, encouraged on the way by the naval officers with whom they communicated, and submitted it to the Secretary of the Navy. That official, upon its being approved by a board of experts, appointed the inventors agents of the Navy Department to carry the plan into execution by the construction of the Mississippi at New Orleans. That city, as the great commercial metropolis at the South, and as the gateway, as it were, of the Mississippi, was one of the most important stragetic points indicated in the movements of the enemy, and as yet it was almost naked of naval defences.

It were tedious to recount all the obstacles these men, who voluntarily served without compensation, had to conquer to achieve the work they had undertaken. A building depot had in the first instance to be created, which involved the sinking of piles in the alluvial banks of the river for the bed of the ship, and the erection of sheds, sawmills, blacksmith-shops, and other adjuncts usually found ready and at hand. The bolt iron required was collected piecemeal from every quarter,—New Orleans, Macon, Mobile, Chattanooga, and elsewhere. The building timber was still in leaf, and had to be transported, when felled and sawed, from various points in an area a hundred miles around. The Confederacy was scoured for iron-men who were willing or able to roll the plates for the casemate, until a contract was made at last with an establishment at Atlanta, which had to change its rol-

lers for the purpose, but the scarcity of iron had nearly baulked this arrangement. The manufacture of the engines was perforce committed to establishments already overtaxed by private work and army contracts. Next to the machinery, the most important object was the shafting for the propellers. It was essential for the security of the vessel that this should be wrought iron. It is a striking evidence of the nakedness of the land in regard to naval necessities that in the whole Confederacy there was not a foundry competent to make the shafting.

But "perseverentia vincit omnia," and the Tift brothers were not to be baffled. When at last they seemed to be driven to the sorry expedient of substituting cast- for wrought-iron shafts, they were fortunate enough to induce a party at New Orleans who was putting up an air furnace and forging a large steam hammer for the purpose of making Armstrong guns for the government to adapt these appliances also to making the shafting. The two side or quarter shafts were thus made at New Orleans. The central one was manufactured at Richmond, from a wrought-iron shaft recovered from a burnt ship.

Superadded to all these difficulties were strikes of laborers for higher wages, delays in the delivery of timber from contractors, financial troubles from want of proper arrangements at Richmond, and, crowning all, a certain distrust of the building agents themselves in the shallow judgments of bigots, who are to be found in all sections, and who in this instance could not pardon the accident of Northern birth to the men in charge of the construction, although they had lived in the South from boyhood.

But all these obstacles and a thousand others gave way before the untiring energy of the brothers. The first plank of the new vessel was laid on the 14th of October, and, with little exception, a force varying from five to six hundred men, stimulated by liberal wages and jealously watched by the Committee of Safety of the city, were kept working on her from that day forward.

Anxiety to avoid interruption in the work induced the Tifts, with the concurrence of the naval authorities on the spot, to postpone launching the ship to the last moment. This solicitude proved fatal in the end.

The enemy's preparations for the descent on New Orleans began at Ship Island in the latter part of February. In March the fleet had mustered at the mouth of the river, with many of the heaviest ships over the bar. The ability of war-ships to run successfully past shore batteries had been too frequently exemplified to admit of question. Such was the opinion of military and naval men at New Orleans at

the time. The inadequacy of our naval force to cope with the enemy was also apparent. The first and most effective obstructions stretched across the river had been swept away by the spring freshets, and chasms had been broken by drift wood in those that had been substituted. All these admonitory considerations, which it might have been supposed would have quickened the action of the Confederates into immediate efforts to save a vessel so formidable and so invaluable as the Mississippi by taking her in time to some secure retreat, failed to produce any serious impression. Yazoo River offered a temporary refuge at least, and Vicksburg was still in our possession with foundries and machine-shops available for continuing the work. But one dominant idea seems to have filled the mind of the Tifts, who, by special orders, had exclusive charge of the vessel until delivered over for service,—that of pushing forward the work; and this all-engrossing purpose closed their eyes to the palpable danger in which she stood from the menacing attitude of the enemy. In short, though men of extraordinary ingenuity and energy, they were no judges of the military necessities of the occasion.

Though sufficiently advanced for launching long before, it was not until the bombardment of the forts by the mortar fleet had begun that she was put afloat. The first attempt to accomplished this was made on the 17th of April, and proved abortive. Three powerful steamboats attached to her broke their connecting hawsers in the fruitless effort to pull her off the ways. At last it was discovered that she had been bolted to her bed by some treacherous hand. This impediment being removed, she glided into the river on the following day almost of her own volition. It would not yet have been too late to save her. Between the 18th, when she launched, and the 25th, when the enemy reached the city, ample time and means were at hand to send her up the river, but the golden opportunity was not improved. She was still allowed to lie at the wharf with the work upon her going on, perhaps with more intense earnestness and pressing dispatch, but as serenely as if Farragut's fleet were a thousand miles away instead of storming at the outer gates of the city.

At last, at early daylight on the 24th, the startling intelligence came that the great body of the fleet had passed the forts and was swiftly steaming up the river. The news fell like a clap of thunder and produced general consternation, followed by a relaxation of all police restraints, during which the dregs of the populace abandoned themselves to violence and plunder. It was in the midst of this riot and uproar that the hot and hurried attempt was at last made to save the Mississippi. Commander Sinclair, who had been assigned to the

command, assumed his post, and took her out of the hands of the builders. With their assistance gangs of laborers amounting to upwards of five hundred were set to work at freighting her with the machinery, tools, and materials of all kinds necessary for her completion.

The single precaution that seems to have been taken in advance for the emergency that had arrived was the engagement of two steamboats, the Charleston and Peytona, to carry her away at the last moment. Those vessels, which should have been in attendance, had to be summoned to their post. The laggards did not make their appearance until after nightfall and were even then unprepared, being short of hands and without engineers. The captains evinced no zeal, and one broke out into abusive language. But there was no time to resent insolence or punish treachery. The single purpose in hand was to put the Mississippi on her passage up stream with all possible dispatch. Engineers and hands were supplied, and the two steamboats started with her in tow at about eight P. M. It soon became evident that their combined power was unequal to the task. The river was in one of its wild freshets, and half the night was spent in futile efforts to stem the rapid current. At length, finding that instead of advancing he was losing ground, Captain Sinclair abandoned all further effort for the time, and secured his ship to her old moorings.

It was now past midnight, and at this juncture a member of the Committee of Safety came forward with offers to furnish additional boats by early dawn. But dawn came without bringing any tidings of the promised succor. Sinclair then repaired on board of the Peytona, and scoured the front of the city in quest of assistance from any quarter. He met with nothing but scenes of hurry, trouble, and devastation, boats abandoned by their crews, others already burning, others, again, crowded with passengers and piled with personal property in precipitate flight, but there was not a solitary one available for helping the Mississippi. The spirit of the hour was "sauve qui peut."

He had left orders with his executive to set fire to that vessel as soon as the enemy hove in sight. On his way back from his bootless errand he saw the flames bursting from her sides. The leading ship of the enemy was in sight in the distance. One of the Tifts, who was on board of the Peytona, was unmanned by the spectacle of the burning ship and wept freely. His brother had perhaps deeper reason to be moved. He saw the same conflagration, at a moment when he was buoyed up with renewed hope, from the deck of one of four steamers which had been obtained during the night, and manned with negroes gathered from neighboring plantations by Captain Gilmer, a patri-

otic citizen of New Orleans, who was hurrying at the last moment with this force to the rescue.

The Mississippi was two hundred and sixty feet long, with an extmeme breadth of fifty-eight feet and a depth of hold of fifteen feet. Her casemate sloped at an angle of about 36° to the horizon. The upper slopes were covered with three plates of iron one and a quarter inches thick, each disposed in two horizontal courses below, making joints covered by the upper or bolting course running vertically. The lower slopes had two courses of the same thickness crossing each other, the one beneath running lengthwise, and the sides of the ship between these slopes had a double layer of plates placed lengthwise. The level portion of her shield or upper deck was spread with iron plates one and a quarter inches thick. She was pierced for eighteen guns. Her intended battery was a mixture of seven-and-a-half-inch and ten-inch-rifles. Her engines were horizontal, with cylinders thirty-six inches in diameter, with two and a half feet stroke of piston. She was fitted with ten double-flued boilers in two different sets, thirty feet long each, and three propellers, whose shafts, nine inches in diameter, were, the central one fifty and the others forty feet in length. She was calculated for a draught, when fully equipped, of fourteen feet, and a speed in smooth water of from twelve to fourteen knots, and was adapted for sea as well as harbor and river service.

When the Mississippi was destroyed her construction had nearly reached its final point. Her armor was finished below the gun-deck, the upper plates were for the most part in place, and the men were laying and securing the bolting course up to the last moment. Part of her battery had arrived, and part had reached Jackson on the way. Her engine, boilers, and central shaft were in position, and her tanks, chain cables, and anchors waiting to be shipped. Two weeks more would have entirely completed her,—at least such was the confident expectation of the Tifts,—and put into active service on the river a ship of unrivaled strength, power, speed, and invulnerability. But the Fates decreed otherwise.

The Arkansas we have already referred to as the vessel that was conveyed from Memphis to the upper waters of the Yazoo for completion. Our notice of this ironclad must be scant for want of space. Like the others she had a sloping shield, which was covered by iron rail (double T); and her battery,—but in this we may be subject to correction,—we believe, consisted of ten rifled guns of 8-inch calibre.

Commanded by Commander Brown, this vessel issued from her river fastness, protected by a barricade of rafts and a small battery, on the 15th of July, 1862, bound to Vicksburg. Near the mouth of the

river she met, as had been anticipated, a reconnoitering expedition of the enemy consisting of the Carondelet, a Western ironclad, armed with 8- and 9-inch guns and one 100-pounder rifled, the wooden gunboat Tyler, and the ram Queen of the West, unarmed, but manned with a crew of sharpshooters. The engagement which followed was sharp and brief and very destructive to the enemy, whose shot and shell were wasted on the shield of their antagonist. The shattered and almost disabled vessels ran for shelter to the combined squadrons of Farragut and Davis, which lay directly on the road to Vicksburg, followed by the Arkansas, which dashed through this formidable barrier without a moment's hesitation, receiving, unharmed and at point-blank range, the fire of their 9 and 10 inch guns and delivering her own broadsides with fearful effect. Before the Federals had fairly recovered from the bewilderment of the sudden and unexpected onset she had dropped her anchor under the Vicksburg batteries, unharmed in hull or crew. On the other hand, in these rapid encounters, which occupied but a few minutes each, the enemy, besides the damages sustained by their ships, suffered a loss in killed, wounded, and missing of 78 men in all.

A few hours after the battle the Federals, under the cover of a dark night, made a desperate attempt to destroy the Arkansas in spite of the batteries protecting her, but were successfully repulsed. The attack was renewed on the night of the 22d with the same result.

The career of this vessel was destined to be brief. While on her way, on the 5th of the following August, to co-operate with General Breckenridge in an attack on Baton Rouge, she was disabled when she had reached the bend above that place by the breaking down of her port engine. It was patched up with such means as were at hand, but the engineer would not guarantee that it would last more than half a day. The next morning she started from her anchorage with the immediate purpose of attacking the Essex, which was seen approaching up the river, when her starboard engine gave way. Being thus rendered helpless and unmanageable in full sight of the enemy, her destruction was the only means left to prevent her capture. She was accordingly run on shore and set on fire by the officer then in charge, Lieutenant-Commander Stevens, the officers and crew making their escape.

The impression made upon the Federals by the exploits and formidable character of the Arkansas is pithily expressed in a letter of Admiral Farragut to the secretary. "It is one of the happiest moments of my life," writes the admiral, "that I am enabled to inform the department of the destruction of the ram Arkansas."

It is not our purpose to follow up the naval preparations in detail. They began mostly with the construction of wooden vessels, for the American mind had been so little occupied with ironclads that the most enlightened among the officers knew little on the subject. It was Maury who proposed the first vessels that were built, and he rejected the suggestion that they should be mailed with iron. The idea, however, gradually gained ground, and at length the success of the Virginia in the battle of Hampton Roads determined the policy of the government. Thereafter all the naval engineering skill and mechanical labor that could be commanded was devoted to the construction of armored vessels. They were built at every available point,—Charleston, Wilmington, Richmond, Savannah, and on inland waters of the Carolinas, Alabama, and Georgia. As the work progressed, marked improvements were made on the original models. The submerged ends and knuckles, the characteristic feature of the Virginia, were dropped out of the future plans or considerably modified, but the sloping shield prevailed in all the structures. In three instances the batteries were placed in low citadels plated with 6-inch iron. The vessels were generally built by contract with private parties, the government agreeing to furnish the metal for armor, engines, and shafting; these were supplied by the naval works at Richmond, Charlotte, and Columbus, and the armaments, projectiles, and all objects of pyrotechny were prepared by the ordnance establishments at Selma, Charlotte, and Atlanta, or Augusta after the last place had fallen. We have already more than once adverted to the scarcity of iron. During the whole construction of these vessels the want became more and more urgent. Finally by the fall of 1864 the last supply of that metal had been consumed, leaving on the stocks twelve vessels completed but for their armor, which would have required 4,230 tons that never was obtained. This brought the construction of that class of vessels to a final close. The number which had been completed and commissioned up to the 24th of November, 1864, was 25. Of these 9, at that period, had been lost to the Confederacy,—viz., 2 by casualties, 4 burnt by their own commanders to prevent capture, 2 captured, and 1 destroyed by the enemy.

The number of wooden vessels of all classes and descriptions within the waters of the Confederacy fluctuated so much from month to month that it would be hazardous to state it positively without more reliable data than we have on hand. Probably they never amounted to more than fifty at any one time. The Confederate navy had also a peculiar class of boats fitted for submarine and torpedo service, which, under the charge of officers who devoted themselves to that specialty,

proved a valuable auxiliary, not only for its capacity to inflict sudden and unexpected damage, but for the dread and distrust it inspired. In July, 1863, the Federal steamer De Kalb was sunk by a torpedo in Yazoo River. In April, 1864, the Squib, a small torpedo-boat, darted unobserved under the cover of night through the Federal fleet off Newport News and exploded one of these engines under the bilge of the Minnesota, greatly damaging the vessel without destroying her. In May an expedition of the enemy ascending James River was retarded in its advance to the speed of a half-mile per hour by the necessity of scouring the banks of the stream and dragging its bottom to clear the path of these dangerous impediments, and was finally diverted from the intended descent on Richmond by an explosion under the bottom of one of the leading vessels, which was hurled into fragments. And it is an event to be remembered how, in August, 1864, the monitor Tecumseh, in the midst of the fleet standing into Mobile Bay, vanished, as it were, from the face of the waters with every soul on board by coming in contact with one of the torpedoes strewn in the channel.

From what has preceded it may be seen that by the fall of 1864 the Confederate navy had reached its maximum. To recapitulate, it possessed then 16 ironclads, 3 of which were rated floating batteries, 50 wooden vessels (assumed), and 1 cruiser, the Shenandoah, on the high seas. This final result of all the labors of preparation falls signally short of that foreshadowed by the letter of the Secretary of the Navy of May, 1862, but, considering the delays and difficulties and reverses that were encountered, and which we have but inadequately described, it is a proof of wonderful vigor and enterprise that so much could have been accomplished.

The general policy of the South throughout the war was to act on the defensive. So far as the navy was concerned, no other could have been pursued. Both the character of its vessels and their limited number rendered any systematic course of aggression impossible. The armored boats were adapted only for operating in smooth water, and the whole force was necessarily divided into detachments, occupying the most important points of defense, where each command was kept at bay by the superior strength of the enemy. The Confederacy was therefore compelled to submit to the humiliation of a continuous blockade without the power to raise it, its vessels for the most part lying idly at their anchors and passively awaiting events with steam up and fires banked ready for the emergency when it should arrive.

This state of things afforded but little scope for enterprises of any magnitude, but frequent opportunities occurred or were made for

striking a blow by means of special expeditions. It would be a grateful task did our space permit to record some of the exploits, now half forgotten, that distinguished such occasions, but we must leave the proud story to the ampler pages of the history yet to be written, confining ourselves to one or two leading events in our naval operations.

The first ironclad employed by the South was a vessel of some power called the Manassas. She was originally a ferryboat, and was transformed into a ram by a private company in New Orleans by the addition of a casemate faced with iron ¾-inch thick, and an iron prow 10 feet long. She swam low in the water, and carried a 60-pound Dahlgren gun. The owners lent this vessel to Commodore Hollins for an attack on the blockading force in October, 1861, then consisting of the sloops Vincennes, Preble, Water Witch, and Richmond, all lying inside of the Southwest Pass.

With the addition to his flotilla of razeed river boats, five in number and carrying 11 guns varying from 24-pounders to 8-inch columbiads, Hollins, having secretly made his preparations, carried the enterprise into effect on a night so profoundly dark that objects were not visible twenty yards ahead. Issuing from between the Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the little squadron, with the Manassas, Lieutenant-Commander Wharley, in the lead, dropped down the river so quietly that the surprise was complete. The crash of the ram as she buried her prow into the first vessel that could be discerned, which proved to be the Richmond, followed by an appalling cry that rang out from the apparently sinking vessel, awakened the whole fleet to its first sense of danger. Fortunately for the Richmond, her assailant suffered from the shock almost as much damage as she inflicted. Her prow was badly twisted and one of her engines disabled. In this crippled condition the ironclad found herself carried by the current all alone into the midst of the squadron, and, exposed as far as the darkness permitted to its concentrated fire, she would have fared badly, but, throwing up a rocket, the concerted signal, the five barges came sweeping down in full flame upon the Federals, followed by the flotilla, and caused a general stampede. The Richmond, though with a great hole in her bow, contrived to keep afloat, and daylight disclosed the dispersed blockaders far down within the Southwest Pass, with two of their vessels stranded on the middle ground. The Confederates stood down the pass within range, and the little drama was closed by a distant cannonade, in which neither party suffered further damage. The Manassas had so well acquitted herself on this occasion that she became the property of the government by purchase.

The first great naval triumph of the South was the victory achieved by the ironclad Virginia, in the memorable battle of Hampton Roads, on the 8th of March, 1861,—an event interesting not only for the immediate issues involved, but as introducing a new element in naval warfare and inaugurating a revolution in the means and methods of future encounters.

The Virginia was the first naval structure of any magnitude invulnerable to shot and shell that was ever launched upon American waters, if we except "Stevens's floating battery," designed for the protection of New York, the keel of which was laid in 1845. She was originally the Merrimac of the Northern service, and had shared in the general conflagration of the men-of-war at the Gosport navy yard when the effort was made to destroy that depot by a party under the command of Commander Paulding in April, 1861. She had been scuttled as well as set on fire on that occasion, but on raising and docking her it was found that the destruction had not extended below the waterline, and that the vital portions of her engine had escaped intact.

The design for converting the wreck of the old steam frigate into an ironclad was furnished by Commodore Brooke, the Naval Chief of Ordnance, who also devised the powerful guns of her battery. She was about three hundred feet long, with about fifty-five feet beam. The chief characteristics of the new form she was made to assume as an ironclad were an armored casemate, sloping at an angle of 45°, and the subemerged two feet below the surface of the water of her entire hull proper. The casemate was constituted by a wooden backing seven inches thick, covered with two layers of wrought-iron plates, each two and a half inches thick, disposed horizontally and vertically the one above the other. She had in addition a cast-iron stem or prow projecting four feet, and somewhat in shape of a hog's head. Her general appearance suggested the roof of a house or, perhaps, a rope-walk floating on the water with its eaves immersed. Her armament consisted of two 7-inch Brooke rifles, one forward and the other aft, with a broadside of two 32-pound Brooke rifles and six Dahlgren 9-inch shell guns. When she was fitted out, as the pressure for the supply of projectiles was very great on the Ordnance Department, and it was not expected that she would have any but wooden vessels to encounter, she was not supplied with solid shot or bolts.

The peculiar structure of the Virginia involved new and untried conditions affecting her speed, steerage, and general maneuvering which there was no opportunity of testing. The ship was begun the

latter part of June, 1861, completed the latter part of February, 1862, and hurried into action the moment she was equipped. In point of fact, her experimental trip was made when she plunged into battle.

The Federals had been watching with no little concern the work as it progressed on the Virginia, while hurrying at the same time to completion the Monitor, of which we shall directly have occasion to speak. Meanwhile, a powerful fleet had been mustered in the waters near Fortress Monroe and Newport News, one of whose principal objects was to intercept and destroy the Virginia as soon as she should make her appearance,—a task which with such a force might, before the unhappy experience of the 8th of March, have been reasonably deemed easy to accomplish. The Federal squadron consisted of the steam frigates Minnesota and Roanoke, of fifty guns each, the sailing frigates Congress and St. Lawrence, of fifty and of twelve guns respectively, and the sloop-of-war Cumberland, of twenty-four guns. The guns were all of 8 or 9-inch calibre, and made in the aggregate one hundred and eighty-six broadside pieces, in addition to which were several 10-inch guns on pivot. This force of the enemy was further swelled by six or seven steam gunboats heavily armed.

Everything seemed propitious when the Virginia, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Buchanan and accompanied by two small steamers, the Beaufort and Raleigh, of one gun each, at eleven a. m. started from the Gosport navy yard to encounter the enemy. The sky was bright, the water smooth, the hostile vessels within easy reach, and the officers and crew cheerful and confident. And yet at the moment the success of the enterprise could by no means have been held as certain. The ironclad had yet to prove her invulnerability, and the ordeal in prospect was a formidable one. The Federal squadron was divided into two bodies; the Minnesota, Roanoke, and St. Lawrence lay near Fortress Monroe, and the Congress, with the Cumberland, was anchored off of Newport News, so that, whichever field of battle was chosen, it was not only the guns afloat that were to be met, but those on shore.

A part of the Confederate fleet, the Patrick Henry, of twelve guns, the Jamestown, of two, and the Teazer, of one, at this time were waiting, a little inside of the mouth of the James River, the first shot from the Virginia as the signal to run the gauntlet of the batteries at Newport News and take their share in the fight. The accession of these vessels would swell the number of Confederate guns to twenty-seven.

Buchanan reached Sewell's Point at one p. m., and found the

enemy, who had caught sight of his smoke, on the alert in both directions. Doubling round Craney Island flats and taking the lead he selected the Cumberland as the first object of attack, between which vessel and the Confederates there lay a clear reach of about three miles of unobstructed water. He bore directly down on that ship, and, notwithstanding the Congress lay close to his path, held unflinchingly to his course till he struck her. As he came within easy range of the Congress he opened the battle with his bow guns charged with grape, which flew over her or lodged in her sides without much damage. This drew from her a full broadside when the two ships were about twelve hundred yards apart. Her shell burst against the armor and fell in fragments, and her solid shot glanced or rebounded and tumbled into the water; both were as harmless as would have been a shower of paper bullets. The return broadside of the Virginia was terribly destructive, crashing through the wooden sides and slaughtering a large number of the crew.

Still holding steadily to her course, she pushed onward and past the Congress, and, receiving the same ineffectual fire from the Cumberland, poured into her as she approached the contents of her bow gun, which raked her fore and aft and literally mowed down the men in heaps as they stood at their quarters. The next moment, in the midst of this frightful carnage, the ironclad, with the impetus of a full head of steam, plunged headlong into the bows of her antagonist with instantaneous and decisive effect. The crash of the rending planks and timbers was distinctly heard in the midst of the roar of guns and the reverberations of the armored casemate on which the missiles were playing as upon an iron drum. The Cumberland was a helpless wreck from that instant. As the Virginia withdrew from the contest she left a great breach behind, into which the water gushed in torrents, and the hapless ship began at once to settle. In a short time she heeled over and sank, grounding at a depth of fifty feet with nothing visible left but the tops of her masts and her flag still flying. The contest, though so unequal, had been as desperate as it was brief. The firing from both ships had never ceased from the beginning to the end of the encounter, and,—be it said in all honor to the heroic defenders of the Stars and Stripes,—the last shot from the sinking ship came from guns that were about dipping their muzzles into the water. So rapid had been the destruction of the Cumberland no time was afforded to save the wounded, and those incapable of helping themselves were carried to the bottom. The rest of the crew jumped overboard as the ship went down, and many were drowned before

being reached by the boats which were sent from Newport News to their rescue. Out of a complement of three hundred and seventy-six men, officers and crew all told, one hundred and seventeen were lost and twenty-three missing.

While the Virginia was thus proving her resistless power on the Cumberland, the Beaufort and Raleigh were each playing their single rifled piece upon the Congress with quick and sharp results, the odds against them being largely compensated by their ability through steam-power to choose distance and position, as well as by the larger and fixed target the enemy presented.

As the Cumberland disappeared from the scene the Confederate vessels hove in sight in rapid approach from James River. They dashed through a storm of shot and shell, grape and canister, poured into them from the batteries of Newport News, in which the Patrick Henry in the loss of a few men was the only sufferer, and joined the two small steamers in the attack on the Congress. Meanwhile, to escape the fate of her consort that vessel, with the help of her topsails and a tugboat, had contrived to put herself in shoal water, where she grounded.

While all this was going on Buchanan was maneuvering for the best position to turn his guns on the Congress. This was a matter of no little difficulty in the contracted space of the theatre of the combat with a vessel of the length and draught of the Virginia, so that he was compelled to run past the batteries of Newport News for a more roomy area in the mouth of the James, in order to put her head in the proper direction. The Congress, mistaking the movement for a withdrawal from action, gave three cheers. The shore batteries opened a furious fire during the ironclad's passage to and fro in close proximity. The pounding she endured did not start a single rivet or bolt of her armor. Her return fire silenced some of the batteries, blew up a steamer at the wharf, and sank a schooner.

The fate of the Congress was now swiftly determined. The Virginia took a raking position under her stern at a distance of about two hundred yards, and delivered her shot and shell with all the deliberation and precision that might have attended a holiday practice. The Congress had thus the concentrated fire of the whole squadron upon her, which she endured to the last moment. It was not until her whole broadside batteries were disabled and her crew were rapidly falling in every discharge from the enemy that two white flags were displayed, one at the gaff and the other half-masted at the main.

This gave a momentary pause to the havoc. The Beaufort and

Raleigh were despatched with orders to take possession, make prisoners of the officers, allow the crew to land, and burn the frigate. While in the execution of this mission, and while the white flags were still flying upon the conquered ship, a fire was opened upon those vessels from the shore batteries. This took place after the formal surrender of themselves and of their vessel had been made on board of the Beaufort by the commanding officer and executive, who, at their own request, had been temporarily released to assist in having the wounded transferred to the two steamers. Those vessels were thus compelled to leave, and made their way to Norfolk with such of the wounded as they had received.

Buchanan now sent a boat in charge of Lieutenant Minor, convoyed by the Teazer, with orders to set fire to the Congress, but was baffled in this fresh effort by a renewal of volleys from the enemy upon the party, under which some lives were lost and Minor was wounded. Finally, under these repeated provocations, he determined to effect his object by incendiary shot. This was soon accomplished, and the Congress, which had been abandoned by her officers and crew, who saved the wounded in their retreat, was speedily wrapped in flames and reduced to fragments as soon as they reached the magazine.

Leaving the burning vessel to her fate, the Virginia, with the Patrick Henry and Jamestown in company, next proceeded to attack the Minnesota. That vessel, maneuvering in shoal water to avoid the direct onset of the ironclad, had run aground, and was now a firm and fast fixture about two miles from Newport News on the north side of the North Channel. With the Roanoke and St. Lawrence she had come late into action, in which they engaged at long range.

The attack on the Minnesota occupied the three closing hours of that eventful day. The Virginia opened her fire, but without serious effect, at a distance of about one miles from the enemy, the nearest point she could reach. The rifled guns of the Patrick Henry and Jamestown were now telling and did considerable damage. The only gun the Minnesota could bring to bear was her 11-inch gun or pivot.

Night at last put an end to the contest. The Confederates, satisfied that the shoal would hold fast the frigate till next day, doubled the west end of the middle ground and made their way for anchorage under Sewell's Point, merely pausing to give her a parting broadside as they came abreast of her in their passage thither.

About nine o'clock in the evening of that exciting day the worsted Federal squadron, or what was left of it, was cheered by a new and important accession to its force in the arrival of the Monitor. The

fame of that iron vessel had preceded her, and her arrival at so opportune a moment was as welcome as it was unexpected. We have no space for an elaborate description of her. She was built after a design and plan devised by the distinguished mechanician Ericsson, and had no antetype in any known naval structure. She was smaller, lighter, and from her inferior draught and greater mobility was infinitely more manageable, than the bulky competitor against which she was about to be pitted. She swam the water at a depth that brought her metallic spar-deck flush with the water and offered no mark to the shot of the enemy but a revolving central citadel ten feet high and twenty in diameter, surmounted by a pilot-house in the form of a low turret, and concentrating within its impervious iron walls her whole battery, which consisted of two 11-inch rifled guns.

The contest under this change of conditions was renewed early in the forenoon of the 9th, the Virginia now commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Jones, who had succeeded Buchanan, disabled by a severe wound the previous day. The Virginia was again supported by the Patrick Henry and Jamestown.

The combat, whose fluctuations it would be tedious to follow in detail, was of a novel and striking character. It resolved itself largely into a duel between the ironclad and the Monitor, the one cumbrous and heavy, dragging at times in the mud owing to her great draught, and requiring a free scope for effective evolutions, but fighting in a very restricted space; the other of light draught, agile, and buoyant, and turning round in an area whose diameter might almost be measured by her own length, while each vessel was impenetrable to the missiles of the other.

The efforts of the Virginia were mainly directed to two objects,—viz., to sink her antagonist by running her down and to improve every opportunity to hurl her shot into the Minnesota, still lying helplessly aground. The Monitor, on the other hand, while not declining an engagement at close quarters, aimed at maneuvering so as to elude an onset that might be fatal, and, while endeavoring to crush the armor of the Virginia with her heavy 11-inch guns, at the same time sought to maintain a position that would most effectually cover the stranded frigate.

Twice the Virginia succeeded in running into her, but not with the required impetus or a stroke sufficiently direct to effect her purpose. The buoyancy of the struck vessel saved her: she glided from beneath the blow and swam as upright as ever.

During the action the Minnesota was very much cut up in spite of the interposition of the Monitor. One shot especially from the bow gun of the ironclad produced great havoc, battering down her bulkheads and in its passage along her decks exploding cartridges, which set her on fire. The next shot blew up a steamer alongside of her. The rifle guns of the two steamers did also their part in crippling her.

On this occasion the Minnesota was able to employ her broadside guns, which in one instance were leveled against her adversary at point-blank range, but they might as well have been discharged in the air. In the midst of the battle the ironclad ran on shore. With her massive dead weight the position was a critical one, but luckily she was backed off before any advantage could be taken of the accident.

The struggle between the combatants was maintained with desperate earnestness on both sides without other results than those noted, when the Confederate commander thought it useless to protract it. He was unprovided with solid shot or bolts, which might have proved effective against the citadel of the Monitor, on which his shell could make no impression, and that vessel had retired to shoal water beyond the reach of attack by ramming. The Minnesota was also inaccessible to close approach, and believed to be entirely disabled. There was, therefore, nothing left to accomplish, and about noon the Confederate squadron left for Norfolk to repair such slight damages as they had sustained during the two actions.

Indeed, the damage, considering the pounding to which the Virginia had been exposed, was so inconsiderable that the hopes of the most sanguine as to her powers of endurance were more than realized. A shallow indentation on two of her plates was the only mark left upon her armor; her steam-pipe and smoke-stack were riddled, two of her guns were shorn of their muzzles, her anchors were lost, her stem twisted, and her prow was left in the breach it had gored in the bows of the Cumberland. Thus in a short time every repair was completed, and, supplied with solid shot and bolts, she made the tour of Hampton Roads, in the hopes of testing them on the Monitor, but no engagement followed.

The question of the value of ironclads for harbor defense as compared with wooden vessels was determined in Hampton Roads at once and forever. In the two actions the entire loss of the Virginia was two killed and seventeen wounded. The disastrous result to the Federals may be summed up as the complete disablement of one

frigate and the destruction of another, with a first-class sloop, and the aggregate loss on board of the two latter vessels of two hundred and fifty-five killed and twenty-three missing. The loss on board of the disabled vessel, which must have been considerable, we have no means of ascertaining.

We have been led to dwell at some length upon the actions in Hampton Roads by the novel and remarkable expedients that were first employed in these contests. The Virginia came out of the conflict a historical ship. In all future narratives of naval war she will loom up conspicuously as having determined a new line of development in naval forces leading to a complete revolution in the naval systems of the whole world, as well as those of coast and harbor defenses. The triumph of that vessel was a brilliant one, but short-lived. The story of her final fate is soon told.

When the exigencies of the war compelled the evacuation of Norfolk, the Virginia, now under command of Commodore Tatnall, was left in a critical position. She had no means of sustenance except a limited supply, and no means of renewing that supply when exhausted. She was lying near Craney Island, and merely mistress of the waters within reach of her guns for a few uncertain days.

In this dilemma Commodore Tatnall, on whom the government seemed to have silently cast the responsibility of disposing of the ship, determined if possible to reach Richmond. One obstruction only lay in his way, but that was formidable. A shoal, on which at the top of the flood there were three feet less water than his vessel drew, stretched across the river a little above City Point. The pilots promised to tide him over safely if he could reduce the draught, which was at the time twenty-two and a half, to eighteen feet. In the emergency nothing was left but to make the attempt. Every object of weight except what was actually necessary for defense was cast overboard to lighten the ship; shot and shell, chains, anchors, water, coal, provisions, all followed one another into the river. But all was of no avail. The ironclad rose out of the water until her draught was lessened to nineteen and a half feet, and there she stood with all the movable heavy material out of her and a broad streak of unsheathed bottom resting above her waterline. The alternative then presented itself of a certain capture by the enemy, even by blockade, within a time that might be calculated, or her destruction. A council of war decided that she should be burnt, and the career of the Virginia was thus closed on the morning of May 11, 1862.

Eventually, the Confederate navy passed out of existence piecemeal. It was a natural pride that prompted the determination in the last strait to destroy the ships rather than leave them as trophies to swell the triumph of the victors. As city after city fell along the coast, the final act before evacuating each was to set fire to the public vessels, and when, after the abandonment of Richmond, the Federals took possession, they found the James strewed with the fragments of the New Virginia, the Richmond, and the Fredericksburg, all ironclads, and about six wooden gunboats, the last remnant of the Southern navy, save one only cruiser on the high seas, the Shenandoah, which at the moment was unconsciously floating at her gaff the flag of a nation wellnigh passing away.

C. H. M. Blair.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By Henry Romeyn, *Brevet-Major, U. S. A.*

CHAPTER IX.

He was welcomed as one risen from the dead. The troops who had returned from the unsuccessful sortie could only report that he had fallen; but whether dead, or only wounded, none could say. Attempts to communicate directly with the commander of the besieging force regarding him proved fruitless. Owing to racial and religious hatred, and the employment by both armies of both native and African savage allies (for both nations armed slaves when in straits for men), many of the amenities of more civilized warfare were dropped or laxly observed, and after two or three attempts the quest was abandoned by the commander. But Kaptein Schoonmacker, to whom the young officer seemed more like a younger brother than a subaltern, would not abandon the search, and from the cot in hospital, to which his wound confined him, sent inquiry after inquiry concerning him. At length he found a young Boviander, who, on promise of large reward, ventured into the hostile camp, and, having a knowledge of Portuguese, was able to ascertain that he had been carried off to the wilds by the savage Camaram, and was doubtless destined to furnish the material for a cannibal feast. De Bra had been recognized in the fight by some of Kaptein Schoonmacker's men, and when the spy returned with his story their fury knew no bounds; and the Kaptein was inconsolable. As his wounds were so serious as to render his return to active service very uncertain, he was placed on a ship sailing for Holland, and, heavy-hearted, pondered much during the two months consumed by the voyage as to how he should break the dreadful news to the waiting ones at home.

When the tension of their flight was removed, both the late fugitives felt the need of rest, and they were kept on board the vessel several days, though notice of their arrival was at once sent on shore. The Portuguese had been reinforced, and still had both Olinda and Recife besieged on the land side; though the Dutch had command of the sea in the vicinity of the harbor, and were thus able to provision the towns and keep the garrisons supplied with ammunition; and any end to the strife seemed very distant, and success or failure might come to either party.

About ten days after reaching the ship young Dekker declared he was ready for duty, and, with his companion in flight, was put on

shore, and took command of his company. The young woman was placed in the family of another officer, much against her will, as her sympathy for the captive, in the wilds, had, during the days of their pilgrimage, grown into a much deeper and more ardent feeling, and it was with sullen and deep disappointment that she found her Amazonian advances repelled and her visions of savage matrimony dissipated. The object of her worship completed the story which he had begun on the island, when her first proposal and his attempt at reply had been interrupted by the sight of the passing canoes, but his rejection and explanation were not sufficient to turn her from her purpose, though she ceased for a time her importunities.

Meanwhile a fleet of thirty Portuguese ships had reached the coast, and, not daring to risk a battle in the narrow harbor of Recife, proceeded southward to the mouth of the San Francisco river, which was at the time in the possession of that nation, and landed a force of three thousand men, with a dozen pieces of artillery; with which, as soon as the overland march could be made, the besieging force at Olinda and Recife was augmented, and more strenuous efforts made for the reduction of the place. The savage, Camaram, had also returned with a fresh and stronger force of warriors, eager for captives and plunder, and the Dutch soon found work of the severest kind demanded of them, if they would hold both places. Though but a short distance apart, the line of communication was not entirely cleared of forest; and the timber afforded hiding places for the Guanari, who destroyed all small parties attempting to pass between the towns, and, if driven from their haunts one day, returned to them the next. On one occasion when Liutnant Dekker had been sent in command of an escort for a convoy of provisions from Recife, and the fighting had been unusually severe, he was recognized by some of the warriors of Camaram; and the consequent rush for his recapture was only defeated after a desperate hand-to-hand combat. Soon after the close struggle began he was astonished to find near him his Amazonian friend, armed with bow and arrows, whose poisoned shafts, carried from the scene of their escape, rendered good and effective service.

When the ambuscade had been broken up and driven from the ground, and the march of the convoy and its guard resumed, the young woman placed herself at his side.

"Why camest thou hither?" was his first question.

"I have watched for thee, day by day, and knew of thy coming on this duty."

"But why should that bring thee, also?" Thou art not required to go into danger. If it comes to thee in the town, thou must face it; but why go afield to seek it?"

"Because thou wert going. Thou art the only person living for whom I care, and I know thy fate if thou shouldst fall, wounded, or be taken by Camaram; and then life would be nothing to me. My father more than once told me how the women of his land had fought for their homes. Why, then, may not I fight, also?"

"The women of my land have fought when their homes were assailed or the men had been slain. But I have no control over thee; if thou choosest to go armed into battle that is thine own risk. But I shall have sorrow if aught of ill comes to thee.

"Other than thee I love no living thing. I have heard of a tribe of female warriors, living on the great river, who go forth in large bodies to fight, and who will have no men among them. Why may not I fight as well as they? Let me stay near thee. Thou art of the country of my father, and we have escaped together from the Guanari; and we have much in common."

"As I have said, I have no control over thee. But shouldst thou continue to accompany me thou wilt cause misconception of thy motives among the soldiers, and we shall both suffer from it. Be persuaded, and remain where thou hast been given shelter in Recife."

The girl was at length induced to abandon for the time her designs for active campaigning, though she saw her idol—for such had the officer become to her—daily.

The siege progressed but slowly. The commander of this investing force meant to be sure of all the ground he gained, and covered all his approaches by heavy lines of intrenchments; while the Dutch added day by day to their defenses. But, if both towns were to be defended, communication must be kept open between them; and the line, though not too long to prevent attempts to traverse it by strong bodies, was too extended to be fully fortified, and the Portuguese, after a careful inspection of the ground at night, by the commander in person, determined on attacks on both places at the same time; that on Recife being only heavy enough to keep its garrison employed, while the main force should attempt the storming of Olinda.

Confident of his ability to hold his ground with his land forces only, the Dutch commander had determined to effect a diversion, and cripple most seriously the power of the enemy, by sending Van Kampe, with all the armed vessels of the fleet, in search of that of the foe at the southward; a very unwise proceeding, as their departure could not be concealed from the investing forces, open as the harbor was to its view; and further information was added by spies, who, despite all precautions by both forces, found their way to and fro between the hostile armies.

Preparations for the attack were at length completed, but not secretly enough to prevent the Dutch spies from carrying information of it to the commanding officer, and preparations were at once made to meet it. As the dispositions of the storming force were communicated to both garrisons, and it was thus known where the real attack would be made, the works at Olinda were more strongly manned by a night movement, and among the reinforcements was the company of Liutnant Dekker. Loando having been recaptured* by the Portuguese, Majoor Cornelis, who had been left in command, had been exchanged, and returned to Brazil with a small detachment of troops, and was assigned to the command of those sent from Recife.

Camaram, with his horde of Guanari, was selected by the Portuguese commander for the assault on the main works of Olinda, and was to be supported by a force of Mamelucos and a small body of the best disciplined of the white troops of the investing force. This was done because it was expected that the resistance would be desperate and the loss heavy; and the civilized commander was not so chivalrous as to prevent him from sacrificing his savage allies to save his own countrymen.

All dispositions for the attack having been made, the works were subjected to a heavy cannonading for twenty-four hours, and as the next day dawned the main body of the Guanari, led by Camaram in person, and supported as stated, rushed to the assault. With a pertinacity and desperation very rarely found in unorganized and undisciplined savages, one body swarmed into the shallow ditch, and, mounting on the shoulders of companions, climbed the slope of the intrenchments, and leaped down inside, to meet the most obstinate resistance. Another party, carrying at the first charge the light "curtain" connecting the main redoubt with a smaller one, swept away the single line which had occupied it, and, getting to the rear of the inclosed work, the exulting hordes charged the gate. But the resistance it met enabled the garrison to bring the pieces of artillery to bear upon the passageway around the ends of the "traverse" covering the opening, and as, led by the savage Mameluco chief, that party broke down the first resistance and attempted to penetrate into the body of the work, it was torn into fragments by the discharges of the cannon, which had been heavily loaded with musket balls. The Mamelucos, appalled by the wholesale slaughter, attempted to retreat through the gate; but the space had been filled by the head of the Portuguese battalion, rendering egress impossible at that moment, and the artillery of the defenders, fired with the utmost rapidity possible with the kind of ammuni-

*See Southey's History of Brazil, Vol. II., pp. 207, 208, 209.

tion used, wrought awful havoc. Despite the carnage, the civilized, organized assailants persisted in their attempts to gain the interior, until nearly all the Mamelucos having fallen or made their way singly through the ranks of the Portuguese, the latter found themselves facing the guns and with no shelter from their fire. At the first discharge the head of the column disappeared, swept out of existence, before the second, what was left of the body, fell back in disorder, not to be rallied again.

Camaram had fallen early in the fight,* but his followers fought on; and wielding lance and war club, and, plying their long bows, made for use as both bow and spear,† in groups or singly, they contested the ground desperately.

From other positions both parties sent reinforcements to the scene, but those for the defense were first to arrive, and turned the tide of battle in favor of their friends. But the enemy did not even then abandon the ground, and in the crowded arena single combats took place wherever the savages found opportunity to attack persons out of ranks. Liutnant Dekker, who had become separated by a few yards from his company, suddenly found himself attacked by two of the spearmen, and in the act of parrying the thrust of one, received a wound in the arm from the other, who had his weapon drawn back and poised to repeat the blow, when he was struck in the eye by an arrow, and the officer turned to find at his side the Boviander girl, who had followed the reinforcement to the scene, and searched among the combatants until she found the object of her quest, at a moment when any aid was of the greatest value.

But her joyful exclamation at her success had scarcely crossed her lips, when a random bullet from a Portuguese musket struck her in the throat, and she fell dead into the arms of him whose life she had just saved.

There was no time to indulge in any expressions of sorrow, or even to care for the body of the heroic martyr—for such she really was—and it lay where it fell till the conflict closed; while the tide of battle swept over it again and again, as first one, then another, of the contestants seemed to gain advantage over others; civilized and savage meeting in desperate struggle; all order lost and hellish chaos ruling over all.

But the veteran Cornelis, who had in his earlier life as a soldier seen the famed Spanish infantry driven back through breaches in city walls in Holland, and had not become confused by the carnage, rallied

*For death of Camaram see Southey's History of Brazil, Vol. II., p. 206.

†For description of bows, also of bolas, see Southey's Brazil, Vol. II., p. 369.

those who were left of two companies of pikemen, and charged the last of the Portuguese, who had, in the confusion, climbed the broken parapet where their cannonade had damaged it most, and gained the interior of the work. The assault was so unexpected and so vigorous that the intruders were driven across the main space, and, among the disorganized allies, their formation was soon lost; and the broken ranks, pushed into a corner where unbroken embankments and undamaged revetment prevented escape, surrendered. Some of the Mamelucos followed their example, but those of the untamable Guanari who could not escape died fighting.

Among the prisoners was de Bra. As soon as he was recognized by his uncle, Majoor Cornelis, and Liutnant Dekker, he was separated from his comrades and sent off to close confinement in Recife, and his case reported to the commander. When this had been done the last named officer began a search for the body of the companion whose arrow had saved him from the Guanari spear, and having found it, under those of friends as well as foes who had fallen in the melee, caused it to be carried out of the work, and carefully prepared for burial, by members of her sex. When that had been done, he accompanied it to its final resting place, where the rites of Christian sepulture were administered by a pastor of the Dutch forces. Though he could not return the affection she had entertained, he did appreciate the sacrifice she had made for him, and his words, "I shall have sorrow if aught of ill comes to thee," were realized; and it was with a heavy heart that he left the spot, and, long after, the memory of what she had done for him saddened the hours of retrospection.

The disposition of the wounded prisoners and burial of the dead, friends and foes alike, demanded immediate attention, and the work of clearing the ground was begun as soon as possible after the close of the desperate struggle. When the party detailed for the duty found the shattered body of the Mameluco leader, they found with it the sword of Liutnant Dekker, and it was restored to its owner.

For de Bra there could be but one fate. Among reinforcements which had left Holland after his escapade were officers who knew of it, and had no difficulty in identifying him. When he found that his fate was sealed, he became defiant, boasted that his taking service in the Dutch army was for the purpose of furnishing information to the Spanish and Portuguese governments, and ended with a curse for the woman who had balked his plan of abduction, as well as for those who had captured him. A detail of musketeers; a figure, blindfolded, standing beside an open grave in the early morning; a sharp command; the rattle of a volley; and he had gone to his final account.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EVOLUTION OF ARMY REFORMS.

MORE than a quarter of a century ago, upon the recommendation of General Sherman, three officers of the American Army were sent around the world to investigate the armies of the various countries with a view to determining in what manner that of the United States could be improved. General Emory Upton, who had won distinguished honors during the Civil War, was the principal officer of this party, the other two members being General Forsyth and General Sanger. The letter of instructions to General Upton which was prepared in person by General Sherman, directed that the party proceed via San Francisco to the Orient, thence to the British possessions in India, on to Russia and back through Europe and England. Upon the conclusion of this most interesting and instructive tour a general report was prepared by General Upton and special reports on cavalry and artillery were prepared by the remaining members of the party. In those days the Government was not so generous as now in the matter of public printing and these reports were not made public through official channels. General Upton's report, however, was so clearly a valuable production that its publication was undertaken by a prominent publisher. As a result of all his investigations General Upton concentrated his ideas of those features worthy of imitation into these brief suggestions which are particularly interesting in the light of subsequent action:

"First.—The three or four battalion system for infantry regiments.

Second.—A system of detail whereby an officer may serve alternately in the staff and the line.

Third.—A system of personal reports, by means of which the Government may be informed of the character, capacity and qualifications of all its officers.

Fourth.—Examinations previous to promotion.

Fifth.—Schools for enlisted men.

Sixth.—Schools and qualifications for officers preparatory to receiving commissions.

Seventh.—Schools for officers in the art of war and the higher branches of their profession, subsequent to receiving commissions."

Besides these categorical recommendations General Upton urged at length the formation of a National Volunteer Reserve; the establishment of a General Staff Crops; the limitation of tours of staff duty for certain classes of officers and the authorization of summary punishment for minor offenses.

It should be remembered that General Upton was one of the brightest of a galaxy of young officers who rose rapidly to high rank in the Civil War and that immediately upon the close of that struggle he took up the questions of reforming our drill regulations and army methods generally. His observant and highly trained faculties had led him to believe that our drill regulations or tactics, as they were then known, were susceptible of great improvement and that our administrative methods conducted by permanent staff bureaus were inelastic and not adapted to obtaining the best results in war. He had at that early day also come to the conclusion that a General Staff was essential to perfect the American military system, but he encountered, in formulating his opinion, similar obstacles as all those who have undertaken a solution of this question from the same point of view; that is to say, the adoption of a plan for establishing a General Staff Corps, subject to the orders of two independent functionaries, the Secretary of War and the Commanding General of the Army.

A careful consideration of General Upton's report must bring the conviction to the average military student that he was substantially correct in all his arguments and recommendations for the improvement of our service and that those arguments and reasons were based upon an experience in actual war which has come to but few of those even who participated in the great conflict from 1861 to 65. His energy, ability and active mind caused him to be constantly pushed to the front and the wounds received by him in the fierce conflicts of the war attest in the highest manner that in addition to all of his other soldierly qualifications he possessed courage to an eminent degree. He was, soon after the war, detailed as Commandant of Cadets at West Point and while there continued his studies and perfected his well known tactics or drill regulations.

The failure of his earnest efforts to bring about the army reforms which he saw so plainly were essential to future success, was due not so much to his being a prophet ahead of his generation, but rather to the fact that the two million men who then represented the military sentiment of the country had had enough of war and had gone to their homes to take up anew the struggle of life and were devoting all their

energies to set in motion the wheels of that modern progress which has eventuated in the greatest industrial and agricultural development known in any like period of the world's history. These men were tired of war and looked upon the small regular army as an insignificant affair, hardly worth modernizing during the life-time of the great army of ex-volunteers. The Senate and House of Representatives soon became filled with ex-volunteers, and from that time to the present day, it has always been more or less difficult to convince committees composed of gentlemen who have seen service in the Civil War that the methods in vogue during that war can be improved upon. This is not to be wondered at, for the world has never seen such a war as that waged between the States, and the difference which obtains between modern arms and those in use forty years ago are not so apparent to people who have never had an opportunity to observe modern weapons in use. It was this revolution in warfare witnessed by Upton when the breech loading rifle and metallic cartridge were brought into use for the army which caused him to recognize the urgent need of a reorganization and modification of our methods. The influence of the modern system had been made apparent to him during the Civil War when the cavalry, armed with breech loading carbines, was enabled to multiply its fire to an extent that astonished their opponents still using muzzle loading arms.

Nearly all that General Upton contended for a quarter of a century ago has been gradually accomplished, much of it by men working assiduously to correct known evils but in ignorance of many of the painstaking arguments wrought out by Upton and others along the same lines.

The first of General Upton's recommendations, the introduction of the three battalion system, was recommended by Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield during their administrations without avail. It was not until the war with Spain was actually declared that a bill prepared by an informal board of officers in the War Department providing the three battalion organization for the infantry was enacted into law. The new organization was made permanent in the general reorganization measure which became a law February 2, 1901.

The same act embraced the provisions establishing the detail system whereby an officer may serve alternately in staff and line, which was the second of General Upton's recommendations. Under a law of similar purport, enacted in the early part of the last century, serious difficulty was encountered because no provision was made for filling vacancies in the line caused by the detachment of officers. This

attempt to practice an unwise economy later proved the downfall of the system because the line could not stand the depletion of officers which resulted. To prevent a recurrence of this condition provision has been made for filling vacancies of line officers detailed in the staff. This system not only preserves the line on an efficient basis, but operates to cause promotions, according to seniority, from the lower grades to each vacancy created by the detail of an officer of higher grade to duty in a staff department. Under the old system permanent appointments in the staff departments were made from civil life or the next lower grade in the line and were quite generally based as much upon influence as upon efficiency records. The detail system will undoubtedly enlarge the military horizon of line officers and give them an experience which must prove of benefit to them and the country should they continue in the service and reach the higher grades.

It is possible that experience may prove that a continuance of the detail system in some highly techincal positions may be unwise. On the other hand the system should not be condemned because of any failure resulting from not properly executing the law. It is absolutely necessary to have an accurate record kept of each officer's staff service in order that his accomplishments and aptitude may be known. When the high pressure of the past few years will admit of it every line officer detailed in a staff department should be given an opportunity to learn the various duties of his new position.

The third of General Upton's recommendations required no legislation and was established by an order during the administration of Secretary Lamont. The prevailing disbelief in the efficacy of the efficiency records has caused much embarrassment in establishing them as reliable and accurate sources of information, but a steady improvement has been noticeable. With the establishment of the General Staff Corps and the numerous opportunities existing for testing theoretical and practical knowledge, the efficiency record of each officer should become in time a valuable index of his character and aptitude. Much depends on the care with which superior officers watch the development of subordinates and the integrity with which they report upon them. Commanding officers frequently report all subordinates as possessing the same degree of talent and excellence throughout; such reports are untrue to nature, are of little value to higher authority and unfair to the officers concerned.

General Upton's fourth recommendation covered examinations for promotions which were instituted in the Army under authority of

Congress 1890, and since that time at least two thousand officers subject to the provisions of the law have been examined. The fact that of all this number no officers have been dropped from the rolls for failure to pass the mental examination has led to much criticism and deserves special consideration.

For some years prior to the war with Spain nearly all vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant were filled from West Point and the ranks, very few civilians having been appointed. The examinations for admission of candidates from the ranks and from civil life were of such character as to insure a class of officers mentally competent to fit themselves, by a little application, for subsequent examination for promotion. Upon the passage of the act requiring examination for promotion all officers in the army who were subject to this provision began to prepare themselves for what was regarded at the time as a trying ordeal. Under the provision of the first order a system of written examinations was developed requiring from two to three weeks to complete the examination for promotion to any grade. There was nothing, however, in the examination which an officer of average ability could not master in a short time with a little application. Fearing the discredit which would attach to failure, officers generally put forth their best efforts and examining boards recognizing this fact were very loth to recommend suspension or dismissal of those who did not obtain a high standard of qualification. Many critics have argued that as no dismissals took place under the system of examination it was not fairly carried out, and that it was impossible that all American officers should be up to the standard required under the orders prescribing the qualifications for promotion. To prevent inequalities in the standard demanded a central board was organized at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for the examination of all officers in the army. The result so far as the disqualification of any officers is concerned was just the same as when transient boards were ordered at various posts.

About a year before the war with Spain it had become apparent that officers were kept away from duty on an average of nearly a month at each examination for promotion. In order to curtail the expense and time, boards were authorized to conduct oral examinations and resort to the written only in case of failure in the oral examinations. Upon the outbreak of the war with Spain it became necessary to examine a large number of officers quickly, and the requirements for promotion were modified according to the discretion of the various boards before which officers were ordered for examina-

tion. It soon became apparent that the examinations were farcical and were really no justification for the expense incident to ordering officers before them. It ultimately became a settled conviction at the War Department that nothing valuable could be expected from the continuance of such conditions, but the fact that a large portion of the army was undergoing active field service of such a character as to prevent any preparation for technical examination rendered it inadvisable to institute again the requirements originally fixed for the examinations for promotion. Such an experience as has been briefly outlined would seem to justify the criticism of the entire system of examination for promotion, but in consideration of the fact that the law was enacted as a measure resulting from recommendations of a large number of officers having the best interest of the service at heart it does not seem wise to condemn it, but rather to make an effort to secure reasonable and proper results from a fair execution of the statute. In the original scheme, owing to lack of experience and to avoid undue hardship to worthy officers who had spent many years in active service, it was provided under the law that officers who had served during the Civil War should not be discharged from the army by reason of failure in the mental examination and the character of the examination was made sufficiently simple to enable the older officers to qualify for promotion.

In 1897 certain modifications were made with a view to inducing the captains coming up for promotion to the grade of field officers to prepare themselves in a broader way professionally than had been hitherto required and at the same time omitting a considerable amount of technical detail which had been previously demanded. Amongst other things a military problem such as would find application in any war was substituted for a considerable portion of the technical examination for captains. To test this system problems were prepared for two separate examining boards, one held at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and the other at Governors Island, New York, and topographical maps were furnished to each officer upon which to work out his problem. Upon the conclusion of the examination it was proposed to publish solutions of one of each of these problems with a view to encouraging officers to take up the study of such matters. A distinguished general officer recommended that none of them be published, because of the unsatisfactory manner in which the problems had been handled. Doubtless the publication of a few simple problems with solutions by officers of recognized experience and ability would have a tendency to encourage officers to study along the lines which

would fit them for the solution of similar theoretical problems and for their practical application in actual war. This could not prove otherwise than beneficial to the service as a whole. It has become apparent that secrecy concerning the examination is not advantageous, and in the order recently prepared by the War College Board it is contemplated that officers shall be furnished with copies of the lists from which questions are selected, as it will enable them to better prepare, not only for the examinations, but for the performance of their duties.

The opinion that the army is being over-educated is occasionally heard, but this view is entirely without justification. When it is considered that a large proportion of the young officers enter the army directly from civil life and are habitually sent, without previous preparation, at once to duty with the companies to which assigned, the necessity for theoretical instruction becomes urgent. When a great war comes upon the country there is always a great demand for regular officers, because of their supposed superiority of professional attainment. If the regulars should content themselves with the performance of routine drills and ceremonies they would soon learn that many militia organizations are their equals. The theory upon which the system of officers' schools at posts is based contemplates that the country has a right to ascertain the degree of aptitude of those who are to lead its armies in future and at the same time to afford an opportunity for each officer to acquire a theoretical and practical knowledge of all the duties of his grade. If the services of a lawyer or physician are required a sensible man seeks one who has been trained in his profession. The War Department is constantly importuned for appointments in the army for inexperienced young men recommended by their friends as "natural born soldiers and not fit for anything else." It is intended that every subaltern shall fit himself for his profession, and having established the fact by accomplishing the brief course prescribed, he will then be at liberty to branch out in his studies. Regular officers are expected to be able to represent the country creditably in isolated situations. An officer's first duty is to do continually the things which keep him in condition to perform the practical duties of his profession; in the average garrison abundance of time will be available for this and for any special studies. One who works hard all the time to accomplish physical and mental tasks finds things easier than one who must pull himself together for each undertaking.

Much of the school work now required would be unnecessary if General Upton's recommendation—the sixth—had been inaugurated.

An effort was made last year to provide for a course of instruction for candidates before receiving commissions, and when it seemed in a fair way of accomplishment in Congress a cry was raised that it was intended to put obstacles in the way of the "born soldiers," and the matter had to be temporarily abandoned.

The remaining features of General Upton's recommendations have been long since established. The schools for enlisted men have languished and have rarely been worthy of encouragement. The standard has been low and in view of the generous opportunities open to all boys to acquire elementary education in this country there is no reason for continuing such schools. If held during the day the men are taken away from the performance of their legitimate duties, which is a serious matter in an enlistment limited to three years. The whole time of regular soldiers should be devoted to learning thoroughly their military duties so that they may be not only valuable men in the active army but able to render expert assistance in training volunteers in war.

The service schools have been installed on a secure foundation and will be soon re-enforced by the War College. These establishments are so well known that a discussion of their merits seems unnecessary.

The authority for the establishment of a National Volunteer Reserve was denied by the Senate after the necessary legislation had passed the House. It will require a continued campaign of education to accomplish this desirable legislation, for there is much political prejudice against any system which removes from the States the patronage incident to the organization of volunteers. But the authority for a reserve will come in time, for recent experience has disclosed a willingness to listen to reasonable arguments and it will not be long before Congress will see the wisdom of this action.

One of the most important reforms which has been frequently recommended yet but little understood is the organization of a General Staff Corps which under authority of Congress will become an accomplished fact during the coming summer.

About fifteen years ago Professor Michie published a monograph on "The Personnel of Sea-coast Defense," in which he presented the urgent need of the establishment of an Artillery Corps. The more the subject was considered the more general became the conviction that a change from the regimental organization was demanded by modern conditions. The Act making this change had already passed both the Senate and the House when it was assailed and was near to defeat because of divided counsels within the army. It is easily understood

how Military Committees of Congress should have some hesitancy in deciding as to what is right when military men appear before them with widely divergent views. The army has suffered much disappointment in years gone by and those most familiar with the neglect of Congress in the matter of needful legislation now stand amazed at the successful efforts of the present Secretary of War during his comparatively brief official life. It is not to be expected that a unanimous verdict can be reached by army officers on questions of needed modifications of the military system; it may, however, be accepted by the army as beyond the possibility of contradiction that if the officers of both line and staff will in future present their views for the consideration of the General Staff Corps, which will be representative of the entire service, and will loyally accept the ultimate decision of the Secretary of War, there will be no difficulty in securing all reasonable and proper legislation.

WM. H. CARTER,

Brigadier General, U. S. A.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

AN analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

The articles in our exchanges bearing on this subject are comparatively few and unimportant this month:

1. Legislative Development of the Army.—*Army and Navy Register,* March 14.
2. Military Impressions of Delhi.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* March 7, 21.
3. The Army of Spain.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* March 14, 21.
4. The Japanese Army.—*Military Mail,* March 20.
5. The Conditions Governing the Efficiency of Armies of the Present Day.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* March.
6. Changes in the World's Armies.—*Internationale Revue,* March; *Journal Royal United Service Institution,* March.

The first of these is a very interesting compilation, made from official sources in the Adjutant General's Office, of the development of the Service under constantly changing statutes, beginning with the Revolution and closing with the Act of February 2, 1901.

The second article relates to the native cavalry, and is the result of inspections at the recent maneuvers in Delhi. We quote the following:

"There was certainly no subject of more general admiration at the Delhi Durbar than the cavalry of the Indian army. This is saying a good deal. But the closer the inquiry into its composition and organization the greater the interest. There are 19 regiments of Bengal Cavalry, seven of Bombay, four of the Punjab, and two of Central Indian Horse. These have four squadrons, each with a British squadron leader and squadron officer, a British colonel, and a medical officer. There are also three regiments of Madras Cavalry, and four in the

Hyderabad Contingent. But these latter seven corps have three squadrons instead of four, and their organization is on a different footing to the 32 regiments first named. The government mounts and equips the Madras and Hyderabad cavalry. The others are on the Siladar basis—that is, they mount and equip themselves. Nor is there on that account any lack of recruits. They have not to be attracted by bounties or specious arguments at the street corner. They are eager to serve for the honor of serving. Of what class are such men? Nearly all landowners or the sons of landowners—real yeomen, in fact. Whence come they? Despite the nomenclature of Bengal and Bombay, the great majority of troopers are furnished by the fighting races of the north—not a few even by the Pathan tribes, to whom war is second nature. They either bring a serviceable horse, accepted as a charger, or a capital of from 200 to 250 rupees (about £15), and in some regiments even more. They have to furnish high testimonials. If after such probation as to the colonel seems proper a recruit is accepted, he passes beneath an arch of swords or lances, and issues an admitted sowar. * * * * It rarely happens that more than half of the nine combatant British officers are present at the same time. Command of a squadron or a wing frequently falls, therefore, to quite young men. The tests to which officers volunteering from the British army for the Indian army are subjected ensures a very high standard, and the best naturally go to the cavalry, offering, as it does, great advantages. The work is hard, but it is well done, and no finer body of men exists. They are on the best of terms with the native officers.

"These are nominated by the colonel and rise from jemadars at £5 a month to risaldar-major at £20. The risaldar-major is practically the medium of communication between the colonel, the adjutant, and the native officers. They spend their lives with the regiment. The length of the service of the non-commissioned officers and men also frequently extends to 25 or 30 years. Then they are entitled to a pension, and take back to their farms not only the initial capital, but the rupees, often 500 or 600 standing to their credit in the treasure-chest. The interest in the regiment remains unbroken. Many pensioners travelled hundreds of miles to be with their old corps at Delhi, some bringing grandsons, with the ambition one day to be allowed to wear the emperor's uniform.

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"In point of mobility a regiment of Indian cavalry leaves nothing to be desired. It is complete in itself, ready to move away at any time,

the only necessity being a telegram along the line of route to have forage available at the halting-places. The physical condition seldom also leaves much to be desired. There is scarcely any crime and practically no drunkenness. A court-martial is almost an historical event. The regimental strength is 625, all with horses. But on mobilization one squadron is for reserve. This reduces the fighting line to 500 sabres. Far better that it should be 1,000. Man for man, officer for officer, leader for leader, the Indian cavalry has no superior, and it is capable of much expansion at comparatively small cost under a liberal system of long furlough."

The third article on the new army of Spain contains some interesting points. The total peace strength is 80,000 men, consequently its units of organization are largely skeletons. The 56 regiments of infantry have turned all their men into the first battalions, preserving the second only in skeleton form. The cavalry, in the same way, has only three squadrons to the regiment, the fourth being only in skeleton, utilized to instruct recruits. Each of the 13 field artillery regiments has 3 rapid-fire batteries (7 centimeter) and 2 9-centimeter batteries, each battery of 4 pieces, 4 caissons and 2 battery wagons.

The fourth article is brief and contains some severe criticisms of the Japanese army.

The fifth of the above articles is a translation of an extended article by General Rothe, of the German artillery. It is very comprehensive and thorough, and worthy of careful study. We can quote but a few of the great principles set forth:

"One result of the advanced state of civilization of the present day is that all nationas become more or less fellow-sufferers by any disturbance of the peace. So the higher the aspirations of a nation, the more valuable its possessions, the more noble its aims, and the more full of promise its future, all the more imperative does it become its duty as it is also to its interest to intervene for the maintenance of peace.

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"It becomes, therefore, more than ever the duty of a belligerent power, war once kindled, to bring it to an end in the shortest possible time. For it is only by a short war that the unchaining and intervention of dangerous human passions can be guarded against. The more powerful the sword and the more skilfully it is wielded, the more quickly will its work be completed, the less will be the sacrifice in blood and property on both sides, and the more easy to be borne the after effects of the war.

"It is, therefore, a natural and immutable demand of our time that, as the commercial competition between nations becomes keener, there should also be a corresponding growth in their land and sea forces. A strong military power can in all sincerity be considered as a guardian of the peace and promoter of the general well-being. The military strength of a nation is to-day in a certain measure a test of the value which it puts on its possessions, interests, and duties. But it is also true that a military power is only strong if its moral development keeps equal pace with its growth. This is no new requirement, but it has assumed a greater importance with the destructive effect of modern weapons and the growth of armies, while at the same time it has become more difficult to ensure it.

"The higher branches of armies have increased both in number and strength, and especially the artillery; for the corps, in spite of the destructive effect of modern weapons, have to be made capable of carrying out their duties independently. At the same time the supply columns and trains are larger in proportion to the fighting troops than formerly, and consequently the dead weight continually increases which is attached to them; the different kinds of quick-firing weapons require more ammunition, and the larger armies, as they will no longer be able to subsist as much as they used to do upon the theatre of war, must be accompanied by greater quantities of supplies.

"Practical knowledge cannot dispense with scientific; and the higher the standard of the general education of a nation—and with it that of the bulk of the army—the greater becomes the necessity that the leaders should combine the most perfect practical training with a high standard of military and general knowledge. And as long as this education keeps apart from mere book-learning, as long as it is based on practical experience, and confers on its possessor greater freedom and confidence in the execution of his duty, it tends directly to the improvement of his professional education.

"Military history takes a high place among the subjects to be mastered to-day by officers. The conduct of war and leadership in battle are naturally subject to continual modification; but the changes brought about by modern weapons and the growth of armies are greater and more important than formerly; and we have no example as yet which will serve to guide us. All the more important and more difficult, therefore, is it to obtain a just estimate of their influence, as also of the demands which they will impose upon the military machine and its proper use in the future. Only a mind carefully trained in military lore will be able to adapt itself to these new conditions.

"The active period of service is almost universally too short for imparting all the qualities, tending to make up the strength of an army, which are demanded to-day. But as a preliminary to its work and hand in hand with it, go the education of the people and the school of life, which are shaped and influenced by the state. For the state has a paramount interest not only in demanding those qualities that are of use to the defenders of the fatherland, but in ensuring them. For the majority of the army in case of mobilization is drawn from the reserves, and in almost all cases in almost all countries the men are transferred from the regular and narrow restricted life of the factory, to the constantly changing, strenuous work of war, which claims the men's whole energies.

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"Thus it will be seen that the conditions on which the efficiency of a modern army ultimately depend are both complex and difficult to analyze; but without their due comprehension the successful prosecution of a war is impossible. War is the final arbiter between nations, and it alone decides whether the conditions for survival are present in the race, and have been duly and intelligently appreciated. It is not only the touchstone of the army but of the nation itself."

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

The articles under this heading relate mostly to the annual maneuvers of the world's armies:

1. School of Instruction, Chelsea Barracks.—*Military Mail,* March 6.
2. Infantry Drill Regulations (French).—*Revue du Cercle Militaire.*
3. Maneuvers in Hungary, 1902.—*Internationale Revue, Beiheft* 38.
4. The Naval War Game.—*Scientific American Supplement,* April 4.
5. Maneuvers of 1903 (Austria).—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* March 14.
6. Maneuvers of 1903 (British).—*Same,* February 28.
7. Maneuvers of 1903 (German).—*Same,* March 7.
8. Maneuvers of 1903 (French).—*Same,* February 28.
9. Autumn Maneuvers.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* March 7.

The first relates to a British institution, which is peculiar. It is designed especially for the militia and volunteer officers:

"It is the ambition of every militia and volunteer officer to pass the School of Instruction held monthly at Chelsea Barracks, and which is practically a month's military training."

The article on the maneuvers in West Hungary is a complete review and criticism (with map) of the maneuvers which comprised two army corps, and were therefore more important than the usual grand maneuvers of but one such corps.

The second concludes a series of articles on the new Drill Regulations.

The third article is a continuation of the mimic naval war (according to Jane's War Game) between the United States and Germany, in which the United States torpedo boats destroyed the German fleet.

The next four articles give the times and places of this year's *grand* maneuvers:

Austria (two army corps), on the borders of Hungary and Transylvania, lasting 20 days.

British (two army corps and all available cavalry and mounted infantry) in the counties of Hampshire, Oxfordshire, Wilts, Gloucestershire, Somerset and Dorset, in the second week of August, lasting about 6 weeks.

German (four army corps), in September.

French: Two army corps in central France, and two in the southeast.

The last article is on the coming British maneuvers. The commanding generals will be Sir John French and Sir Evelyn Wood.

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

1. Campaigns against India from the West and Through Afghanistan.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* March.

2. The Strategy of the Prussians.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 48.

3. The Duties of Cavalry.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* February 28; March 7.

4. Tactical Problem.—*Same,* March 7.

5. The Defense of Coasts.—*Same,* March 1, 14, 21.

6. Partisan and Guerrilla Warfare.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* March.

7. What Has the Boer War to Teach Us, as Regards Infantry Attack.—*Same.*

8. A New Tactical System.—*Same.*

The first is an interesting résumé of the campaigns against India, beginning with that of Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, in the twelfth century B. C.

The second discusses the strategy of the Prussians from the Battle of Nachod to that of St. Quentin.

The third is the conclusion of a series of articles on the rôle of cavalry in war, and compares the available cavalry in the triple and the double alliances, respectively, in case of war.

The fourth is the usual tactical problem in the *Revue,* but this one is of more than usual interest as it is the one prepared for the examination of officers for the staff college.

The fifth considers the necessity for defending coast lines, the dangers to which coasts are exposed, and then discusses the three lines of defense: The navy, the coast forts and the mobile army.

The sixth and seventh are continuations of articles previously referred to.

The last is a new naval tactical system (fully illustrated by diagrams) by Rear-Admiral Börresen, chief of the Norwegian naval staff.

ARTILLERY AND FORTIFICATIONS.

1. The Royal Gunpowder Factory.—*Military Mail,* March 20.
2. Similarity of the French and the German Artillery Material.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 48.
3. Artillery Questions.—*Same.*
4. The Blockhouse System.—*Army and Navy Journal,* March 21.
5. The Value of Fortifying Cities.—*Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift,* 3.

The first of these is an account of the Royal Gunpowder Factory at Waltham Abbey, Essex.

The second is a comparison of the work of le Creusot and of Krupp.

The third discusses the future of field artillery material.

The fourth relates to the South African blockhouse system, its purpose, utility and defects.

The last article is a thorough discussion of the question of fortifying cities.

SMALL ARMS AND EQUIPMENTS.

1. Abolition of the Lance.—*Military Mail,* March 13; *Army and Navy Gazette,* March 7.

2. The Condemned Lance.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* March 7.
3. A New Field and Navy Litter.
4. The New Rifle (British).—*Indian Volunteer Record,* February 14.
5. Firing and Hitting.—*Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift,* 3.
6. The Thrusting Weapon of Infantry.—*Same.*
7. Protection Against Explosive Bullets.—*Same.*
8. New Explosive Bullet.—*Same.*

The first two articles relate to the abolition of the lance for the British cavalry:

"An army order issued on Wednesday gives the following instructions for the cavalry:

" '1. Regiments of cavalry will, in future, be armed with the carbine (or rifle) and sword. Regiments of lancers, dragoon guards and dragoons will retain the lance as at present, but it will only be carried on escort duty, at reviews, and other ceremonial parades; not on guard, in the field, at maneuvers, or on active service.

" '2. Ten D. P. and 10 exercise lances per squadron will be allowed for each cavalry regiment for use at skill-at-arms practices, tent-pegging, etc., and any lances in excess of that proportion now on charge under Barrack Schedules 30 and 31 will be withdrawn and returned to store. These practices will only be carried out as a means of recreation for the soldier, and time will not be devoted to them at the expense of training in equitation, shooting, swordsmanship, and field work.

" '3. In issuing these instructions, the commander-in-chief desires to impress upon all ranks that although the cavalry are armed with the carbine (or rifle) and sword, the carbine (or rifle) will henceforth be considered as the cavalry soldier's principal weapon.' "

Military Mail strongly favors the change:

"A very important step in the history of the British army has been taken with the abolition of the lance, save for purely ceremonial purposes. It is a course which has been consistently advocated in these columns, and one which should have been taken many years ago. For a long time past expert opinion has been almost unanimously against the retention of the lance, and the sight of military experts agreeing is so rare a one, that, when it does occur, it is all the more remarkable. The lance at best is a clumsy weapon, and a survival of the days of the tournament. Indeed, by its extraordinary antiquity—and it is near akin to the javelin of the Old Testament and the spear—

it has acquired a sentimental interest, and on that account many will be sorry to think that never again on a battlefield will the sight be seen of a line of British soldiers preparing to charge with glittering lance-heads and fluttering pennons.

"Sentiment, however, cannot be permitted to stand in the way of those who would convert the British army into a really efficient fighting machine. As we have already said, the days when the lance might be regarded as a valuable weapon have long since passed; the magazine rifle finally killing it. With the single exception of the gallant charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman, it is difficult in the extreme to recall any occasion when the lance has been really effective. Even at Omdurman, however, we think it is a moot point whether the sword would not have done at least as well, had the cavalry carried it in place of the lance. The same remark applies, too, to the charge at Elandslaagte. One of the great objections to the lance was the great difficulty of recovery, should one miss the mark. Any one who has ever done any tent-pegging can bear witness to this. In a lancer charge, the first thrust was everything. Once that was missed, the lancer had a very poor chance against an opposing swordsman.

"It may be taken for granted that the most suitable arms for the modern cavalrymen to carry are a light, shortened rifle and a sword. We must say, though, that for our own part, we would like to see a somewhat lighter sword issued than the pattern at present in use. Its very weight, at times, is against a tired cavalryman, worn out, perhaps, with a long ride and hard fighting, making the use of it that he might do were it lighter. This, however, is a question which need not be gone into at the present time. It is to be hoped, and, indeed, expected, that now that the lance is to be retained solely and simply for ceremonial use, less time will be spent on drilling with it. The time so saved might, with advantage, be devoted to musketry."

But the *Army and Navy Gazette* as strongly opposes it:

"The new order with reference to the future equipment of our cavalry cannot be regarded otherwise than with the deepest regret. It is presumably the result of careful consideration on the part of Lord Roberts and his immediate advisers, but on the face of it it bears all too clearly the hall mark of the extreme South African military school, a school whose teaching has not yet been demonstrated as finally correct under all circumstances. Indeed, as to the value of the lance in the hands of a mounted soldier, there is considerable rea-

son to believe that this was fully justified on the few occasions on which during the late war the weapon had a fair chance, and that any opinion adverse to it is to be received with the greatest caution. There can be no doubt that, in the pursuit after the engagement at Elandslaagte, the 5th Lancers did what no other troops could have done so well, while, in the advance on Kimberley and at the battle of Diamond Hill, lancers struck terror into their enemies."

The third article describes a very useful litter, which appears to fulfill the conditions of field and naval service better than any now in use.

The next article relates to the new British infantry rifle:

"According to the *Times,* the experts having reported on the new service rifle which it is proposed to issue to the army generally, and which has already been issued experimentally to a few battalions, the authorities have this week stopped the issue of the ordinary Lee-Enfield pattern to the regulars, and contracts for the manufacture of the new weapon have already been placed. In accordance with the recommendations of the experts, certain modifications have been introduced which will adapt the weapon equally to the use of cavalry and infantry, and a simple system of fixing the bayonet has been devised."

The fifth is a scientific study and investigation of the probability of hitting, under various conditions of weather, ground and changes of sight for different ranges. The matter is entirely new and is presented clearly.

The sixth describes the bayonets in use by the armies of to-day.

The seventh and eighth articles relate to an explosive bullet which is to give with practically blank fire the same recoil to the arm as the service bullet, so that the soldier is constantly accustomed to this recoil. The old bullet of this kind was found unsafe in the maneuvers, because, although made of wood, and not dangerous beyond 100 yards, soldiers often fired at shorter ranges. The new bullet is no longer dangerous even at five yards, and the *protection* referred to is a jacket on the muzzle of the gun directing the bullet upward.

WARSHIPS.

1. New French Cruiser Jurien de la Gravière.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* March.

2. Changes in the World's Navies.—*Same,* and *Internationale Revue,* March.

3. Is the French Fleet Ready for Action.—*Internationale Revue, Supplement* 48.

The first of these articles is a brief description and a good illustration of a new French cruiser of 5,680 tons, 23 knots, with eight 6.4-inch Q. F. guns, two 9-pounders, ten 3-pounders, six machine guns, and two torpedo tubes.

The last is a brief consideration of the present condition of the French navy.

MILITARY HYGIENE.

The only article on this subject is a most interesting one:

A short account of the results of mosquito work in Havana, Cuba (Gorgas).—*Journal Military Surgeons,* March.

The entire article is extremely instructive, but we can quote but a few extracts here:

"The army board which met in Havana, Cuba, in the fall of 1900, for the study of yellow fever, and of which the late Major Walter Reed was president, demonstrated the mosquito theory, first made known by Dr. Carlos Finlay, and showed conclusively that the mosquito is the only means of propagating this disease.

"Early in the year 1901, after the results of this investigation were published, the Sanitary Department of Havana began extensive work for the destruction of the mosquito. At that time, the prospect for yellow fever was very gloomy. It was evident that general sanitary methods would not eradicate this disease in any reasonable time. While the death rate of the city had steadily improved during 1900, yellow fever had been severe; and the same can be said of the preceding year, 1899, the first year of American occupation. After an entire year of work on the most improved sanitary lines, we had one of the worst winter epidemics that had ever occurred in Havana.

"The work was planned more particularly with regard to yellow fever, and the idea was, first, to prevent in every possible way the breeding of mosquitoes; second, to prevent the Stegomyia mosquitoes from biting yellow fever patients; third, to destroy as far as possible all mosquitoes that had bitten yellow fever patients.

"Careful investigation and study of the question showed that mosquitoes were breeding in almost every house in Havana.

"For killing infected mosquitoes, the yellow fever brigade was organized, the plan being to kill all the infected insects in the suspected house, and on the possibility of some having escaped, to treat contiguous houses in the same manner. Fumigation with pyrethrum powder is used for this purpose. Pyrethrum is not the best mosquitocide, but it injures no fabric and leaves no odor.

"This system has succeeded beyond our fondest expectations. We seem in every case to have destroyed practically all the infected mosquitoes, until gradually all infected mosquitoes in Havana have been killed, or died a natural death.

"Since September 26th we have not had a single case of yellow fever; and I believe that, at the present time, there is not an infected mosquito left in the city, and that Havana will not have any more yellow fever until it is introduced from neighboring towns which may become infected during the summer.

"This is the first time, as far as my information goes, that this system of inspection has ever been used with regard to yellow fever. It is the direct outcome of the mosquito theory. We were convinced that we had nothing to fear from any belongings of the patient, and all that we cared for was to prevent a man from one of these town being taken sick in Havana and poisoning our Stegomyia mosquitoes.

"We can not only point out with a considerable degree of accuracy the decrease in the ratio of deaths, but the actual number of deaths caused by mosquito-borne disease can be compared before and after our mosquito work. In yellow fever it has been entirely successful. The average number of deaths from this disease for the past thirty years has been 706; for the year preceding our mosquito work, there were 310 deaths, and for the year of mosquito work, only 18. Of these 18 deaths 13 occurred before the work commenced."

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. New Observation Kites.—*Scientific American Supplement,* April 11.
2. Automatic Discharge of Ballast for Free Balloons.—*Same.*
3. Financial Lessons from the Late War.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* March.
4. A New Infantry Range Finder.—*Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift,* 3.
5. Bridge Equipage of the French Cavalry.—*Same.*
6. An Ice Bridge.—*Same.*

OUR EXCHANGES.

Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.—*Monthly, 22 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London, S. W. Per year 24s.*

Army and Navy Gazette.—*Weekly,* 3 *York Street, Covent Garden, London. Per year* £1 12*s.* 6*d.*

Notes on Naval Progress.—*Occasional, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.*

Military Mail.—*Weekly, 2 Amen Corner, E. C., London, England. Per year* 8*s.* 8*d.*

Journal of the Military Service Institution.—*Bi-monthly, Governor's Island, New York City. Per year* $2.00.

Journal of the U. S. Cavalry Association.—*Quarterly, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Per year* $2.00.

Army and Navy Journal.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $6.00.

Army and Navy Magazine.—*Monthly, Washington, D. C. Per year* $3.00.

Army and Navy Register.—*Weekly, Washington, D. C. Per year* $3.00.

American Shipbuilder.—*Weekly, 7 Coenties Slip, Water Street, New York City. Per year* $2.00.

Journal of the Association of Military Surgeons.—*Monthly, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Per year* $5.00.

Revue du Cercle Militaire.—*Weekly, 37 Rue de Bellechasse, Paris. Per year 27 fr.*

Scientific American.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $3.00.

The Literary Digest.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $3.00.

The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News.—*Fortnightly, Calcutta, India. Price per year* 15*s.*

Our Naval Apprentice.—*Monthly, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I. Price per year* $1.50.

United Service Magazine.—*Monthly,* 13 *Charing Cross, S. W. London. Per year 27s.*

Internationale Revue.—*Monthly, Blasewitzer Strasse* 15, *Dresden. Per quarter* 8 *fr.*

Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute.—*Quarterly, Annapolis, Md. Price per year* $3.50.

Journal of the U. S. Artillery.—*Bi-monthly, Fort Monroe, Va. Price per year* $2.50.

JOHN P. WISSER,
Major U. S. A.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

A REVOLUTIONARY EPISODE.

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE, THE SPY, AND GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

It is very hard for us of the present day to think of the cruel fate of that elegant gentleman, Major John Andre, who, under the name of "John Anderson," suffered death as a British spy by hanging, without shedding a tear for his untmely death, and throwing the mantle of charity over a deed which, if it had been successful, might have plunged the colonies into a desperate state of despair, and indefinitely prolonged the war of the Revolution. If your readers who are interested in whatever befell this unfortunate man will read a novel called "A Great Treason," by Mary E. Hoppus, an English writer, who obtained the material of her story from documents in the British Museum, it will well repay them. The treason of Benedict Arnold forms the groundwork of this beautiful story—a treason so awful in contemplation that it can be read now only with a shudder, as the mind conjures up what might have been the result to this country had the traitor succeeded in his diabolical attempt.

John Andre, the perfect gentleman and brave soldier, against whom no word of reproach was ever uttered, was born in London. He became, after some military exploits, an adjutant-general of the British army under Sir Henry Clinton, commander of the British forces in this country in the early days of the Revolution. Under the name of "John Anderson" he, Andre, conducted the treacherous negotiations with Arnold, for the surrender of West Point, with whom he had an interview in the woods near Stony Point. On leaving him Arnold gave him six papers, containing full information as to the state of the defences at West Point, and also passes enabling him to return to New York. One Joshua Smith, who was not, however, in the plot, undertook to guide him by land a part of the way. Contrary to the express injunctions of Sir Henry Clinton, Major Andre *adopted a disguise,* and after Smith left him traveled alone toward the city, when he was stopped by three young men whom he supposed to be Tories, but who were, in fact, "cow-boys," or soldiers of fortune, as it were, yet known to be patriotic, to whom Andre incautiously told that he was a British officer. They searched his person, and finding the treasonable documents in his boots, arrested him. He was tried by a board of fourteen American generals, found guilty of acting as a spy, and condemned to death and hanged upon the gallows. His body was buried near the spot where he suffered death, but in 1821 it was taken to England and interred

in Westminster Abbey. His captors, John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Vanwart, were rewarded by Congress with silver medals and an annuity of $200 cash. Full information can be found in Sparks, who wrote a biography of Major Andre more than fifty years ago, as did also Winthrop Sargent in 1861.

The conception of this great treason, whereby one of the bravest officers in the British army suffered death, was the brain work of Benedict Arnold, a brave and reckless officer of the Continental army, but who, becoming dissatisfied with the treatment he received from his superiors, conducted himself so as to be reprimanded by Washington, and finally made up his mind to enact a part similar to that played by General Monk in the restoration of Charles II. to the British crown, for which he was rewarded with the dukedom of Albemarle. The American army, just before the treason of Arnold, was apparently on its last legs; it was half clad, half starved, the soldiers unpaid, and the Colonial money was almost, if not absolutely, worthless. This was Arnold's opportunity, and he took into his confidence Major Andre and an American Loyalist, Beverly Robinson, who were to act on the part of Sir Henry Clinton. By getting the Hudson river into the possession of the British, it was supposed that the American cause would become so hopeless that at least an opportunity would be offered for negotiation, and if successful, Arnold would have the credit of saving the colonies to the mother country, and consequently be liberally rewarded. To accomplish the desired end, he resorted to the blackest treachery. In 1780 he obtained command of West Point, for the very purpose of its capitulation to the enemy, but his scheme to restore America to her old allegiance was detected by the capture of Andre, and he fled to New York, a disgraced and hated traitor, afterward obtaining a brigadier-general's commission in the British army and a sum of money to replace the losses he is said to have incurred in the attempt to sell his country, besides committing numerous depredations on his countrymen. His life has been written by Sparks and Isaac Newton Arnold. Both writers have placed his great treason before the world in a most unenviable light.

It may not be uninteresting to your readers to relate some of the circumstances connected with the arrest of Major Andre, as shown in certain correspondence of the times in connection with his trial and execution as a spy. Although they are doubtless known to every schoolboy in the land, who has been brought up to lament the fate of this brave British officer and gentleman, as well as to turn with loathing from the name of Arnold, his betrayer, these old memories will bear repetition. That the execution of Andre was deeply deplored there can be no doubt. The condition of our army was such as to require his death, and there is no doubt of the sincerity of Washington's belief that Andre "was a spy, and justly amenable to death as such." His very judges bewailed the sad necessity which subjected him to a punishment which revolted his manly soul. So said a writer, and so in effect wrote Harry Lee, the celebrated partisan officer of the Revolution, then major and afterward lieutenant-colonel in the army, who delivered the oration upon the death of Washington. The subjugation of America by the surrender of West Point by Arnold was the object in view, and Sir Henry Clinton committed the management of the

affair, so far as the British were concerned, to Major Andre, who, after the interview above described with Arnold, disguised himself in a country suit, leaving his regimental coat in the house of Smith, and then pushed for New York. When captured by the three young men, thinking them British soldiers, in his transport of joy, he discovered to them his real quality, which sealed his fate. He made every attempt on the virtue of his captors, offering as high as ten thousand guineas for his release, but without avail. After his arrest and sentence, Andre wrote to Sir Henry Clinton acknowledging the justice of his condemnation.

The American officer who had charge of Major Andre after his arrest was Major Benjamin Tallmadge, a graduate of Yale and a man of distinction in the army, and of the strictest integrity, who in 1833 wrote his recollections of the affair to Jared Sparks and Josiah Quincy.

The house to which Andre was taken by Major Tallmadge on the evening of Thursday, Sept. 28, 1780, is still standing in the quaint village of Tappan, and is known as the Seventy-six House. It was here that Alexander Hamilton (then aide to Washington) and other American officers had an interview with the prisoner. It is believed that Washington never saw Andre, although he gave instructions to Tallmadge to treat the prisoner with all the lenity his situation would admit. Had Tallmadge been the officer in command when Andre was captured, Arnold would not have escaped to the sloop-of-war Vulture, then lying off West Point; but, unfortunatly, so little did Colonel Jameson, the officer who received Andre from his captors, think of treason in the air, that he at once sent word to Arnold of the capture. The anxiety and agitation of Andre increased after his arrest in a remarkable degree, and on the afternoon of the day of the occurrence he called for pen, ink and paper, and wrote a letter to General Washington, dated Salem, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1780, in which he disclosed the fact that he was "Major John Andre, Adjutant-General of the British Army." This put a new face upon matters; so much so, that when he handed the letter to Tallmadge to read, the agitation of the latter was extreme, and his emotions wholly indescribable.

When Jameson's unfortunate letter reached Arnold he was breakfasting with two of General Washington's aides, and, knowing that Washington would soon be at West Point, he rose hastily from the table, and proceeded with all possible dispatch to his barge and directed the men to row him down the river; and there he sat, carrying a white flag in his hand, until they reached the sloop-of-war Vulture, which was the same vessel that had brought Andre from New York. Arnold had the meanness to cause the capture of these men, and they were held as prisoners of war by the British. Andre was then carried to West Point, and on the following day was taken down the harbor to Haverstraw. Of the fourteen officers who tried him the president was General Greene, acknowledged to be second only in ability and patriotism to General Washington himself. The sentence of the court was in the following words: "That Major Andre, Adjutant-General to the British Army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death." Tallmadge walked with him to the gallows, entirely overcome with grief, as he expresses it, that so gallant

an officer and so accomplished a gentleman should come to such an ignominious end.

Major Tallmadge says in his recollections that he asked Washington if he would see the prisoner, to which the General answered in the negative. When Tallmadge first saw Andre in custody, the latter wore a shabby surtout over his other plain clothes, which he said he had obtained from Smith when he left with his regimental coat before alluded to. Tallmadge was a man of good intelligence and fine education, and the prisoner warmed towards and opened his heart to him, but it was agreed between them that neither should put a question to the other involving a third party. Tallmadge wished to learn the details of the plot between Arnold and Sir Henry Clinton, but so nice was Andre's sense of honor, that after a period of fifty-three years Tallmadge could not bring to mind a single word said by Andre against the traitor, Arnold. In passing down the Hudson, the officer and his prisoner sat side by side, and Tallmadge asked Major Andre this question: "Had Arnold succeeded, were you to have taken a part in the military attack?" To which the reply was: "Yes, I should have been at the head of a select corps, and the glory of the achievement would have been mine." He further said: "Military glory was all I sought, and the thanks of my general and the approval of my king were a rich reward for such an undertaking." Tallmadge jotted down these sayings and said that Andre, had Arnold succeeded, hoped to have become a brigadier-general. Andre then asked Tallmadge his opinion as to what would be done with him; but the latter tried to evade it, and finding he could not, said: "I had a classmate in Yale College by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army with me in 1776. After the British troops had entered New York, General Washington wanted information respecting the strength, position and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went to New York, and was taken just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy. Said I, with emphasis: 'Do you remember the sequel of this story?' 'Yes,' said Andre, 'he was hanged as a spy; but you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?' I replied: *'Precisely similar, and similar will be your fate!'*" Andre met his fate manfully, the only sufferer by the treason of Benedict Arnold, if we except the outrages upon his countrymen.

Isaac Newton Arnold, in an article written as late as 1879, says that in 1781 Benedict Arnold, after committing as many depredations as he could upon his countrymen, Lord Cornwallis having then surrendered his army to Washington, sailed for England with his family. He had staked all, and lost all. "He knew no fear; he paced the deck of the packet and saw his native land disappear in the distance; his was the wreck of a once noble career, now the wretched relic of an abortive and guilty enterprise." Lord Cornwallis was a fellow passenger with him across the ocean. Arnold, on arriving in London, was received with open arms by George III., and caressed by the ministers. Leaning upon the arm of Sir Guy Carlton, he was presented at court by Sir Walter Stirling, and was seen walking with the Prince of Wales (George IV.) in the public gardens. It must have been a suggestive spectacle to have seen Benedict Arnold, the greatest traitor the world ever saw, leaning upon the arm of the most licentious man in England, who subsequently became

king, Arnold seeking the aid of the latter to hide the lameness he had acquired from wounds received in fighting against the crown.

But through all he was not deserted by his wife, the beautiful Miss Shippen of Philadelphia. The fascination her beauty, her goodness and her grace exercised over all was not less marked in England than in America. She was said to be the "most beautiful woman in England," and our author says: "The queen was so interested in favor of Mrs. Arnold as to desire the ladies of the court to pay much attention to her." She received a pension of £500, and her children £100 each. Arnold received something for his alleged losses, but not so large an amount as he had expected. It is significant that after his arrival in England he changed the family heraldic motto, *Gloria mihi cessum* (all I seek is glory), to *Nil desperandum* (never despair), thus showing the indomitable energy of the man. But who of us would not have preferred to share the sad fate of Andre, than have lived as Arnold did, dishonored and degraded in the eyes of every loyal American?

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

EDITOR OF UNITED SERVICE:

Sir: The April issue of *United Service* comprises (page 1096) a statement, copied from a writer in the English *United Service Magazine,* so notable for its inaccuracy that it should not be allowed to pass without comment. It is that in the negotiation of the Ashburton Treaty, "the Americans boast that their Commissioners produced an incorrect map" whereby they secured an unjustified boundary between the United States and Canada.

The controversy which followed the framing of the Ashburton Treaty was acrid to a degree, and the controlling facts are now well known and beyond dispute. It was not asserted that the Americans had produced an incorrect map. The British allegation was that the Americans had suppressed a map which the British claimed would have supported the British contention. In point of fact this map, although spurious, had a most important influence in securing American concessions; and the use which was made of it shows that the Ashburton Treaty was one of the weakest and most miserable of American diplomatic abortions.

This map, known as the red line map, was alleged to have been discovered by Jared Sparks in the Archives of the French Foreign Office, and to have had some connection with a letter written by Franklin. There is no evidence of its authenticity. Its "discovery" was in 1842. That it was not what it was supposed to be is shown by this, that years prior to that time, in 1826 the English Statesman, Canning, had searched the same records without finding it. Lord Ashburton himself is authority for the statement, in 1843, that no trace of the alleged map, or of the supposed letter from Franklin could be found in the Archives. Lord Aberdeen in February, 1843, referring to the red line map, wrote as follows: "It is a strange thing that neither letter nor map is to be found at Paris, at least we have hitherto failed to do so," and then continues, "But we have found another map altogether in favor of the American claim."

For there was a map which actually was suppressed and its story is a characteristic illustration of British Diplomatic duplicity. A search instituted by the British government had, as above mentioned, failed to find the red line map that had been

attributed to Frankln, but did find another map that manifestly had been deposited in the Archives many years before. This map "gave all the disputed territory to the United States." A copy of it passed into the custody of Oswold, a British Commissioner, in negotiating the provisional treaty, and was therefore well known to the British officials. This map, also, had a thick red line by which the boundary as claimed by the United States was "distinctly traced throughout its whole extent," and in no less than four places there was written upon it the words "boundary as described by Mr. Oswald." This, as asserted by Lord Brougham, was in the hand-writing of King George the third. This, the true map, had been sent by Oswald to his government and had been preserved in the Royal Library. As it had been used in the preparation of the preceding treaty, it was of course conclusive as to the actual boundary. Being in the possession of the British government, its suppression was easy. Decisive as it was of the true boundary, it was kept out of sight until the Ashburton treaty had been concluded.

The result was that five-twelfths ot the territory claimed by, and actually belonging to, the United States was handed over to Great Britain, and with it our strategic military dominance over Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. British diplomacy among all its evil victories never scored a greater one than this. Nor was this unrecognized. Lord Ashburton received the formal thanks of Parliament for his share in the proceedings; and from that day Americans have observed a shame-compelled silence because that their leading statesmen were so befooled. How the fraudulent red line map got into the Archives is not now, and perhaps never will be, known. The truth concerning the genuine map was demonstrated long ago. Those who care to pursue the matter in detail may read with instruction the bitter and blasting phrases of Thomas H. Benton in his "Thirty Years View," and find confirmation of these in the published records of our State Department. Yet in the face of indisputable evidence we find a General Officer of the British Service writing and publishing in the pages of the British *United Service Magazine* the statement quoted in the initial paragraph of this article. This would be sufficiently regrettable if it came from the hand of some half-informed and irresponsible hack writer. It is incomprehensible that it should flow from the pen of a Brtish Officer.

JAMES A. WHITNEY.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

(Died in London, 1658.)

BY S. J. UNDERWOOD.

There comes adown the years a song,
  Stirring as bugle call,
So clear and high with duty strong,
  Yet wondrous sweet withal.

Two centuries its magic touch
  Has swept the heart-strings o'er,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honor more."

Darling of all, of one the thrall—
  The story old, yet new—
Off to the wars, mayhap to fall,
  He wrote a farewell true.

A farewell brave and tender, such
  We still its strain adore,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honor more."

O never year but men have vowed
  At feet of lady fair,
And turned their backs on love most proud
  For truth to do and dare;

To one alone to voice his deed
Was given silver tongue,
Poor Lovelace gained at least this meed,
Men love the song he sung.

Two centuries its magic touch
Has swept the heart-strings o'er
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

THE INDEPENDENT.

TWENTY-SIX HISTORIC SHIPS.

Is a leading book that should find a place in every library, public or private, in the United States.

Besides giving accurate dates of victorious battles of representative ships of the United States against foreign foes, it also introduces some new matter—noticeably in the allusion to Captain Hull's attitude in the duel between the Constitution and Guerriere.

The book is so generally accurate that before suggesting it as a book of reference it might be well to call attention to the fact that like all pioneer copies of a new publication, it has incorrect spelling, and statements, but in this review the principal errors are noted.

Commodore Truxtun's name is misspelled, for there is no o contained in the name of that gallant captain of the Constellation, who captured the French frigate L'Insurgente, and would have captured the superior ship La Vengeance if he had known that in this desperate night fight the Frenchman had *twice surrendered*—but the Constellation did not understand French.

In this connection it is odd to note that while a torpedo destroyer named after this hero has her name properly spelled in the Navy Register, the ship's stamp had to be changed on account of faulty spelling.

Again, Midshipman Thomas Holdup, who commanded a little craft carrying one gun in Perry's squadron, is spoken of in the account of the battle of Lake Erie as a *lieutenant.*

The author extends the causes of some of these historic ships to later years, when the names were bestowed on insignificant craft, but how can one command a service that squanders the brightest names in its naval annals upon torpedo craft, designated by other powers by numbers, while the same people name their proudest battleships after the naval heroes whose achievements have thrown luster on their arms.

Some vessels conspicuous in the Civil War are also noticed, though having no connection with those of a former date.

AN INCIDENT OF FREDERICKSBURG.

THERE was a strange stillness in the camps of the Army of the Potomac the days of December, 1862, which preceded its move across the river into the city of Fredericksburg. There was a note of inquiry in men's voices as they accosted each other; the jest and repartee of the camps gave place to low-voiced speculation or eloquent silence, for the air was laden with fateful prescience of momentous things to come, and in the light of mysterious foreboding men grew grave and thoughtful. Even the voice of the camp-fire orator was hushed, and recital of individual heroism or deeds of collective valor seemed out of place in presence of this new expectancy. There was every evidence that a move was at hand. General officers with their staffs moved here and there within the lines; orderlies in mad career shot like rockets from point to point; batteries moved from bivouac

to positions which soon exhibited an air of permanence; troops were massed—ready to move in large bodies to any designated point; hospitals, with increased capacity, showed their canvas walls within the shadows of clustering pines; everywhere there were apparent the premonitory throes of a coming convulsion, and that stillness, ever fateful herald of the storm, settled down upon the scene. Across the river lay the quaint old city of Fredericksburg,—home of many of Virginia's oldest and proudest families,—nestling at the foot of towering hills from which all restful coloring had faded into the sombre, forbidding tones of hostile preparation. Everywhere was activity. The smooth undulations of the hills were assuming that severity of outline significant of the work of the military engineer; batteries and redoubts, riflepit and abatis, transformed the peaceful scene into a picture ominous of coming strife. Rumbling among the hills, like mutterings of distant thunder, rolled the awakened echoes, as incoming trains brought their loads of men or munitions of war; flashes of reflected light along the crests proclaimed the presence of, as yet, silent batteries; and distant dust-clouds bespoke the assembling of mighty hosts. Calmly athwart the scene the beautiful Rappahannock rolled its silent tide, eddying in the deeper pools as though fain to linger there, then hurrying on to the fulfillment of ulterior destiny.

On the night of the 10th of December it was well known that on the morrow pontoon bridges would join shore to shore, and that the day following the army would move by them over to the city. The prospect was far from cheering: the strong position of the enemy, his command of every foot of ground over which our troops would have to pass, the desperation which all felt would be thrown into the defense, the veneration in which the city to be attacked was held by him, the seeming impregnability of his position, made the most careless and heedless soldier appreciate the terrors of the coming storm.

Protruding their muzzles through the embrasures of a redoubt overlooking Falmouth was a battery of 20-pounder guns. Silent and grim they looked as they stood there outlined against the evening sky, while, now in shadow and again revealed in the uncertain light of a camp-fire in the background (and around which sat a party of officers discussing the situation), paced a solitary sentinel, guardian of the peace. Beyond the river, centrally located in the town, the tall spire of the Presbyterian church loomed like a spectre, the dial of its clock catching the beams of the moon which in bounteous beauty softly filled the scene. Regularly from the belfry came the solemn record of the hour resounding among the hills; now pausing for an instant upon a neighboring crest, then rolling onward in subdued acclaim till lost in the engulfing distance.

Worn out with a day of excitement, and expectant of a fatiguing morrow, the party was early breaking up and was about to separate when one of them—an officer of the battery—remarked that the first shot he put into the city should pass through the clock; in fact, he proposed to breach the wall in such a way that the clock would fall into the body of the church. He explained that he felt impelled to this act through a sense of predestined responsibility in the matter, and besides, it had been hurling its brazen, defiant tones at him long enough. I do not remember that any response was

vouchsafed him at all; our minds were filled with weightier matter than the doom of an offending clock; so, with a parting bumper and hearty handshake, two of us rode away.

The night was cloudless. Myriads of stars were reflected in the calm waters of the river; far and near the camp-fires flared upon the hillsides; the occasional voice of a soldier hailing a comrade came faintly through the distance; fitful strains of music, in melodious accent, fell upon the grateful ear; the sharp, incisive stroke of an ax proclaimed the doom of some stately pine, and the dull thud of the pick bespoke significant activity; the echoes of our horses' hoof-beats, far and near, as we followed the curvings of the hills, smote upon the ear with clattering insistance; the plash of the rippling water upon the bank, softly rhythmic, kept a cadence all of its own, and presently hill cried aloud to hill as the bugle calls from a hundred camps filled all the space, and the "taps" rang out upon the air in mock salutation and good-night.

At daybreak the following morning I was astir, being the "officer of the day" of my battery, and as I was returning from the roll-call, my steps were arrested by the booming of a cannon way up upon the right of our line, dull and solemn through the enveloping fog. Scarcely had the reverberation died away when an answering shot thundered from the left. Then all again was still. I learned afterwards that they were the preconcerted signals for the work upon the pontoon bridges to begin. One bridge was to be laid immediately in our front, and here the sharp-shooters of the enemy made sad havoc among our men; so, to silence them and permit the continuance of the work, as many guns as could be brought to bear opened upon the city with a murderous, deafening roar. Remembering the threat against the tower and clock of the church made the night before, I watched through a glass for their destruction; but the hands still moved on, and I presume the hours were tolled off too, though in the din of the cannonade all other sounds were lost.

At nightfull, when this deafening, tumultuous roar had ceased and silence once more settled down upon the scene, the stillness was so oppressive one could hardly breathe; the air, too, was sulphurous, and the banks of smoke which hung in the valleys suffocating. I have often in after-life likened this awful stillness which followed the day of storm to the sensation I experienced once, when, after five days of furious gales at sea, our vessel suddenly shot across the bar into the smooth waters of the Mississippi; the transition from violent commotion to oppressive calm was sickening, and for some time neither sleep nor rest was possible.

I think every man in the Army of the Potomac was thankful when night brought this terrific cannonade to an end. Men's nerves were taxed to the utmost by the jar and roar, the quaking of the earth, the blinding smoke and sulphurous odors, and even those who had been but passive witnesses of the scene lay down to rest with a prayer of thankfulness upon their lips that the hour of rest had come. At length another day dawned, albeit the army were enveloped in almost impenetrable fog; but this served as an effective covering to the transformation scene which began immediately after daylight. Long columns of infantry filed among the hills towards the river's bank; batteries and baggage wagons debouched from their parks and filled the roads; staff officers galloped here and there conveying orders; ambulances and stretcher-bearers (significant of ghastly work to come) kept

pace with the moving hosts; scattering shots across the river told of the collision of the pickets of the opposing forces, and the deep roar of an occasional cannon in menacing reverberations filled the air.

It is not proposed to speak of the battle of Fredericksburg here, except as establishing a theatre of action upon whose stage was enacted the incident herein narrated.

As has been stated, one of the three men before referred to remained with the battery of 20-pounder guns on the redoubt overlooking Falmouth, to wreak a vengeance and resent an imaginary grievance upon the clock of the Presbyterian church. We others crossed over to the city, and our batteries happened to be halted near each other not far from the doomed steeple, which reared its height far above the noise and din of the multitude surrounding it. And here we filled the hardest position men can know during battle,—that of being in its midst, with death at every side, and inactive.

Action tempers the horrors of the scene; a man forgets all but the task assigned him; his hopes rise as the shouts of victory are borne to his ears, or he nerves himself to redoubled effort in face of disaster; but this trying inactivity was the lot of many of us who were crowded into that deserted city.

I remember getting an old pack of cards and sitting down to play with my friend, and as we tried thus to forget our surroundings fragments of shell were dealing death and ghastly wounds about up; but the game was a blessed thing for us as a means of distraction. As we sat there an infantryman was seated in the front door-way of a house across the street, his feet higher than his head against the door-post; and lucky for him was the posture, for a shot came crashing through the rear of the house and, passing under his knees, burst in the little yard in front; but he sat still, thinking, I suppose, that lightning rarely struck twice in the same place.

Hundreds of incidents of a similar kind—hundreds of hair-breath escapes—crowded into the days of our occupancy of the city; but the reverse of the picture was a record of scenes of horror and of useless sacrifice no pen can aptly describe.

On the night of the 14th, about half-past eight, our battery was ordered to move into position on the right of the city, in the graveyard where, on the day before, Dickinson, of the Fourth, had gone to his death, and his battery to destruction. Silently the pieces and caissons were unlimbered and reversed in the narrow street; in subdued tones the command "mount" was given to drivers and cannoneers, the word "forward" had been spoken, and the traces were pulled taut, when an aide-de-camp rode up, said something to the captain, and the command "march" was left unspoken. From that moment it seemed as though the silence of death had fallen upon the city. The hum of voices ceased utterly; a change came upon the scene so eloquent of fateful meaning that none could tell its import; speculation was dominant on every hand; men whispered and knew not why; a stray shot only broke the stillness, a horse's hoof-beat disturbed an echo.

A few moments later an order came to retreat across the river,—an order given in a whisper and with an injunction of silence. The pontoon bridge was covered with straw and earth to deaden the sound of a marching column, and in the uncertain light enveloping the city long lines of soldiery filed noiselessly along with a sense of relief—a feeling of a lifted burden of anxious thought—no words can describe. From the first

the case had been a hopeless one; hopeless before ever we crossed the river; doubly so when, within the area of that semicircle of fire, line after line recoiled before the withering storm no man could face and live. Gradually the city was emptied of its invading host; camp-fires smouldered in the streets; sheltering houses, riddled with shot, bore tenantless witness to the fury of the past few days; our dead in numbers lay between the city and the heights beyond; a picket-line of corpses marked the extreme limits of our conquest. The stars of heaven looked down upon a field of carnage, of heroism, of useless sacrifice, in the cold stillness of that December night, while the wires were busy with their cruel story of death and defeat.

A few moments before two o'clock our battery filed into a position assigned it upon a narrow plateau covering the bridge. We dared light no fire; hardly did we dare to speak, albeit we were across the river. Worn out with the sleepless days and nights preceding; cold and hungry; wet, too, as the rain just then began to fall, I stepped with a comrade to the ammunition wagon of the battery, which we had not seen for three days, and where I knew I had placed a canteen of whiskey. It seemed as though a draught of that would go far to rehabilitate our stiff and exhausted bodies. After some little search the canteen was found, and I was in the act of pouring some of its contents into a cup, when, from across the river,—deep, solemn, insistent,—came the sound of the clock of the Presbyterian church ringing out the hour of two. My companion and I looked at each other amazed, aghast. The clock which had to us been silent for seventy-two hours, disdainful of an alien presence, took up the thread of its monotonous story, ringing out as though exulting with the victors, while the distant hills echoed back in solemn requiem.

Asking my friend, the following day, why he had failed in his threatened demolition of the clock, he replied, that he watched the first shot he fired as it, flying, as he thought, straight for the mark, but that before reaching the dial the shell visibly swerved to the right and only chipped a corner of the tower. The second shot was never aimed at the clock at all. He said he experienced such a change of feeling that nothing could have induced him to harm it, and so, doubtless, the hours rang out from this eyrie as usual, but in the din surrounding us of course we did not hear; and so to-day, over the peaceful scene in the staid old city, with its background of smiling hills; its murmuring stream, moving in glad reflection of their graceful curving crests, the old clock doubtless tolls out the hours as in the long ago, and

"There, wood and stream and flower and bird
A pure content declare,
And where the voice of war was heard
Is heard the voice of prayer."

W. C. B.

COLONEL GREEN CLAY GOODLOE OF KENTUCKY.

Among the gallant young Kentucklans who came to the resuce of their country in 1861, no more typical representative can be found than Col. Green Clay Goodloe. It was a time in which loyalty to the general government was put to the severest test. The Blue Grass region of Kentucky, the homes of the rich and cultured Kentuckians, proud of their traditions and the owners of large numbers of slaves, were to a great extent sympathizers with the Rebellion. Families, churches and societies of all kinds were divided in sentiment, honestly so, it is true, for while the Union element regarded the integrity of the Union as worth more than all the slaves on the American continent, there were others who believed it to be but right that they should take up arms in support of the institution of slavery, in which they had an equal interest with the seceded states. The Goodloe family maintained a leading place in Kentucky for generations by the distinction achieved by its members in civil and military positions. His ancestors were officers in the patriot army in the Revolution. His great-grandfather was Gen. Green Clay, who served with distinction in the war of the Revolution and in 1812. One of his noted achievements was marching a force to the relief of Gen. W. H. Harrison, then beseiged by a superior force of British and Indians at Fort Meigs, on the Maumee River. He floated down the river to the fort and helped drive the enemy away. Gen. Harrison put him in command of one wing of the army, numbering about 3,000 men.

His grandfather was Col. John Speed Smith, who was aide to Gen. W. H. Harrison in the war of 1812. A great-uncle is the veteran Gen. Cassius M. Clay, a captain in the Mexican war, a pioneer in the work of abolishing slavery, a major-general in the war of the Rebellion, minister to Russia, etc. Another uncle was Gen. Green Clay Smith, who served in the Mexican war, and was major-general in the Union army.

When the rebellion became imminent, the family threw its powerful influence on the side of the Union, and no one thing did more to hold the State—which wavered for a long time—true to her allegiance. Col. Goodloe, then a boy of sixteen, resided with his parents at Lexington, Ky. Actuated by the soldierly traditions of his family, he was even then a member of a military company—the Lexington Chasseurs—which was loyal to the flag, and captain of "Corporal Guards," while the other two companies of the city—one commanded by John H. Morgan and the other by Robert I. Breckenridge—were strongly secession. The two latter companies went into the rebellion in a body, while the Chasseurs furnished forty officers to the Union army. Col. Goodloe was a marker in the company, and carried the United States flag the last time it appeared in a parade of the Old Kentucky State Guard. He was ordered by Col. Roger W. Hanson, the colonel in command, to take it out of the ranks, and this precipitated the dissentions which drew a sharp line between the Union and Secession portion of the Guard and broke it up. Hanson was afterward a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. Col. Goodloe, with the rest of his family, became active at once on the side of the Union, and he, with two others, were first to arrive at the depot at Lexington, when it seemed inevitable that a fight must be made to secure for the Union troops the arms which had been sent them by the Government.

He at once joined a Union regiment —the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry—which he reached as it stood in line of bat-

tle to receive the attack of the enemy, and served with it for some time, acting as adjutant. For his gallant conduct at the battle of Lebanon, Ky., Gen. Dumont recommended his promotion, while still on the field, to first lieutenant. When the promotion came he was assigned to Company I, Twenty-third Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, and was next ordered to duty on the staff of Gen. Green Clay Smith. He served in this capacity on brigade and division staffs during the campaigns through Kentucky and Tennessee. At the action of the Little Harpeth he was the only man who broke through the rebel lines and effected his escape.

Johnson's report says: "Lieutenant Clay Goodloe, of General Smith's staff, in returning from delivering an order to charge, found himself surrounded by rebels and had to run the gauntlet. After emptying his holster pistols, he lay flat on his horse, relying upon his spurs and his Lexington. They brought him safely through the lines.

"In the thorough rout of Morgan's cavalry brigade at Lebanon, Tenn., May 4, 1862, Surgeon Adams, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, reported, Clay Goodloe kept in line with Colonel Smith and was grazed on the third joint of the second finger.

"He attempted to hold Piercfield on his horse after he received his fatal shot. He is a gallant and noble boy, yet beardless, but has the courage of a veteran."

He was with his command in its numerous engagements with Forrest and other Confederate cavalry leaders, and was everywhere commended for zeal and gallantry. Every official report contained flattering mention of him.

After the war he graduated in law, and in 1869 was appointed second lieutenant in the Marine Corps.

Thoroughly in love with his profession, he has kept pace with every improvement in the service, and it was with great pleasure that his companions-in-arms heard of his promotion. March 3, 1899, to be paymaster of the U. S. Marine Corps, with the rank of colonel.

Col. Goodloe is very happily married. His accomplished wife is a daughter of the late U. S. Senator James B. Beck, of Kentucky, and their comfortable home, in the city of Washington in winter, and in the country in summer, is famed for its genuine Kentucky hospitality.

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A MONTHLY REVIEW OF

MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS

FOUNDED 1879

THIRD SERIES.

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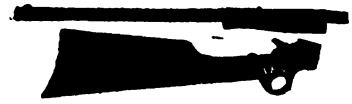

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AMERICAN CAVALRY

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The [illegible] improvement [illegible] military purposes [illegible]

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JUNE, 1903.

AMERICAN CAVALRY.

THE mere suggestion that a distinguished visitor within our borders had formed an opinion that our cavalry was not the best in the world seems to have aroused the press in a way that the incident, even if true, did not justify. If there is one thing which Americans have always condemned in foreigners it is an assumption of superiority, and yet, of late, many sensible people, carried away by the wave of prosperity which has swept us along, seem to think that any one who does not place us at the pinnacle is lacking in proper appreciation. Under criticism, anger and resentment are usually developed, yet the wise man takes warning and examines his work from foundation to superstructure with a view to profiting by the critics' suggestions. It turns out that there were no criticisms, and it is entirely probable that our recent guest may not have understood that the period of his visit was an "off" one for political news and that thousands of energetic and active news-gatherers were dependent upon interviews, train wrecks and murders to fill the few columns left after spacing the prognostications as to the relative chances of presidential candidates. We do not pretend to have the finest cavalry in the world, but the best all around organizations of that arm for our purposes which can be devised. The development of the American type of cavalry during the past century is an interesting and profitable study.

The influence of fire-arms, which have been undergoing constant improvement almost from the day gun-powder became useful for military purposes, is responsible for a revolution in army methods.

The influence of each advance in knowledge of gun construction is generally to be detected in modifications of tactics and drill regulations. The orders of battle in various periods of history have required cavalry to fight in formations ranging from one to six or more ranks in depth. The double rank formation still obtains in the cavalry of the great military powers, but it was discarded in America as the result of the experience of the great Civil War, when nearly 300,000 cavalrymen contended for the mastery.

The long continued efforts to make mounted infantry and dragoons efficient while the state of fire-arms was yet quite primitive resulted only in discrediting the dragoons. The lance has been periodically praised and discredited. At various times in the world's history it has won high praise through great performance on the field of battle. It has been restored recently to full favor in some of the most highly trained and effective armies of modern times, yet no serious test has been made of it since the days of Napoleon. A few minor charges here and there during a century do not constitute a service test of any weapon.

Until the reorganization of the United States army in 1901, the proportion of cavalry to the other arms was always determined by the emergency of the moment rather than upon any well considered plan. During the Revolution, the early Indian wars, the War of 1812, and until the failure to accomplish good results in the Florida War, 1833 to 1836, the mounted service was performed almost wholly by militia or volunteers. All the early Indian wars were treated as spasmodic outbreaks demanding only a temporary application of force. Although a reorganization of the small army took place in 1821, no provision whatever was made for cavalry. The first permanent cavalry regiment of the regular army was organized in 1833 and designated the First Dragoons. The Second Dragoons was organized especially for duty against the Seminole Indians, and its splendid services together with the increasing needs of the Southwestern frontier, prevented the disbandment of this fine regiment. These two regiments of dragoons constituted the entire mounted force of a permanent character in service prior to the Mexican War. During that war the regiment of Mounted Rifles was organized, and, although it fought as infantry for a time, it was reorganized at the close of the war as a mounted regiment and has continued in service ever since. The acquisition of California and other territory, the discovery of gold, followed by unprecedented immigration across the Indian country, demanded a further increase of the mounted contingent, and, in 1855, Congress authorized two regiments, the First and Second Cavalry, which were

organized and sent at once to duty upon the Western frontier, where the encroachments upon Indian lands was causing incessant conflict.

From the date of the organization of these regiments until 1861 they retained their original designations of Dragoons, Mounted Rifles and Cavalry. The drill regulations in vogue during this period were adopted from those of the French army, and, with the arms in use at the time, they answered their purpose. These regiments were all very efficient and were schools of practice where many of the most successful generals of the Civil War received their training. Their gallantry was attested on many fields in the Florida War, the Mexican War, and upon the great plains of the West. They endured untold hardships by flood and field, and fixed a complete type of cavalry upon which all were reorganized in 1861 and which served as a model for the organization of two hundred and seventy-two regiments of volunteer cavalry mustered into service during the Civil War. The present Sixth was created as the Third Cavalry in 1861, but immediately afterward the designation of all regiments was changed by the abolition of the terms dragoons and mounted rifles, the First and Second Dragoons becoming the First and Second Cavalry, the Mounted Rifles the Third Cavalry, the First, Second and Third Cavalry becoming the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Cavalry. It was not, however, until 1862 that all received the same organization as the Sixth. Prior to this time the old regiments has been organized on the European model of five squadrons of two troops each. The regular and volunteer regiments were organized with twelve troops, but the squadron of two troops each was continued throughout the war.

All experience previous to the Civil War had been limited to meeting emergencies arising in dealing with brave, cunning and relentless savages. The new field of action now called for the organization of larger tactical bodies of cavalry than had ever before been required in this country. Millions were expended in putting into service volunteer cavalry regiments under the prevailing idea that patriotism made soldiers. Much discouragement and an enormous waste of public funds resulted. It was only after a year or two of experience and a thorough weeding out that the cavalry became worthy of the reputation which came quickly in the wake of its great successes. During the last two years of the war the improvement in the cavalry was very marked, and under many gallant leaders an almost continuous record of victories was made. Operations which have become known by the term raids, were conducted by the cavalry of both armies. Legitimate raids, carefully planned and executed with celerity and decision, have become recognized as valuable adjuncts of the operations of armies.

A large number of so-called raids during the Civil War, on both sides, were demanded by no military necessity, and resulted in excessive loss of horses without corresponding benefits to the general plan of operations.

The organization, equipment and methods of employment of cavalry in the Civil War gradually became quite uniform and have since been clearly recognized as the American system. The cavalry was armed with breech loading magazine carbines, while the infantry continued to use the muzzle loading rifle throughout the war. The cavalry regiments were gradually armed throughout with carbine, pistol and sabre, and this continues to-day although the firearms have been improved from time to time in the constant effort to keep pace with the highest modern development. Whenever the ground was favorable there was no inclination to avoid combat, nor, on the other hand, was there any timidity on the part of cavalry when infantry was encountered. The weakening caused by the detachment of horse holders was compensated for by the superiority of fire action of the magazine carbines. The new carbine now being prepared for issue is second to none in the world in the essentials of trajectory and penetration.

The number of regular cavalry regiments continued at six throughout the Civil War, but was increased to ten in 1866 because of the need for more adequate protection from Indians on the frontier. The school of practice which existed during the continuance of Indian hostilities in their final great effort to resist the invasion of their country by the whites, could not be equaled as a means of development of self-reliance, woodcraft and the ability to care for one's self generally in the field. The cessation of savage warfare, as the Indian lands became circumscribed by the settlements, made it necessary to devise schemes of instruction to train the younger generation in campaign duties. Some of the regiments were withdrawn from the frontiers and established at permanent posts in larger garrisons. Everything possible was done to make the ten regiments of regular cavalry as perfect a fighting machine as possible. The success of these efforts is well attested by the results.

When war with Spain was declared the cavalry regiments moved promptly to the front and gave a good account of themselves. Six of the regiments participated in the expedition to Santiago, Cuba, and one went with the first Philippine expedition. Owing to insufficiency of transports the cavalry division with General Shafter's Corps was compelled to leave behind all horses, except those of one squadron, and to serve through the Santiago de Cuba campaign dismounted.

The cavalry performed every duty required of the infantry and sustained the reputation for gallantry and efficiency won upon many historic fields of the Civil and Indian Wars. The same degree of success has followed the cavalry operations in China and the Philippines. Complete success was lacking in the operations in the Philippines until a cavalry brigade, provided with pack mules for transportation of rations, was put in the field. It then became possible to follow up the insurgent army, which rapidly fell to pieces and began the guerrilla warfare, which characterized the later days of the insurrection. The continuance of the insurgent warfare, together with the conditions existing in China, made it necessary to reorganize the regular army and by an increase of its personnel to make practicable the release from active service of the volunteers who had been sent to the Philippines.

In undertaking this reorganization, the experience of the past fifty years was carefully studied and many changes introduced, although as a matter of expediency and compromise, some desirable reforms were omitted. The organization of the cavalry regiments composed of twelve troops, effected in 1862, had given great satisfaction. The squadron of two troops had long been abandoned for the squadron of four troops. The number of squadrons, three, corresponds to the number of majors. A cavalry regiment of twelve troops without the semi-independent squadron is too unwieldy when the ranks are filled to the maximum. The numbers authorized for the American cavalry squadron of four troops have been fixed as the result of much experience, all of which tends to prove that troops never march to the field with a full compliment of men and that after a brief campaign the numbers become still further reduced through weeding out of unfit men and horses.

In determining upon the number of regiments of cavalry and the number of field batteries of artillery, it was recognized that the organized National Guard of the country is composed almost wholly of infantry. The expense of mounted troops is very great, and it is quite certain that at the outbreak of war of any magnitude, no reliance could be placed upon volunteer cavalry for mounted action within a less period than one year. It was therefore determined to fix the number of cavalry regiments at fifteen and the field batteries at thirty. This will give a peace strength of 12,000 and a war strength of about 18,000 regular cavalry. The changes of organization were very slight, consisting in an addition of a few captains, lieutenants and non commissioned officers for staff and special duties, and the assignment of a band to each regiment without deducting its strength from the

troops. This seems a small matter, yet it was a cause of never ending friction with troop commanders who were obliged to carry on their rolls men they never saw and whose services in the ranks were in great demand.

The American cavalry is not rated in classes as heavy or light, nor are the regiments designated as dragoons, hussars or lancers. At the beginning of the Civil War there were a few lancers and many of the troops were armed with sabre and pistol only. The lance was soon discarded for several very important reasons. It was recognized that to use the lance effectively, required both trained horses and men and comparatively open country. The heavily wooded country in which the various armies operated prevented the use of large bodies of cavalry in the charge; and the long marches without forage or shelter broke down the horses so rapidly that it was impossible to keep trained horses in the ranks. As fast as carbines could be obtained they were issued to all regiments and in the end the whole of the cavalry was armed with carbine, pistol and sabre. The title of troopers who are armed with carbines was formerly dragoons, but the armament of many British and European regiments appears to have been varied at times without changing the designations of the regiments. In Germany the lance is now carried by all the regiments, although only a portion of them are lancers.

American cavalry has not been and probably never will be tested in combat with European cavalry. In countries where conscription is the rule all branches of the service receive their annual drafts of men at stated periods, which permits of a systematic and uniform method of training. Nations which depend upon voluntary enlistments must keep the recruiting offices open all the time and fill vacancies as they occur. This always prevents a troop from being trained as perfectly as might otherwise be possible, for just as the entire course of instruction is completed as a preparation for field maneuvers a squad of recruits may be received. Until within a few years recruits were drilled at general depots, but there was much dissatisfaction and the depots were abandoned in favor of the practice of sending recruits direct to regiments. The service in the Philippines has compelled a change, and several regiments have been assigned to duty as schools of instruction for recruits. The system is the result of an emergency, is far from perfect, and in fact, is not adapted to war conditions. No general depots for recruits will ever supply properly instructed men in sufficient numbers to meet the requirements of modern arms engaged in a serious war.

The remount question in the United States has never been treated

as a business proposition susceptible of careful regulation, yet the enormous proportions of this special branch causes amazement to one who is not familiar with the subject. Deaths due to wounds received in battle constitute but an insignificant part of the losses of cavalry horses in war. It was only after a war experience of two years that a cavalry bureau was established in 1863. This resulted in economy and increased efficiency, for an enormous number of horses temporarily disabled through excessive marching and lack of forage, were turned in at the general depots and recuperated sufficiently to be again issued. The number turned in was but a fraction of the whole number issued, owing to the difficulty of returning worn-out horses from distant and isolated points. Some idea of the dimensions of the remount business may be had from the statement that 188,718 horses were purchased during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1864. During the first eight months of that year the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was supplied with two complete remounts, which required 40,000 horses. The total number of mules and horses required to keep up the supply for all the armies was 500 each day, and the data collected showed that for every two men of the whole force employed, one animal was required in the ranks or trains. The recent experience of the British Army in South Africa indicates that the loss of animals in the Civil War was not exceptional and that whenever campaigns are undertaken in a sparsely settled country history will repeat itself.

The American cavalry has justified its existence on many well contested battle fields. The histories of some of its regiments read like veritable romances; so many stories of daring by flood and field do they contain that even Americans can scarcely comprehend that such a life has been going on within our borders during a half century or more. They have served the country well at home and across the distant seas, and will always be found standing to horse ready for the call "to arms." That they and the system under which they serve are perfect no one claims; that they are alert and quick to note the march of progress no one can doubt who reads the history of their achievements from the Everglades to Pekin.

WM. H. CARTER,
Brigadier General U. S. Army.

BUTTONS.

I.

"EYES" the girls called him. Well might they have sung—

> "And when your glances rest on me,
> Right here they make me feel so funny."

The class called him "Shanks," for he was *very* long, and to see him in the riding-hall with those legs of his clasping the bare ribs of a Roman-nosed brute that had broken the head of nearly every other man that had tried to ride him, was a sight for gods and men. At least Tommy Dobbs thought so, but then to little Tommy "Shanks" was perfection.

It was at the "Graduation Hop;" the emancipated sure-of-diplomas had resolved to let their moustaches grow, and, with the energies that remained, assisted Strauss and Waldteufel, to waltz into the hearts of all the pretty girls in the room. All of them—the girls—were eager to dance with "Eyes," and many a heart fluttered as the tall, graceful cadet bowed and begged for the pleasure, *et cetera.* Yet he chose to dance oftener with Miss Daisy Van Stump than with any of the others, and as the twain glided noiselessly over the glassy floor, many another pair paused to admire what seemed to be the poetic embodiment of the melody the band was playing.

But even waltzes must have an end, and as the "voluptuous swell" ceased, "Eyes" and his fair partner strolled away from the room, out upon the green and towards the Hudson, whose calm waters reflected the twinkling of the myriads of stars that shone in the cloudless blue above.

"And so you go away to-morrow, Miss Daisy?"

"Yes; in the morning."

"Then I may not see you. I am *so* sorry——"

"So am I—we go to the Springs—but we shall see you in New York? We return in September; and, Mr. Eyes—I beg your pardon, Mr.——"

"No, no; call me 'Eyes,' Miss Daisy. Ah! Daisy, if I may speak——"

There! I can't go on. There is but one language for this sort of thing, and as all of us have been in love at least once, it is hardly necessary to encumber the record with what would be simply a rehearsal of what has been going on ever since Adam and Eve began it. Ill-natured people say that Eve began it. Well, I'm glad she did. Perhaps Adam was——

But let us get back to our pair of rapt ones.

There was moonlight all about them, music filled the air, and flowers bloomed amid the love that stirred their hearts. Why say more? Stay! Yes; as they re-enter the room it was observed in a stage whisper by the eldest Miss Sternchase, who had been at the Point every season since the Mexican War, that a button was missing from the left breast of "Eye's" jacket, and that one of the pale-blue satin lozenges that adorned Miss Daisy's gown was not where the eldest Miss Sternchase had last seen it.

The next afternoon many people stood on the wharf waiting for the steamer which was to carry them away. The Van Stump family—father, mother and Daisy—were of the number, and the crowd was freckled here and there with youthful *militaires*—some going away, many saying the last few words they would ever speak to the pink ears that listened; that had listened to others the year before; whose owners would be ready the coming summer to accept the devotion of the next graduating class. But Miss Daisy was not one of these light-hearted triflers—at least as far as "Eyes" was concerned; and he, too, was there, looking as if, but for the bystanders and Van Stump *père et mère,* he would have taken her in his arms and kept her there forever. But he couldn't.

Van Stump *père* was said to be "made of money," and he looked it. The *mère* was fat, forty, and very red. People said that while her husband furnished the money, all the "blood" was on her side. Miss Daisy was a darling. How she became possessed of such parents—I mean as to looks—Mr. Darwin might have explained. I can't. She was tall—not too tall—a figure round, yet lithe and springy, with violet eyes and hair of wavy chestnut; a face that was grave when in repose, and that flashed like a sudden burst of sunshine when she smiled: and she had that "excellent thing"—a voice that was *"ever* soft, gentle and low."

So "Eyes" had to content himself with the barest of partings—a throbbing grasp; a yearning look; a tremulous "good-by;" a whispered "God bless you!" Then "all aboard!" was sung out. The boat moved into mid stream, leaving poor "Eyes" on the pier to watch with

all his soul the fast-receding face and form of what was all the world to him.

He had actually forgotten that a Being with a tape-measure was waiting at the other end of the road to take his measure for a uniform! And as he walked quickly up the hill, little Dobbs, very much out of breath, overtook him.

"Hello, Shanks, old boy! What'll you give for some news? I've seen the list. You and I get the —th Cavalry—think of it! So we may as well go out together."

"Congratulate you, Chick," was the reply.

"Chick" was the fond abbreviation of Chiquito, as Tommy was styled by the class "for short," somebody said.

Shanks had naturally asked for a cavalry regiment, but how Chick had managed to climb into the saddle was not patent to the rest of the class, who knew his capacity for tumbling head first into the tan-bark whenever his steed—and all the horses in the riding hall were acquainted with Tommy—grew tired of drill. There was but one solution—he had used family influence (for he came from the whisky part of Kentucky) to obtain such an assignment in order to be near his dearest friend.

It was arranged, then, that "the twins," as they were sometimes called, should start in company for Dakota, on whose wide plains their regiment was fast forgetting all about civilization.

"And now," said Chick, "what are you going to do with yourself? I must go home, of course; but, hang it! I don't want to stay in that distillery-soaked country too long, and shall get to the seaside as soon as a decent regard for the bones of my ancestors will permit."

"To say the truth, Chick, I hardly know; my guardian's people expect me to spend part of the next three months with them; but I shall run away down to the sea, and take a good long look at it, for you and I, dear boy, are not likely to see much salt water in the next few years. Where do you bring up?"

"Oh, I shall go to the place where they have a lot of rocks and sand, and fish and things. Somewhere in Maine—hang it! I can't think of the name. I've had to remember such a lot of stuff about HO^2, and all the rest of it (*so* useful in the cavalry), that hang me if I can recollect anything that I *do* want to know. But it begins with a B and has a pool, whatever that is."

"Chick, my boy, that's just where I'm going—Biddeford Pool. Meet me there. Let's see—I must go to Richfield in——"

"Yes; I know. *She* will be there. Go on. Congratulate you, old

fellow, and all that; lots of tin, and as for beauty——" Here Chick clasped his hands and gazed at the sky.

"Don't be a donkey, Dobbs. I shall be there" (severely)—"at Biddeford in August."

"Pardon me. But, Shanks, dear old fellow, I saw it all when you both came back to the ballroom last night, and—Gad! I'm as happy about it as if—as if—as if I were going to marry you myself!"

By this time the two friends had reached the hallowed spot where the Being from New York was waiting with the tape measure. One of the results of his efforts was rather startling to Tommy's mamma, who said, when her son appeared to her wondering eyes in the full-dress uniform of a second lieutenant of cavalry, "Sakes, alive, Tommy! if you don't look jest like the inside of a mustard pot!"

II.

The harvest moon in the fullness thereof was making a very early start just above the eastern horizon, glinting with a rosy red the jagged rocks that make picturesque the southwest coast of Maine, and in the mellow light it cast along the glistening beach many pairs of human doves found food for tender words. But of these, two only are just now very interesting.

Who were they?

Listen.

"What a delightful night for boating, is it not?" This from one who at first glance looked very like the Daisy.

But she wasn't *The.* And yet her likeness to Daisy was the cause of the interest, the something, that, as it overhung the tender edge of friendship, was felt for her by her companion, who answered—

"Yes; look how the light seems to swim upon the waves. How calm it is!"

A pudgy youth who was the male bird of the other pair, and none other than Tommy Dobbs, with a new moustache looking like the business end of an old tooth brush, here lifted up his voice with—

"I say, Shanks! we are about to get up a rowing party to the island and back, and you and Miss Mopus are booked to go."

"Oh, that will be nice!" said the young lady, who was the one with whom Shanks was, as Tommy said, ratherly coarsely, "keeping his hand in." "Really, Mr. Sinclair, of all things in the world a moonlight row is what I most dote on."

And his name was Jack Sinclair. The girls hereabout did not call him "Eyes," as did those who knew him where he wore gray cloth and pipe-clay; and yet they felt the magic of his glance none the less.

In a few minutes the big barge, filled with a jolly, melodious crowd, was off and away o'er the waters blue, but Jack and Miss Mopus were not in it.

How did this happen?

This was the way. When the party arrived at the pier whence they were to descend into the barge, Jack and Miss Mopus, who had stopped to admire a cloud effect or something else, were a little in the rear of the column. I say Jack *and* Miss Mopus, but it was Miss M. who did the halting, and Jack, out of his natural courtesy, forbode to urge her onward. Poor boy! this gentleness cost him much.

So when they did at length reach the stairs at the foot of which the barge rocked lazily, it—the boat—was quite comfortably full, and the only available place was a bit of a triangular seat up in the bow, full of holes like a colander, upon which Miss Mopus said she would *not* sit; they must find room elsewhere.

"But, hang it!—I beg pardon!—you can't. We're like a lot of sardines back here. Might make room for *you,* Miss Mopus, and I'll give way for Shanks and go ashore." All this from Tommy Dobbs.

But Tommy's young lady was not going to stand any such nonsense, and she said, in a low but very energetic voice, that gave promise of an uncertain future for him who should win—I had almost said "and wear"—her; but *she* would do the wearing—

"Mr. Dobbs, you are not going to desert me for *that* Mr. Shanks, I know."

Before Tommy could say a word either way Shanks called out, in his big voice, "No, no, Chick! Stay where you are. There's a little 'dinky' tied somewhere here, and Miss Mopus and I will soon be in your wake. You will not mind going with me, Miss Mopus?"

"Oh, no; should be charmed, Mr. Shan—Mr. Sinclair."

So, as soon as the barge crew pulled away from the pier, Shanks, having found the "dinky," brought it to the foot of the dripping steps, and Miss Mopus was soon sitting in the stern sheets, her hand on the tiller, having on the way thither made two ingeniously unsuccessful attempts to swamp the craft by twice convulsively seizing Shanks as he stood up to assist her across the thwarts. Off they went in the track of the bubble left in the wake of the barge, now many yards ahead. But Shanks pulled a strong oar, and at first it looked as if the distance might decrease; but it didn't. The little boat

was so light, and Miss Mopus was so—well, so heavy, but her heavenly body *was* of the first magnitude—that the "dinky's" bow stood up a little, and, as the light chopping sea slapped at her, showed just a little bit of keel. Consequently rowing was difficult work, even for one who, like Shanks, had had the odor of brine in his nostrils all his life. And thus it happened that the barge, rapidly gaining, soon rounded the rocky point of the island and was lost to view.

Shanks saw nothing of this, for, like the man in the song, he "looked one way and rowed another." Courtesy demanded that he should look at his *vis-a-vis,* who *would* look at him and talk, and he found it a pleasant thing to do, though his heart was safe in the memory of the one dear girl far away. Miss Mopus talked very well; she was *very* pretty; and being like Daisy in many things physical, there was, as I have said, a certain tie, made up of interest, as one would feel in gazing at a not-too-well-drawn picture of a friend. Like and yet not like. That sort of thing.

Well, the lady talked. They all do, bless their dear souls!—yes. Some more than others—never less. And as she talked and gazed on the handsome brown face before her, she paid no attention to the course of the vessel she was assumed to be steering, when, all at once—bump! and Miss Mopus fell nearly into the arms of Shanks, who, easing oars, replaced the lady, and remarked:

"Great Scott! what's that?" And without waiting for a reply, turned his head to find that the nose of the "dinky" was fast in the sandy beach. So much for Miss Mopus's steering!

"I say, Miss Mopus, we can't cross the island, you know." And the youngster laughed.

It was not polite, and she chose to be in a little pet. One does not like to be told of one's faults, and least of all, by the one who is dear, and Miss Mopus had begun to find that Shanks was very dear to her. There was enough in the situation—the moonlight, the everything—to make fire where but an hour ago was just a little smoke. And when Shanks apologized for his rudeness in his soothing way, Miss Mopus's heart fell fluttering at his feet. But he knew it not. Not he! He was too modest, too loyal to the girl whose blue lozenge, held by a golden thread about his neck, lay against his heart (for he was a little bit sentimental), to dream that any one else could weave a tender thought for *him.* And yet when the Mopus laid her soft, white, perfectly modeled hand on his, pressing it just a little; looked with her deep gray eyes, that had a nice way of dilating and moistening, into his, and said in her full voice, so like Daisy's own,

that she forgave him, it must be confessed that he felt a little queer. Man is called the sterner sex, but really, in a case of this kind, the odds are on the other side.

However, he said nothing—nothing that his Daisy, had she then arisen like another Aphrodite from the sparkling foam, might not have listened to, but he did say:

"The barge must be just around that point, and, if you like, Miss Mopus, we may as well scramble over the rocks and surprise them all. They won't expect to see us coming overland—I know every step of the way."

"Nothing could be better, I'm sure, for I feel just a little cramped from sitting so long. So good of you to propose a walk."

So Shanks sprang out, taking with him a light, three-pounded anchor secured by a line, the other end of which was reeved in a ring set in the bow. This he sunk in the sand, and then returned to the boat, from which he helped Miss Mopus to disembark, the seizing business being repeated as she skipped over the gunwale to the somewhat sloppy beach. Foreseeing that the ebbing tide might leave the boat high and dry, he gave it plenty of rope, and midway upon the line set a heavy stone to prevent the "slack" dragging the anchor. Then the pair started for the other side of the rocky point.

The way was rough and rugged, and the moon had a tantalizing way (Shanks thought—Mopus didn't) of going behind bits of black with silver-edged cloud when they came to a place where the assistance of a strong arm was necessary. The situation was not without its charm, for when the moon chose to do the magic lantern act, Miss Mopus would creep confidingly closer to her escort. Yet, notwithstanding the animal, man, usually becomes human under such circumstances, Shanks behaved in so stolid a way that Miss Mopus thought him decidedly the reverse. And so, in this manner, the pair surmounted the point and descended to the beach on its other side to find —nothing! No barge, no party, nothing but the beach glistening like a white ribbon twixt them and the deep, blue, moonlit expanse of dancing water that stretched away until it met the star-specked sky.

"Why—wh—where are they?" from Miss Mopus.

"They didn't land here at all," said Shanks, who had been looking up and down the smooth beach for tracks and footprints, but had found none.

"Then what shall we do?"

"Only one thing to do—go back."

And so they went back over the rocks with the same experience

as to moon, clouds, and so on, but less enthusiasm on the part of Shanks, who didn't quite like the way the bargeites had given him the slip, as he thought. And he had let Miss Mopus steer! and, of course—but then it would be unmanly to blame *her*. He ought to have kept a sharp lookout and followed the barge. Miss Mopus was not at all put out. Hers was one of those large, unangular, indolent natures that seldom take things *au serieux* until they begin to look *very* black, and then— But at present everything was roseate and fair in her mind's eye, and she may have clung a little closer to her escort's arm as they toiled up and down the smooth, moss-grown rocks that lay twixt them and the place where they had left the "dinky" dancing on the wave.

And when they got there, the "dinky" was—where?

"We can't have lost our way! This, certainly, was the spot where we left our boat," said Shanks, dropping Miss Mopus's arm and running to the edge of the shore, apparently in search of something, which he soon found. It was a stone, beneath it a rope, the end of which was ragged, as if it had been sawed in twain. This was the end towards the sea. The other seemed to be fast; and going towards it, Shanks found the anchor as he had left it, half buried in the sand. It seemed that the ebb of the tide had tautened the line, and the swaying motion of the boat had caused the strands to part as they worked back and forth against the edges of the rough stone which Shanks had placed on it. This very caution had caused the disaster.

With a sinking heart he turned to say what could not be left unsaid; but the lady did not wait for him. She was, to put it mildly, in a rage. She reasoned, or rather, she concluded, for in the state of mind she found herself in just then reason had no place, that poor Shanks had purposely kept out of the way of the larger boat, and that the disappearance of the "dinky" had been part of his plan. It was an outrageous thought, and she was insane enough to give it words. She could have torn her tongue away a moment afterwards when she saw the horror that stood in his eyes.

For a moment Shanks was silent. Then he spoke: "Miss Mopus, you wrong me terribly. But it is not far to the Pool; I think I can make it in an hour, and soon afterwards you will be with your friends."

He slipped off the light sack he wore, and, kicking off his low shoes, ran swiftly to where the sea met the shore. But she was at his side in a moment, all anger gone, and, catching him by the sleeve—

"What do you mean to do?"

He stopped—gently tried to take his arm from her grasp, saying,

quietly, "Swim to the Pool, Miss Mopus. Do not detain me. The tide is now at a stand, and time is precious."

"Swim! Oh, you will not be so rash! For my sake, too, after I have been so—so—so unjust! To risk your life for——"

"Miss Mopus," said Shanks, "I *must* leave you. I cannot permit——"

"You shall *not* go! That it, not without me; I mean—— Oh! Jack, do you not understand what I mean? Forgive me for the horrid words I spoke. What must you think of me! Do not despise me, Jack; do not leave me!" And with tears she threw both arms about him.

He endeavored to escape from the encircling folds of her warm embrace, but so firm was her convulsive clasp that without roughness he could not. In vain he protested that he was quite able to swim, that he had often accomplished even greater distances, and that she ought for her own sake to release him and let him take advantage of the tide ere it turned. But to all this she was deaf, averring that she would not cease to cling to him; that if he went into the water it must be with her arms about him; and at last, with beseeching tears and frantic words, extorted from him a promise which a moment later he cursed himself for giving—that he would abandon all thought of swimming across the water, which now, owing to the freshening breeze, was beginning to chop about unpleasantly.

Then she let go, with a long sigh, and Shanks, who saw that he was in for it, led her away from the damp sand to where it was dryer and less open to the moist and chilling wind. Then he quickly brought together some of the flotsam and jetsam that formed the high-water mark, and having in his pocket matches, made a fire. A large, hollowed rock formed a convenient resting place, and soon Miss Mopus was, she said, quite comfortable. Shanks sat down on another rock near by, and, at Miss Mopus's desire, lit a cigar. She "adored cigars." But he was very silent. She thought to herself that, considering how affairs stood, he might say *something;* but she failed to take notice that the standing of these affairs was a little one-sided, and yet she was very happy. She might have been vexed at his moody silence had she not begun to be very sleepy. The long walk, the excitement and reaction, the fresh breeze, the warmth of the blazing pile, the fumes of the cigar, all combined to overcome her senses, and, leaning against the rock, she gently lapsed into the land of dreams.

Shanks sat still and pondered. He knew enough of the world

to be certain that lots of unpleasant things would be said about them both, and as he smoked and thought, he resolved, as he glanced at the sleeping girl, that he would do all that any man might be called upon to do in such a case. Tender thoughts of Daisy came upon him, and the sweet tones of her voice as she said good-by, after a week of bliss at Richfield, came back as if borne upon the wave. She would hear of this; he should certainly tell her of it. It would come best from him. Then came the thought: Why on earth those people over there did not send in search of them? Perhaps they were looking for them—yet it was strange they did not come to the island. Then again, why should they come to the island? Altogether it was very unpleasant, and he longed for morning. At last the rosy sun shot up from the sea, and Shanks began to feel that, as the night had passed away, it might not prove such a confounded mess after all; so piling a few sticks on the dying embers, he lit a fresh cigar and strolled towards the beach.

When at the edge of the shore, he gazed anxiously towards the Pool, half expecting to see something setting their way; but no—there was nothing. He looked back at the place where he had left his companion. She had not stirred. Then he walked along the beach, which soon bent seaward, when in the red light of the early sun he saw, close at hand, that which made his heart stop.

Not a hundred yards off, and held in a cluster of sharp, black rocks that stood up above the fast-rising wave, was a dark object that increasing daylight told him was a boat.

It was the "dinky." But how came it there? He saw it all; the ebbing tide had carried her that way—she had jammed between the rocks—the flood would soon carry her far away to sea. Not a moment was to be lost. In he plunged, and, after a few minutes' rough buffeting with the white-caps which boiled about the jagged cliffs, his hand was upon the gunwale of the boat, that with this slight shock floated free in an instant.

He lifted himself in; found the oars; at once, with a few swift nervous strokes, drove the "dinky" half her length upon the sandy beach, and a moment later stood dripping like a Triton before Miss Mopus, who at that instant awoke.

"How you startled me! Have I been asleep? But, Mr. Sinclair, why, are we—— Oh, yes, I remember now; and you are wet—it has not rained?"

"Pardon me if I am abrupt. But we have not a moment to lose. The boat is waiting. Come!"

"The *boat!* And you have done what you said you would not do. You might have drowned, and what would have become of *me?* Oh, Mr.—Jack!"

"I have not been to the Pool, Miss Mopus," returned Shanks, who, in a few modest words, related what had happened. And then, in a moment more, the two castaways bade adieu to their island with light yet anxious hearts.

III.

We have seen that the barge did not touch at the island, and hence it follows that, having circled it about, its crew took it back to the Pool, where the party were not a little surprised to learn that Shanks and Miss Mopus had not returned. Still, no one thought of danger, and, after a few rather loud whispers, the matter appeared to have been dismissed from the minds of all save Tommy and his fair enslaver.

"Hang it! you know," said little Tommy, "I don't like it at all. Engaged, you know, to the very loveliest creature you ever saw,"—a doubtful sniff from the lady—"and to go off and *stay off* in this way with *another girl!* It's not a bit like old Shanks, Miss Bang—well, Ophelia, then."

"As for your Miss Mopus——"

"*My* Miss Mopus! Well, I like that. Really, Miss Ban—Ophelia, then"

"Be good enough not to interrupt. I am not surprised at any extraordinary departure from—from—well, you know what I mean—on the part of that young person; and as for *that* Mr. Shanks—as he calls himself—well, all men are alike."

"I say, you know, Miss Ba—Ophelia, then, if all men *were* like old Shanks, what a jolly world this would be! Eh?"

Miss Bang might have retorted, but she refrained; and the bright promise of an affectionate "good-night" was eclipsed by the appearance on the scene of Mr. and Mrs. Mopus, who were naturally worried about their daughter. So the vestal Bang withdrew, accompanied by the small, malodorous watering-place lamp, leaving her Thomas to confront the anxious parents.

To them Tommy told all that he knew, and wound up by advising them to go to bed, saying that everything was sure to be right, and that he would go down to the pier and wait for the truants. He confessed to himself that he did not see what good this would do, nor

why it should have any soothing effect; but the old people appeared to be easier, and that was something.

When the "dinky" hove in sight the next morning, an hour after sunrise, Tommy, with a severe face, stood at the head of the steps.

He bowed with grave courtesy to Miss Mopus as she came up, leaning on Shanks's arm, and seemed half annoyed that she met his gaze so frankly. She put him wonderfully in mind of the Daisy as she had appeared upon her return to the ballroom that moonlit eve in June *minus* the blue button, and he couldn't understand it at all. Shanks was very damp and *distrait,* and though he bore himself not untenderly towards his companion, there was nothing in his appearance to recall the night when he had lost a button. Tommy was not sorry to see his friend thus, but he did not like to find him quite so haggard and constrained.

"Hang it!" he said to himself, "I don't like it!"

As soon as they reached the hotel, Miss Mopus flew to her mamma, where, if you please, we will leave her for the present.

"Now!" said Tommy, "come to my room. I want to talk with you. Come!" The little man's dignity and abruptness would, under other circumstances, have brought a laugh from Shanks, but he felt the premonitory chill that heralds coming clouds, and meekly followed Tommy to No. 44. His own was No. 45; the two communicated. The little chap offered him a wicker flash, saying, "I brought that from home." And while Shanks helped himself, went on—

"Do you know what you have been about?"

"Do I know? Of course I know that I've got that girl into a pretty mess—and myself too. But, Chick, it was all a mistake——"

"Do you call it a 'mistake' to stay out all night with——"

"Stop! not another word until you have heard me!" And then he rapidly told the story of the night's adventure.

Before he had finished, Tommy's left arm was about his shoulders and their right hands were clasped.

"But," said Tommy, "my dear fellow, you must not hope that this will go down with the hollow crowd. If you *hadn't* found your boat and had stayed on the island until some of the natives had picked you up, it would have been better—romantic, you know, and all that. But, from your own view of the case, I ask you what sort of a story will that woman from the Pacific slope, Mrs. Rummill, and her shadow, Miss Ekko, create out of such materials? What can you do? Then there's poor Miss Mopus. Fight? yes; but you can't

call out the world. And as for the fair sex—you know the luck Don Quixote had with the windmills."

"Well, then, what *am* I to do?"

"Blessed if I know! Yes; take off those wet things and go to bed. I will be on the *qui vive* for public opinion, and—there goes the gong; I'm off!"

So Shanks turned in, and Tommy went to breakfast.

When Tommy returned to where he had left Shanks, one end of the matutinal cigar had gone out, while that which he held between his teeth was much out of condition. He was in such a rage. He slammed the door, flung his dumpy carcass into a chair, kicked the table, swore a little; and this awoke Shanks, lying in the next room, who called out—

"That you, Chick? What's the matter?"

"No end of a row. I shall not be surprised if you have a visit from Papa Mopus; so you had better get up and——"

"What the devil—— You don't really mean——"

"Yes, I do. That poor girl came down to breakfast with mamma just as if everything was all right, and——"

"Well, isn't it?"

"Wait till I tell you. You need not fly out at *me*."

"Pardon, old fellow. *Go* on."

"Granted. Now be quiet. As I was saying, Miss Mopus came down fresh, smiling, and looking as happy as if—— I'm afraid you've made a mash there, Shanks."

"Stuff!"

"Well, I was about to say 'sour mash,' of course, knowing how you stand in—in—another quarter; but every confounded woman in the place turned her back upon her. Cold cut and no mistake. And then they began to talk at her in that nice way women have. Said all sorts of really brutal things about you two being out all night, and that sort of thing. She couldn't help hearing—they didn't whisper—and after sitting a few moments at table, looking, as each horrid speech fell upon her ear, as if she had been stabbed, she burst into tears and rushed out of the room."

"Great heaven! what have I done?" from Shanks, now dressed and walking up and down Tommy's apartment.

"You? nothing! Couldn't be helped, of course. And yet——" A mute shrug of the shoulders from Tommy, who then went on: "I couldn't stand this, you know, and broke out in a way that forced people to listen, and told the whole story!"

"Thanks! thanks!"

"Well, the men—there were not many about—seemed to see how it was; but the women—even my Ophe—Miss Bang, I mean—were worse than before. That horrid one—all red satin and diamonds—sneered out, 'Quite the Romance of a Poor Young Man,' and Miss Ekko, of course, came in with 'Poor Young Man.'"

Shanks, with something between a curse and a groan, dropped into a chair.

Tommy continued: "Then I went out. I felt that if I didn't go away I might say something. So I went off to the beach; but whom should I run across there but that fellow Swag—J. B. Swag he calls himself. He was disposed to be confidential, but I promptly intimated to him that if he had any remarks to make it would give me pleasure to name a friend, who would make the usual arrangements. I don't think he knew quite what I meant; but, if he had been a Kentucky gentleman instead of a J. B. Swag——"

A knock at the door, which being opened, disclosed a servant, who bore the card of Papa Mopus, upon which was a penciled request for a few moments' private conversation with Lieutenant Sinclair.

"Show him up," said Tommy; and as the door closed, "Let him come in here, old chap. I'll get out for a bit." And, taking his friend's hand, he added: "Keep up your end of the log; it's all right, you know."

"Never fear," returned Shanks; "I'll face the music."

The twins shook hands. Tommy descended to the parlors, and soon afterwards did penance by "holding" worsted for Miss Bang, who was engaged upon a thing *she* called an afghan. *Some* called it Penelope's web.

The interview between Mr. Mopus and Shanks was said by those ladies whose rooms were on the same floor to have been "very quiet." They omitted to explain how they knew this, but they "knew" such a lot of things, that the Mopus family found it convenient and merciful for themselves to leave the Pool that same day.

The beach that afternoon was the scene of another interview, one which afforded entertainment and occupation for many eyes and tongues. The twins were in earnest conversation, frequently halting as if to emphasize their remarks, and it was observed that Shanks appeared to be resolved upon something which seemed to call forth much energetic remonstrance from Tommy. Miss Bang, who, like the rest, could not hear a word, was, in consequence, fairly bubbling with that kind of wrath which seems to boil best 'neath vestal flame, and alluded to the now absent Miss Mopus as a "creature."

The gong sounded as the pair approached the house. Shanks went to his room—didn't want any tea; but Tommy, whose appetite was proof against everything but repletion, took his charmer in to table, where he nearly choked with rage and cold beef while the red satin female from the Pacific slope, her Miss Ekko, and his Ophelia made mincemeat of the departed Miss Mopus.

Next morning when the little man arose, he found upon his table a letter from Shanks, containing another, and explaining that he had gone—didn't care to say good-by—would soon meet him at Fort ——, their station, and would he, when in New York, deliver the inclosed?

Poor Tommy burst out crying. "He's done it, then! He said he would. Poor, dear boy! What an ass! Confound those women!"

IV.

It was September, in New York. The Van Stumps had returned. Mr. Van Stump was in stocks,—couldn't stay away any longer; his rosy spouse declared there was nothing to eat in the country,—she was nearly starved; and Daisy was eager to see "Eyes,"—he would be in the city in September.

She had not had a letter for a week; but he was at the seaside,—yachting, perhaps; he would come himself, soon. Every ring at the door-bell made her heart throb; but he came not.

One morning while at breakfast she saw in the *Herald* something that nearly stunned her. She looked again, doubting the evidence of her own eyes, to see announced the marriage of Lieutenant John Sinclair, U. S. Army, to Isabella, daughter of Mark Mopus, of ——. She could read no more, but sat like a stone for a time, then rose and left the table, taking the newspaper with her to her own room. There, she locked the door, and tried to think. It was all over, then. Her dream had vanished; she had thought herself so happy, and now—— But, stay,—it might not be *her* John Sinclair after all: it might be a trick,—a hoax. She had heard such things talked about. But then came the doubt, why had he not written? Why this? Why that? It seemed to her that until she *knew* that he had been false she must have faith in him.

A ring at the door-bell.

It caused her heart to throb, but it was not the eager, expectant leap of yesterday. It was that of dread.

A knock on her door. A card:

"Lieutenant Thomas Dobbs,
U. S. A."

It was not "Eyes"; but it was his dear friend. She might learn from him. Yes, she would see him at once. And down the stairs, with the fatal newspaper in her hand, she slowly walked to meet poor little Tommy, who would have looked only less like a wraith than herself if he could have looked liked a wraith at all.

Without waiting to offer any conventional remarks, Tommy, pointing to the paper she carried, said,—

"You have seen it, then? This, perhaps" (here he presented the letter Shanks had confided to him), "will tell you all. I can't." And the tears stood in the little fellow's round, honest eyes and trembled in his voice.

She took it, but did not then break the seal.

"'This will tell me all.' All? What? Nay, do not speak, Mr. Dobbs; I will read the letter."

She was very calm, although one hand played in a fitful way with a bell-button that hung from a chatelaine she wore.

"Yes; read it, and let me say—you know—good-by. I *couldn't* see you read it" (the tears were chasing one another down his cheeks). "And so, Miss—Miss—Daisy,—*he* always called you that,—I'll say—goo—good-by."

They shook hands and parted.

Tommy went to his hotel, rushed to his room, and passed the day in a most miserable state, forgetting all about dinner and Miss Bang,—the last-named charmer having returned to town.

She went to *her* room. There she broke the seal and read "Eyes's" truthful account of what had occurred at the Pool. His letter concluded with this:

"And now, my heart's own darling,—let me call you so for the last time,—I shall never call any one else so dearly,—you know what I *must* do. Such terrible things have been said—you, dear, sweet, pure heart, can never guess what—about this poor girl, that I, knowing myself to be their cause, feel that there is but one thing left for me to do. God forgive me if it be wrong. But I feel that it will be only right. I shall keep the blue button, dear, unless you send mine back to me. We shall meet again some day, but not here. God bless you, and farewell!"

Later, those who sought her found her lying in a faint upon the floor.

Among those who rode into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, which, one bright morning in June, lay crouching in swart, abhorrent form, was no better soldier than Lieutenant John Sinclair, of the —th Cavalry, who, during the short halt which preceded the subsequent attack, crossed over to where little Tommy Dobbs, on a large and sedate horse, sat wondering what they were going to do next.

"Chick, old fellow," said Shanks, in his gentle way,—gentler now then of yore,—"Chick, good-by!" And he held out his hand, which Tommy squeezed.

"Eh? Oh, of course. Good-by, Shanks. What's up now?"

"Simply, Tommy, that I don't think I shall get out of this affair. There's going to be hot work."

"Oh, come now, old fellow! You mustn't talk about not pulling through. It won't be much of a row. These things never are, you know. Blaze away all day; great waste of ammunition; Indians suddenly disappear; long accounts from 'Our Special Correspondent'; everybody's trousers worn out, and nobody hurt. That's the style."

"Yes, I know; but this will be different, and I want you to take charge of this and return it to—— You know, Chick." And he made as if he would take something from within the breast of the blue hunting-shirt he had on beneath his blouse. But at this moment the word was passed to mount, and Tommy, who was a little way off from his troop, dug spurs into his staid beast and cantered away, calling out,—

"Can't stop now, Shanks. It's all right. See you to-night. Dine with us,—antelope and slapjacks!"

And when the smoke had cleared away, among the mutilated, despoiled, and slain were said to be Shanks Sinclair and Chiquito Dobbs, but their corpses could not be recognized.

And when Rain-in-the-Face rode insolently into the agency at ——, on the Upper Missouri, the wind that stirred the lapels of the cavalry officer's blouse he wore (bloody, torn, and stained) exposed upon his tawny breast a blue satin button.

Above a little iron cot within a cloistered room hangs a wreath of faded immortelles, within which in withered violets are the letters "J. S.," and from the wreath depends one silver button.

L. G. Leefe,

Lieutenant Colonel U. S. A., (retired).

*THE PHANTOM FLEET.**

"We are an island—not a continent. If we want peace, it has been dinned into our ears that we must prepare to fight. But there is a way in which we can provide a safeguard for the peace of all our dominions without preparing for offensive war, and that is by perfecting our navy."—*Daily Paper.*

THE sunset lingered in the pale green West:
  In rosy wastes the low soft evening star
Woke; while the last white sea-mew sought for rest:
  And tawny sails came stealing o'er the bar.

But, in the hillside cottage, through the panes
  The light streamed like a thin far trumpet-call,
And quickened, as with quivering battle-stains,
  The printed ships that decked the parlor wall.

From oaken frames old admirals looked down:
  They saw the lonely slumberer at their feet:
They saw the paper, headed *Talk from Town;*
  Our rusting trident, and our phantom fleet:

And from a neighboring tavern surged a song
  Of England laughing in the face of war,
With eyes unconquerably proud and strong,
  And lips triumphant from her Trafalgar.

But he, the slumberer in that glimmering room,
  Saw distant waters glide and heave and gleam;
Around him in the softly colored gloom
  The pictures clustered slowly to a dream.

He saw how England resting on her past,
  Among the faded garlands of her dead,
Woke; for a whisper reached here heart at last,
  And once again she raised her steel-clad head.

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*Reprinted from Blackwoods' Magazine by permission of the Leonard Scott Publication Co., the American publishers.

Her eyes were filled with sudden strange alarms;
  She heard the westering waters change and chime;
She heard the distant tumult of her arms
  Defeated, not by courage, but by Time.

Knowledge had made a deadlier pact with death:
  Nor strength nor steel availed against that bond:
Slowly approached—and Britain held her breath—
  The battle booming from the deeps beyond.

Ah! then what anguish rose upon the wind,
  And, tortured, hung between the sea and sky,
Where all her navies, baffled, broken, blind,
  Slunk backward, snarling in their agony!
  Who guards the gates of Britain now? The cry
Stabbed heaven! *Ah, God, the shattered ramparts fall!*
  And suddenly there pealed an answer: *"I*
Stand here for God and England!" Through the pall
Of cannon smoke that voice burst like a trumpet-call.

Then came a distant sound of breaking waves
  Rolling from out the sunset-colored gloom;
A multitudinous rumor of rending graves,
  And generations rising from their tomb:
  With sound imperious as the dawn of doom
They bade the conqueror pause upon his way;
  From coast to coast the cannon ceased to boom;
The heaving fleets in broken anguish lay,
Listening with such prayers as words can never pray.

I stand for God and England! The great East
  Heard, and was rent asunder as a veil:
Host upon host out of the night increased
  Its towering clouds and crowded zones of sail:
  England, our England, canst thou faint or fail?
We come to fight for England yet once more!
  This, this is ours at last! Count the great tale
Of all these dead that rise to guard thy shore
By right of the red life they never feared to pour.

We come to fight for England! On they came;
One cloud of conquest sweeping down to lee;
And there, through all their thousands, flashed like flame
The deathless signal of the Victory:
And there was Nelson, watching silently
His great ship rush before the stormy van,
And still his timeless watchword ruled the sea:
England expects this day that every man
Will do his duty: and still in front the Victory ran.

Nelson, our Nelson, frail and maimed and blind,
Stretched out his dead cold face against the foe:
And England's Raleigh followed hard behind,
With all his eager fighting heart aglow;
Glad, glad for England's sake once more to know
The old joy of battle and contempt for pain;
Glad, glad to die, if England willed it so,
The traitor's and the coward's death again;
But hurl the world back now as once he hurled back Spain.

And there were all those others, Drake and Blake,
Rodney and Howard, Byron, Collingwood;
With deathless eyes aflame for England's sake,
As on their ancient decks they proudly stood,—
Decks washed of old with England's purplest blood;
And there, once more, each rushing oaken side
Bared its dark-throated, thirsty, gleaming brood
Of cannon, watched by laughing lads who died
Long, long ago for England and her ancient pride.

We come to fight for England! The great sea
Before the rushing bows began to break
In roaring cataracts, as the Victory
Drew them in her inviolable wake:
With all their gleaming guns in deadly rake
And silent menace, towards the foe they passed,
Crying, O England, England, for our sake
Whose guns are dumb for ever, now at last
Behold us die once more, then let the past be past.

We come to die for England: through the hush
  Of gathered nations rose that regal cry,
From naked oaken walls one word could crush
  If those vast armored throats but dared reply:
  And there the most implacable enemy
Felt his eyes fill with gladder, prouder tears,
  As Nelson's calm eternal face went by,
Gazing beyond all perishable fears
To some imperial end above the waste of years.

Through the deep hush the vision streamed away
  Silently towards the smouldering crimson West,
And a strange peace covered the fleets that lay
  Heaving upon the breathless ocean's breast.

Far, far away, the yearning voiceless nations
  Saw the great Light that brings the end of wars
Guiding the dead and deathless generations,
  Till love and awe and wonder brought the stars:

But ere the last faint color ebbed in heaven
  That ancient host returned to rest at last;
And voices cried across the empurpled even,
  Reign, England, reign, and let the past be past.

Thy heritage is rich; and it is thine
  By right of toil on every land and sea;
And by that crimson sacrificial wine
  Of thine own heart and thine own agony.

Thy heritage is rich; but every hour
  Demands the present labor; this alone
Preserves to thee that regal right and power
  Whereof the past is but the cushioned throne.

Look to the fleet! Again and yet again
  Hear us who storm thy heart with this one cry:
Hear us who cannot help, though fain and fain
  To hold the breach before thee and to die.

Look to the fleet! thy fleet; the first, last line;
England, it is thy sword, thy strength, thy shield,
Thy food, thy life-blood! England, it is thine
Now, now, to hold the birthright or to yield.

England, what are thy dead to thee? God's Rose,
What are thy last year's petals to the breeze,
Unless thy spirit in dreaming of them knows
The eternal light that laps them round with peace?

Then, all night long, the imperious days of old
Swept back through misty zones of blood and tears,
And cloudy visions towards the darkness rolled
The sad returning pageant of the years.

Slowly, o'er tides where toil and tumult cease,
Through shadowy gulfs the Victory returned,
To harbor on the shores of perfect peace,
And from her mast no battle-message burned:

And, following her, there drew through phantom skies
The faded Temeraire with misty spars,
The black blur of the coughing tug, and cries
Of seamen looking eastward towards the stars.

Then host on host, from heaven's remotest bound,
In silence drew their zone of mystic light,
Each with a sovran stillness haloed round,
Majestically moving towards the night.

ALFRED NOYES.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

No writer of our Revolutionary history has told the story of Valley Forge so well or in better words than Prof. John Fiske in his "American Revolution," which must be read and carefully digested before its transcendent merit as one of the best if not the best work upon the subject can be fully appreciated. In the summing up of the chapter on Valley Forge, wherein the author speaks of the sufferings of the American Army in their camp on the borders of the Schuylkill, the deplorable acts of Congress and the conspiracies which, if they had been successful, must have deprived the American people of their independence, he pays this splendid tribute to the character of Washington: "As the defeat of the Conway cabal marked the beginning of the decline of Congress, it marked at the same time the rise of Washington to a higher place in the hearts of the people than he had ever held before. As the silly intrigues against him recoiled upon their authors, men began to realize that it was far more upon his consummate sagacity and unselfish patriotism than upon anything that Congress could do that the country rested its hopes of success in the great enterprise it had undertaken. In him and his work were centred the common hopes and the common interests of all the American people. There was no need of clothing him with extraordinary powers. During the last years of the war he came through sheer weight of personal character to wield an influence like that which Pericles had wielded over the Athenians. He was all-powerful because he was 'first in the hearts of his countrymen.' Few men since history began had ever occupied so lofty a position, none ever made a more disinterested use of power. His arduous labors taught him to appreciate better than any one else the weakness entailed upon the country by the want of a stable central government. But when the war was over, and the political problem came into the foreground, instead of using this knowledge to make himself personally indispensable to the country, he bent all the weight of his character and experience towards securing the adoption of such a federal constitution as should make anything like a dictatorship forever unnecessary and impossible."

This preface serves to introduce to the readers of this monograph an event or epoch in the war of the Revolution which has seldom met

with the treatment it deserves at the hands of the historian. We hear occasionally of "the times which tried men's souls;" but when dangers are passed, how little do these brave words remain in our minds, how soon they are forgotten! and yet no man ever lived who saw more of these days than Washington. What more fearful epoch was there in the history of the nation than that of Valley Forge, when the great leader was surrounded, not only by conspiracy and treason, but when his little army lay starving and freezing and poorly clad—aye, many of them barefooted—in one of the most pitiless winters of the war, that of 1777-78.

The campaign of that winter began on the landing of Sir William Howe in command of the British forces at Elkton, Del., on the 18th of August, 1777, and closed on the memorable 11th of December of the same year in Whitemarsh, Penn., which resulted in the defeat of Washington at Brandywine and Germantown, the occupation of Philadelphia by the British army during the following winter, and the withdrawal of the Continental army to the uninviting heights of Valley Forge.

In September, 1777, Washington wrote: "At least one thousand men were barefooted and performed the marches in that condition." At one time they were three days without bread; on another, two days without a particle of meat. Of still a third day we read, "few men had more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and more none at all."

During the dreary winter at Valley Forge, Washington wrote (February 16, 1778): "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in the camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers that they have not been ere this excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and dispersion."

"At no period of the war," wrote Chief Justice Marshall, "had the American army been reduced to a situation of greater peril than during the winter at Valley Forge. More than once they were absolutely without food. Even while their condition was less desperate in this respect, their stock of provisions was so scanty that there was seldom at any time in the stores a quantity sufficient for the use of the troops for a week. Consequently, had the enemy moved out in force, the American army could not have continued in camp. The want of provisions would have forced them out of it, and their deplorable condition with respect to clothes disabled them from keeping the field in winter. The returns of the first of February exhibit the astonishing

number of 3,989 men in camp unfit for duty for want of clothes. Of this number scarcely a man had a pair of shoes. Even among those returned as capable of duty very many were so badly clad that exposure to the colds of the season must have destroyed them." Out of 17,000 men occupying Valley Forge no more than 5,012 could be considered as effective rank and file.

"Yet, amidst all this suffering, day after day," remarks Lossing, "surrounded by frost and snow, patriotism was still warm and hopeful in the hearts of the soldiers, and the love of self was merged in the holy sentiment of love of country. It was one of the most trying scenes in the life of Washington; but a cloud of doubt seldom darkened the serene atmosphere of his hopes. He knew that the cause was just and holy, and his faith and confidence in God as a defender and helper of right were as steady in their ministrations of vigor to his soul as were the pulsations of his heart to his limbs. In perfect reliance upon Divine Providence he moved in the midst of crushed hopes, and planned brilliant schemes for the future."

Dr. Waldo, an army surgeon who served at Valley Forge during the dreadful winter of 1777-78, has left a diary of the events of that time, in which he wrote: "The winter passed in Valley Forge was the gloomiest period of the war. The men were encamped in cold, comfortless huts, with little food or clothing. Barefooted they left on the ground their tracks in blood. Few had blankets, and straw could not be obtained."

Dr. Albigence Waldo was of French descent, born in Pomfret, Conn.; he joined the Eleventh Connecticut Regiment of militia in 1775, serving four years; he married a relative of General Putnam, and died January 20, 1794, the result of his sufferings at Valley Forge. His diary at Valley Forge begins on November 10, 1777, and his entry for that day ends with "No salt to eat dinner with." At a later day (December 8th), or, rather, at midnight, his regiment with sixteen others was called up to parade before Washington's quarters under command of Sullivan and Wayne, and about one o'clock news came that the enemy had made a precipitate retreat into the city of Philadelphia. After sickness and much personal suffering Dr. Waldo, on December 18th, wrote: "Universal thanksgiving—a roasted pig at night! The army are poorly supplied with provisions, owing, it is said, to the neglect of the Commissary of Purchases. The Congress have not made their commissions valuable enough. Heaven avert the bad consequences of these things!

"Dec. 22d. Lay excessive cold last night. My eyes are started out from their orbits like a rabbit's eyes, occasioned by great cold and

smoke. 'What have you got for breakfast, lads?'—'Fire cake and water, sir.'—'The Lord send that our Commissary of Purchases may live on fire cake and water till their glutted guts are turned to pasteboard.' That night the doctor's mess got a little mutton with which they made broth.

"Dec. 28th. Yesterday upwards of fifty officers in General Greene's division resigned their commissions, and six or seven of our regiment are to do the like to-day." For several days huts were being built into which to remove the poor sick, who had heretofore lived in tents subject to the cold and bleak winds.

"Dec. 31st. Adjutant Selden of the Eleventh Connecticut has many things to do, and one thing not strictly within the line of his duties. He taught me to darn stockings to make them look like knitwork,—first, work the thread in a parallel manner, then catch those over and over."

"Jan. 1, 1778. New Year. I am alive; I am well. His Excellency issued an order this day that no one in the army should have a new coat made without first obtaining a pattern."

A great event which occurred about this time was the capture of a British ship in the Delaware, the greatest prize ever taken from the enemy. Its cargo was cloth of various hues, hats, shirts, stockings, shoes, boots, spurs, etc., enough to clothe all the officers of the British army. But this interesting diary, of which so little has been given, closes on January 15, on the road to Fredericksburg, the doctor having set out on a furlough accompanied by Mr. Adams, who doubtless was either John or Samuel Adams.

It must now be apparent to the reader that the difficulties which beset Washington at the period whereof we write were of no common character, but, notwithstanding their intense sufferings, he had the rank and file of the troops with him. The spirit that animated the army when it lay encamped at Valley Forge in the memorable winter of 1777-78 was the love of country; it was not fighting for the spoils of conquest or the oppression of a race, but for a home. Harassed by tiresome marches and perpetual alarms, their life was one continual scene of hardship and danger; their feet were naked and bleeding amidst the driving snows of winter, and they lay down in that dreary camp to become acquainted with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. "The history of the world presents no parallel to the sublime heroism which, animated and sustained by the immortal Washington, upheld and sustained the cause of freedom through the glorious period of American history. What devotion and courage, and, alas, too, what pity at the recital of their sufferings! Far from home,

their sufferings unrelieved by their almost despairing country, no wife nor mother near to relieve their wants or close their eyes in death, they sank into the grave almost unnoticed, with no friendly tear but those of sorrowing comrades shed for their sufferings or mingled with their dust. The sufferings of the men at Valley Forge have consecrated the spot in every patriot heart; and while history, tradition, and art shall transmit the tragic story to remotest posterity as a sublime incentive to emulation when the impaired liberties of their country shall summon them to arms, just so long will their record be one that the ancient warriors of Greece or Rome might have envied."

What nobler tribute can be imagined than is contained in these words!

The headquarters of Washington were at a substantial brick house belonging to Isaac Potts. His own room was a very small one. In the broad sill of the window there was a little trap-door with a cavity beneath it which he had arranged as a secret depository for his papers. In this humble apartment he toiled incessantly to alleviate the sufferings of his army and to retrieve the adverse fortunes of his country.

One of the most prominent traits of Washington's character was his steady reliance on Divine aid; and with a firm conviction of the justice of his cause he moved on, calm and serene amid the distrust of friends and the imputations of his enemies, with bright hopes and brilliant plans for the future.

As an instance of Washington's trust in prayer, Lossing in his "Field Book of the Revolution" relates the following interesting incident: "Isaac Potts, the owner of the house occupied by Washington as his headquarters, one day strolled up the creek. When not far away he heard a solemn voice. He walked quietly in the direction of it, and saw Washington's horse tied to a sapling. In a thicket near by was the beloved chief upon his knees in prayer, his cheeks suffused with tears. Like Moses at the burning bush, the silent auditor felt that he was upon holy ground, and withdrew unobserved. He was much agitated, and, on entering the room where his wife was, he burst into tears. On her inquiring the cause, he informed her of what he had seen, and added, 'If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington; and I feel a presentiment that under such a commander there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence, and that God in His providence has willed it so.'"

But the patriot army still suffered. Congress, inexperienced in the management of affairs, was not competent to cope with the situa-

tion, and advised the seizure of everything that would serve to supply the army. This turned out a most unfortunate as well as unpopular move. Washington dissented from this advice, for many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country were Tories, and they might, under a forcible seizure of their cattle and stores, become more incensed, and thus create a greater obstacle to the success of the Continental army. Instead of levying upon the property of these timorous and misguided but oftentimes well-inclined men, he wrote to the various governors of New England, urging them in the most pressing terms to forward with the greatest dispatch provisions for the army, particularly cattle, of which there was an abundance in the provinces. In the meantime there was an issue by Congress of paper money, and laws were passed fixing the price of labor. The citizens secreted their effects, and there was a general distrust throughout the country occasioned by the reverses of the American arms.

The American camp at Valley Forge presented a terrible picture of distress; gaunt famine stalked abroad, and disease was rife, and the hospitals were crowded with those who looked forward to nothing short of death. The well suffered for want of straw; they lay upon the bare and frozen earth, and at night had no refreshing sleep; more perished from exposure than by the sword. The food was unwholesome and scanty, for the coarsest provisions could scarcely be procured. The sick had no change of linen, and the hospitals were not worthy the name.

Washington was untiring in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of his army; and to the love and veneration which his soldiers bore him is to be attributed their continued existence through that perilous period. The sorrows and sufferings as depicted by Lossing and other authorities were heart-rending in the extreme.

At last Baron Steuben joined the army before Valley Forge, May, 1778, and was appointed Inspector-General, with the rank and pay of Major-General. This veteran commander and disciplinarian had served in the army of Frederick the Great of Prussia. He was a sound military writer, a tactician, a brave man, and a warm-hearted friend of America. His services to the Continental forces at various times are recorded in the grand history of the Revolution. Out of chaos he brought order.

Nor were the disasters and starvation at Valley Forge all that our great General had to encounter; there were tricky men around him who formed cliques, intrigues, and cabals against him, their purpose being to supplant him in the command of the army; indeed there were, too, several attempts to subvert the government itself. Then it was

that this great man subjugated self to the great work before him; he indulged in no secret discontent against his country; his enemies were unnoticed and rendered powerless by his silence, and in his devotion to his country he seems to have forgotten himself.

"At the end of the year 1777 people could only see that Burgoyne had surrendered to Gates, while Washington had lost two battles and the city of Philadelphia. Accordingly there were many who supposed that Gates must be a better general than Washington, and in the army there were some discontented spirits who were only too glad to take advantage of this feeling. One of these malcontents was an Irish adventurer, Thomas Conway, who had long served in France, and who came over here in time to take part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. He had a grudge against Washington as Charles Lee had. He thought he could get on better if Washington were out of the way. So he busied himself in organizing a kind of conspiracy against Washington which came to be known as the 'Conway cabal.' Gates was to succeed to the command of the army in place of Washington. Gates and Conway hoped by thwarting and insulting Washington to wound his pride and force him to resign. The attempts to injure Washington recoiled upon their authors. Never, perhaps, was Washington so grand as in that sorrowful winter at Valley Forge." (*The War of Independence; Prof. John Fiske.*)

A treasonable attempt to induce Washington to surrender the army to the British was made by Rev. Jacob Duché, formerly rector of Christ's Church in Philadelphia, a man of great eloquence and piety, who had been appointed by Congress its first chaplain, whose prayer upon the opening of the session was pronounced to be not only eloquent but patriotic in the extreme. We give it here in full, that our readers may judge between the patriotic utterances of the prayer and the treasonable sentiments of the letter he subsequently wrote to Washington:—

"O Lord our Heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of kings and Lord of lords, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers on earth, and reigneth with power supreme and uncontrolled over all kingdoms, empires, and governments, look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on Thee; to Thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee they now look up for that countenance and support which Thou alone canst give; take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, under Thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council and valor in the field; defeat the malicious designs of our cruel adversaries; convince *them* of the unrighteousness of their cause; and if they still persist in their sanguinary purposes, Oh, let the voice of Thine

own unerring justice sounding in their hearts constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle! Be thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation that the scene of blood may be speedily closed; that order, harmony, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish amongst Thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down on *them* and the *millions* they here represent such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour. Amen."

While this eloquent prayer was being uttered there was but one man knelt in that whole assembly, and that man was George Washington.

The Duché letter he immediately transmitted to Congress accompanied by the following note, dated October 16, 1777:—

"I yesterday, through the hands of Mrs. Ferguson of Graham Park, received a letter of a very curious and extraordinary nature from Mr. Jacob Duché, which I have thought proper to transmit to Congress. To this ridiculous, illiberal performance I made a short reply, by desiring the bearer of it, if she should hereafter by any accident meet Mr. Duché, to tell him I should have returned it unopened if I had any idea of the contents; observing, at the same time, that I highly disapproved the intercourse she seemed to have been carrying on, and expected it would be discontinued. Notwithstanding the author's assertion, I cannot but suspect that the measure did not originate with him, and that he was induced to it by the hope of establishing his interest and peace more effectually with the enemy."

We venture to give the letter in full, that the reader may judge of it in the light of history:—

FROM THE REV. JACOB DUCHÉ TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

PHILADELPHIA, 8 October, 1777.

SIR,—If this letter should find you in council or in the field, before you read another sentence I beg you to take the first opportunity of retiring and weighing its important contents. You are perfectly acquainted with the part I formerly took in the present unhappy contest. I was, indeed, among the first to bear my public testimony against having any recourse to threats, or indulging a thought of an armed opposition.

The current, however, was too strong for my feeble efforts to resist. I wished to follow my countrymen as far only as virtue and the righteousness of their cause would permit me. I was, however, prevailed upon, among the rest of my clerical brethren of this city, to gratify the pressing desires of my fellow-citizens by preaching a sermon to the second city battalion. I was pressed to publish this sermon, and reluctantly consented. From a personal

attachment of nearly twenty years' standing and a high respect for your character, in private as well as public life, I took the liberty of dedicating this sermon to you. I had your affectionate thanks for my performance in a letter, wherein was expressed, in the most delicate and obliging terms, your regard for me, and your wishes for a continuance of my friendship and approbation of your conduct. Further than this I intended not to proceed. My sermon speaks for itself, and wholly disclaims the idea of independence. My sentiments were well known to my friends. I communicated them without reserve to many respectable members of Congress, who expressed their warm approbation of it then. I persisted to the very last moment to use the prayers for my Sovereign, though threatened with insults from the violence of a party.

Upon the declaration of independence I called my vestry and solemnly put the question to them whether they thought it best for the peace and welfare of the congregation to shut up the churches, or to continue the service without using the prayers for the Royal Family. This was the sad alternative. I concluded to abide by their decision, as I could not have time to consult my spiritual superiors in England. They determined it most expedient, under such critical circumstances, to keep open the churches that the congregations might not be dispersed, which we had great reason to apprehend.

A very few days after the fatal declaration of independence I received a letter from Mr. Hancock, sent by express to Germantown, where my family were for the summer season, acquainting me I was appointed Chaplain to the Congress, and desired my attendance next morning at nine o'clock. Surprised and distressed as I was by an event I was not prepared to expect, obliged to give an immediate attendance without the opportunity of consulting my friends, I easily accepted the appointment. I could have but one motive for taking this step. I thought the churches in danger, and hoped by this means to have been instrumental in preventing those ills I had so much reason to apprehend. I can, however, with truth declare I then looked upon independence rather as an expedient, and hazardous, or, indeed, thrown out *in terrorem*, in order to procure some favorable terms, than a measure that was seriously persisted in. My sudden change of conduct will clearly evince this to have been my idea of the matter.

Upon the return of the Committee of Congress appointed to confer with Lord Howe I soon discerned their whole intentions. The different accounts which each member gave of their conference, the time they took to make up the matter for public view, and the amazing disagreements between the newspaper accounts, and the relation I myself had from the mouth of one of the Committee, convinced me there must have been some unfair and ungenerous procedure. This determination to treat on no other strain than that of independence, which put it out of his lordship's power to mention any terms at all, was sufficient proof to me that independence was the idol they had long wished to set up, and that rather than sacrifice this they would deluge their country with blood. From this moment I determined upon my resignation, and in the beginning of October, 1775, sent it in form to Mr. Hancock, after having officiated only two months and three weeks; and from that time, as far as my safety would permit, I have been opposed to all their measures.

This circumstantial account of my conduct I think due to the friendship you were so obliging as to express for me, and I hope will be sufficient to justify my seeming inconsistencies in the part I have acted.

And now, dear sir, suffer me in the language of truth and real affection to address myself to you. All the world must be convinced you are engaged in the service of your country from motives perfectly disinterested. You risked everthing that was dear to you, abandoned the sweets of domestic life which your affluent fortune can give the uninterrupted enjoyment of. But had you, could you have had, the least idea of matters being carried to such a dangerous extremity? Your most intimate friends shuddered at the thought of a separation from the mother country, and I took it for granted that your sentiments coincided with theirs. What, then, can be the consequence of this rash and violent measure and degeneracy of representation, confusion of councils, blunders without number? The most respectable characters have withdrawn themselves, and are succeeded by a great majority of illiberal and violent men. Take an impartial view of the present Congress, and what can you expect from them? Your feelings must be greatly hurt by the representation of your native province. You have no longer a Randolph, a Bland, or a Braxton, men whose names will ever be revered, whose demands never ran above the first ground on which they set out, and whose truly glorious and virtuous sentiments I have frequently heard with rapture from their own lips. Oh, my dear sir, what a sad contrast of characters now presents! others whose friends can ne'er mingle with your own. Your Harrison alone remains, and he disgusted with the unworthy associates.

As to those of my own province, some of them are so obscure that their very names were never in my ears before, and others have only been distinguished for the weakness of their understandings and the violence of their tempers. One alone I except from the general charge: a man of virtue, dragged reluctantly into their measures, and restrained by some false ideas of honor from retreating after having gone too far. You cannot be at a loss to discover whose name answers to this character.

From the New England provinces can you find one that as a gentleman you could wish to associate with, unless the soft and mild address of Mr. Hancock can atone for his want of every other qualification necessary for the seat which he fills? Bankrupts, attorneys, and men of desperate fortunes are his colleagues. Maryland no longer sends a Tilgman and a Carroll. Carolina has lost her Lynch, and the elder Middleton has retired. Are the dregs of Congress, then, still to influence a mind like yours? These are not the men you engaged to serve; these are not the men that America has chosen to represent her. Most of them were chosen by a little, low faction, and the few gentlemen that are among them now are well known to lie on the balance, and looking up to your hand alone to turn the beam. 'Tis you, sir, and you only that supports the present Congress; of this you must be fully sensible. Long before they left Philadelphia their dignity and consequence were gone; what must it be now since their precipitate retreat? I write with freedom, but without invective. I know these things to be true, and I write to one whose own observation must have convinced him that it is so.

After this view of the Congress, turn to the army. The whole world knows that its only existence depends upon you, that your death or captivity disperses it in a moment, and that there is not a man on that side—the question in America—capable of succeeding you. As to the army itself, what have you to expect from them? Have they not frequently abandoned you yourself in the hour of

extremity? Can you have the least confidence in a set of undisciplined men and officers, many of whom have been taken from the lowest of the people, without principle, without courage? Take away them that surround your person, how very few there are you can ask to sit at your table! As to your little navy, of that little what is left? Of the Delaware fleet part are taken, and the rest must soon surrender. Of those in the other provinces some are taken, one or two at sea, and others lying unmanned and unrigged in your harbors.

And, now, where are your resources? Oh, my dear sir, how sadly have you been abused by a faction void of truth, and void of tenderness to you and your country! They have amused you with hopes of a declaration of war on the part of France. Believe me, from the best authority, it was a fiction from the first. Early in the year 1776 a French gentleman was introduced to me, with whom I became intimately acquainted. His business, to all appearance, was to speculate in the mercantile way. But I believe it will be found that in this country he moved in a higher sphere. He saw your cause. He became acquainted with all your military preparations. He was introduced to Congress, and engaged with them in a commercial contract. In the course of our intimacy he has frequently told me that he hoped the Americans would never think of independence. He gave me his reasons: "Independence can never be supported unless France should declare war against England. I well know the state of her finances. Years to come will not put them in a situation to enter upon a breach with England. At this moment there are two parties in the Court of Versailles: one enlisted under the Duke de Choiseul, the other under the Count Maurepas. Choiseul has no chance of succeeding, though he is violent for war. Maurepas must get the better; he is for economy and peace." This was his information, which I mentioned to several members of Congress. They treated it as a fable, depending entirely on Dr. Franklin's intelligence.

The truth of the matter is this: Dr. Franklin built upon the success of Choiseul. Upon his arrival in France he found him out of place, his counsels reprobated and his party dwindled into an insignificant faction. This you may depend upon to be the true state of affairs in France, or the court of Dr. F. And, further, by vast numbers of letters found on board prizes taken by the king's ships, it appears that all commerce with the merchants, through whom all your supplies have been conveyed, will be at an end, the letters being full of complaints of no remittances from America, and many individuals having generally suffered.

From your friends in England you have nothing to expect. Their numbers have diminished to a cipher; the spirit of the whole nation is inactivity; a few sounding names among the nobility, though perpetually ringing in your ears, are without character, without influence. Disappointed ambition has made them desperate, and they only wish to make the deluded Americans instruments of revenge. All orders and ranks of men in Great Britain are now unanimous and determined to risk their all with content. Trade and manufactures are found to flourish, and new channels are continually offering that will perhaps more than supply the loss of the old.

In America your harbors are blocked up, your cities fall one after another; fortress after fortress, battle after battle is lost. A British army, after having passed unmolested through a vast extent of country, have possessed themselves of the Capital of America. How unequal the contest! How fruitless the ex-

pense of blood! Under so many discouraging circumstances, can virtue, can honor, can the love of your country, prompt you to proceed? Humanity itself, and sure humanity is no stranger to your breast, calls upon you to desist. Your army must perish for want of common necessaries or thousands of innocent families must perish to support them; wherever they encamp, the country must be impoverished; wherever they march, the troops of Britain will pursue, and must complete the destruction which America herself has begun. Perhaps it may be said, it is better to die than to be made slaves. This, indeed, is a splended maxim in theory, and perhaps in some instances may be found experimentally true; but when there is the least probability of a happy accommodation, surely, wisdom and humanity call for some sacrifices to be made to prevent inevitable destruction. You well know there is but one invincible bar to such an accommodation; could this be removed, other obstacles might readily be removed. It is to you and you alone your bleeding country looks and calls aloud for this sacrifice. Your arm alone has strength sufficient to remove this bar. May heaven inspire you with this glorious resolution of exerting your strength at this crisis, and immortalizing yourself as friend and guardian to your country! Your penetrating eye needs not more explicit language to discern my meaning. With that prudence and delicacy, therefore, of which I know you possessed, represent to Congress the indispensable necessity of rescinding the hasty and ill-advised declaration of independence. Recommend, and you have an undoubted right to recommend, an immediate cessation of hostilities. Let the controversy be taken up where that declaration left it, and where Lord Howe certainly expected to find it left. Let men of clear and impartial characters, in or out of Congress, liberal in their sentiments, heretofore independent in their fortunes,—and some such may be found in America,—be appointed to confer with His Majesty's Commissioners. Let them, if they please, propose some well-digested constitutional plan to lay before them at the commencement of the negotiation. When they have gone thus far I am confident the usual happy consequences will ensue, —unanimity will immediately take place through the different provinces, thousands who are now ardently wishing and praying for such a measure will step forth and declare themselves the zealous advocates for constitutional liberty, and millions will bless the hero that left the field of war to decide this most important contest with the weapons of wisdom and humanity.

Oh, sir, let no false ideas of wordly honor deter you from engaging in so glorious a task! Whatever censure may be thrown out by mean, illiberal minds, your character will rise in the estimation of the virtuous and noble. It will appear with lustre in the annals of history, and form a glorious contrast to that of those who have fought to obtain conquest and gratify their own ambition by the destruction of their species and the ruin of their country. Be assured, sir, that I write not this under the eye of any British officer or person connected with the British army or ministry. The sentiments I express are the real sentiments of my own heart, such as I have long held, and which I should have made known to you by letter before had I not fully expected an opportunity of a private conference. When you passed through Philadelphia on your way to Wilmington I was confined by a severe fit of the gravel to my chamber; I have since continued much indisposed, and times have been so very distressing that I had neither spirit to write a letter nor an opportunity to convey it when written, nor do I yet know by what means I shall get these sheets to your hands.

I would fain hope that I have said nothing by which your delicacy can be in the least hurt. If I have, I assure you it has been without the least intention, and therefore your candor will lead you to forgive me. I have spoken freely of Congress and of the army; but what I have said is partly from my own knowledge and partly from information of some respectable members of the former and some of the best officers of the latter. I would not offend the meanest person upon the earth; what I say to you I say in confidence to answer what I cannot but deem a most *valuable purpose.* I love my country; I love you; but to the love of truth, the love of peace, and the love of God, I hope I should be enabled if called upon to the trial to sacrifice every other inferior love.

If the arguments made of this letter should have so much influence as to engage you in the glorious work which I have warmly recommended, I shall ever deem my success the highest temporal favor that Providence could grant me. Your interposition and advice I am confident would meet with a favorable reception from the authority under which you act.

If it should not, you have an infallible recourse still left—negotiate for your country at the head of your army. After all, it may appear presumption as an individual to address himself to you on a subject of such magnitude, or to say what measures would best secure the interest and welfare of a whole continent. The friendly and favorable opinion you have always expressed of me emboldens me to undertake it, and which has greatly added to the weight of this motive. I have been strongly impressed with a sense of duty upon the occasion, which left my conscience uneasy and my heart afflicted till I fully discharged it. I am no enthusiast; the course is new and singular to me; but I could not enjoy one moment's peace till this letter was written. With the most ardent prayers for your spiritual as well as temporal welfare, I am your most

Obedient and humble servant,

JACOB DUCHÉ.

The treason of Duché is an event lightly touched upon in Revolutionary history, but it was perhaps one of the most critical for the country; for it came upon the Commander-in-Chief and Congress like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky at a time when the American forces were at their weakest and Washington had little else to rely upon and sustain him through his difficulties than the love and support given him by a few faithful officers and the rank and file of his constantly decreasing army.

The Duché letter was as fatal to the peace and reputation of its reverend author as its rejection by Washington was the grandest monument to that undeviating honor and integrity that shone with such constant splendor throughout his illustrious career.

Duché married a sister of Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a pure patriot, who, when he

heard of this great treason of his brother-in-law, wrote him the following letter:—

FRANCIS HOPKINSON TO JACOB DUCHÉ.

BORDENTOWN, 14 November, 1777.

DEAR BROTHER—A letter signed with your name, dated at Philadelphia on the 8th of October, and addressed to his Excellency General Washington, is handed about the country. Many copies are taken, and I doubt not but it will soon get into the press and become public throughout the Continent. Words cannot express the grief and consternation that wounded my soul at the sight of this fatal performance. What infatuation could influence you to offer to his Excellency an address filled with gross misrepresentation, illiberal abuse, and sentiments unworthy of a man of character? You have endeavored to screen your own weakness by the most artful glosses and to apologize to the General for the instability of your temper in a manner that I am sure cannot be satisfactory to your own conscience.

I could go through this extraordinary letter and point out to you truth distorted in every leading part. But the world will doubtless do this with a severity that must be daggers to the sensibilities of your heart. Read that letter over again, and, if possible, divest yourself of the fears and influence, whatever they were, that induced you to pen it. Consider its contents with an impartial eye, and reflect on the ideas it will naturally raise in the minds of the multitude.

You will then find that by a vain and weak effort you have attempted the integrity of one whose virtue is impregnable to the assaults of fear or flattery, whose judgment needed not your information, and who I am sure would have resigned his charge the moment he found it likely to lead him out of the paths of virtue and honor. You will find that you have drawn upon you the resentment of Congress, the resentment of the army, the resentment of many worthy and noble characters in England whom you know not, and the resentment of your insulted country. You have ventured to assert many things at large of the affairs of England, France and America which are far from being true, and which from your contracted knowledge in these matters it is impossible for you to be acquainted with. In the whole of your letter you have never recommended yourself to those whose favor you seem desirous of obtaining by expatiating on the justice or humanity of their conduct, and at the same time have said everything that can render you odious to those on whom the happiness of your future life must depend.

You presumptuously advise our worthy General, on whom millions depend with implicit confidence, to abandon their dearest hopes, and with or without the consent of his constituents *"to negotiate for America at the head of his army."*

Would not the blood of the slain in battle rise against such perfidy! And with whom would you have him negotiate? Are they not those who, without the sanction of any civil, moral, or religious right, have come three thousand miles to destroy our peace and property, to lay waste *your* native country with fire and sword, and cruelly murder its inhabitants? Look for their justice and honor in their several proclamations, and look for their humanity in the jails of New York and Philadelphia, and in your own Potter's Field. The

whole force of the reasoning contained in your letter tends to this point: that virtue and honor require us to stand by truth, as long as it can be done with safety, but that her cause may be abandoned on the approach of danger; or, in other words, that the justice of the American cause ought to be squared by the success of her arms. On the whole, I find it impossible to reconcile the matter and style of this letter with your general conduct, or with the virtues of your heart. I would fain hope, notwithstanding your assertion to the contrary, that you wrote it with a bayonet held to your breast, by order of the unprincipled usurpers of your native city. But my chief motive for writing to you at this time is to assure you that I firmly believe that our just, defensive war will be crowned with success, and that we shall ere long return to our habitations in Philadelphia. I would, therefore, most earnestly warn you to evade the dismal consequences of your ill-judged address to our beloved General. Do all you can to wipe off, if possible, its unhappy effects. I tremble for you, for my good sister and her little family; I tremble for your personal safety. Be assured I write this from true brotherly love. Our intimacy has been of a long duration, even from our early youth—long and uninterrupted, without even a rub in the way; and so long have the sweetness of your manners and the integrity of your heart fixed my affections.

I am perfectly disposed to attribute this unfortunate step to the timidity of your temper, the weakness of your nerves, and the undue influence of those about you. But will the world hold you so excused? Will the individuals you have so freely censured and characterized with contempt have this tenderness for you? I fear not. They will only judge of your conduct by its rashness, and proportion their resentment to their sensibility of the wounds you have given.

I pray God to inspire you with some means of extricating yourself from this embarrassing difficulty. For my own part I have well considered the principles on which I took part with my country, and am determined to abide by them to the last extremity. I beg my love to my good mother and my affectionate sisters. I often think of them with great pain and anxiety lest they should suffer from the want of those necessary supplies that are now cut off. May God preserve them and you in this time of trial! I am, etc.,

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

This is the letter of a true patriot, burning with a sense of shame at the dastardly and treasonable act of his sister's husband.

Joseph, the son of the patriotic writer of the above scathing letter, was the author of the patriotic song "Hail, Columbia!" which to this day has been accounted almost the national air of America.

Duché, sent out of the country, went to England, and was appointed preacher in the Lambeth Asylum. He appears to have tired of his mode of life after a residence of six years. Then he wrote to Washington begging him to use his best endeavors that he might return to this country. It was a mean sort of letter, just what may be supposed a sycophant such as he was would write:—

JACOB DUCHÉ TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ASYLUM, LAMBETH, 2 April, 1783.

SIR,—Will your Excellency condescend to accept of a few lines from one who ever was and wishes still to be your sincere friend, who never *intentionally* sought to give you a moment's pain, who entertains for you the highest personal respect, and would be happy to be assured under your own hand that he does not labor under your displeasure, but that you freely forgive what a weak judgment but a very affectionate heart once presumed to advise? Many circumstances at present unknown to you conspired to make me deem it my duty to write to you. Ignorance and simplicity saw not the necessity of your divulging the letter. I am convinced, however, that you could not in your public station do otherwise. I cannot say a word in vindication of my conduct but this: that I had been for months before distressed with continual apprehensions for you and all my friends without the British lines. I looked upon all as gone, or that nothing could save you but rescinding the Declaration of Independence. Upon this ground alone I presumed to speak, not to advise an act of base treachery—my soul would have recoiled from the thought; not to surrender your army or betray the righteous cause of your country, but at the head of that army, *supporting and supported by them,* to negotiate with Britain for our constitutional rights.

Can you, then, join with my country in pardoning this error of judgment? Will you yet honor me with your great interest and influence by recommending, at least your approbation of, the repeal of an act that keeps me in a state of banishment from my native country, from the arms of a dear aged father and the embraces of a numerous circle of valuable and long-loved friends? Your liberal, generous mind I am persuaded will never exclude me wholly from your regard for a mere political error, especially as you must have heard that since the date of that letter I have led a life of perfect retirement, and since my arrival in England have devoted myself wholly to the duties of my profession and confined my acquaintance to a happy circle of literary and religious friends.

I have written to my father and many of my friends largely on this subject, requesting them to make such application to the State of Pennsylvania in my behalf as may be judged necessary and expedient. Should this application be honored with success, I know of nothing that would more effectually satisfy my desires in a matter of such importance to myself and my family as a line or two from your Excellency expressive of your approbation of my return. Temporal emoluments are not wanting to induce me to remain for life on this side of the Atlantic. I have been most hospitably received and kindly treated by all ranks of people, and I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge in the strongest terms my obligation to those who have placed me in the easy and comfortable situation I now enjoy. It is not necessity, therefore, but unalterable affection to my native country that urges me to seek return. With every good wish and prayer for your best felicity and my most hearty congratulations on the happy event of peace, I have the honor to be your Excellency's most obedient and humble servant,

JACOB DUCHÉ.

GEORGE WASHINGTON TO JACOB DUCHÉ.

HEADQUARTERS, 10 AUGUST, 1783.

SIR,—I have received your letter of the 2d of April, and reflecting on its contents I cannot but say that I am heartily sorry for the occasion which has produced it. Personal enmity I bear none to any man. So far, therefore, as your return to this country depends on my private voice it would be given in favor of it with cheerfulness. But removed as I am from the people and policy of the State in which you formerly resided, and to whose determination your case must be submitted, it is my duty whatever may be my inclination to leave its decision to its constitutional judges. Should this be agreeable to your wishes, it cannot fail to meet my entire approbation. I am, etc.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Duché remained in England until 1790, a period of thirteen years, before he was permitted to return to his native land.

THE CONWAY CABAL.*

Thomas Conway was born in Ireland February 27, 1733, and was educated in France. He entered the army, and in 1777 had attained the rank of Colonel and the decoration of St. Louis. On the recommendation of our Minister, Silas Deane, he came to America and offered his services to the Continental Congress, and was made Brigadier-General May 13, 1777, and was present at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. It is chiefly as the leader of what is known in American history as the "Conway cabal," a band of conspirators among certain disaffected officers to deprive Washington of the command of the army, that his name is known at the present day. The plot was developed in the autumn of 1777, and received the open or secret support of a strong faction in Congress, including some able and patriotic men who were dissatisfied with what they thought the supineness of Washington and the Southern army in contrast with the victory that had just been won at Saratoga by the Northern army under General Gates, who had superseded General Schuyler, under whose command it had attained its great efficiency.

Through the influence of this faction Gates, a very inferior officer, was made President of the Board of War. Embittered by the opposition of Washington to the promotion of Conway, who was neither more nor less than an adventurer, the latter wrote anonymous letters

* The word "cabal," which signifies an intriguing faction, is derived from the French *cabale* and from the Hebrew *cabala, secret knowledge*. One of the ministries of Charles II. (1670) was called a cabal from the accident of the initials of its members' names forming that word.

to prominent men, alleging Washington's responsibility for recent disasters; and the charge has been made and believed that he forged Washington's name to papers designed to further the plans of the conspirators. General Wilkinson, under the influence of wine, disclosed some passages from a letter from Conway to Gates connecting the two in the conspiracy which put Washington in possession of their designs, whereupon the conspiracy fell to the ground. Conway, through the votes of the men opposed to the Commander-in-Chief and others who were honest in their intentions, was made Major-General; but in March, 1778, he lost the favor of Congress, and in a petulant moment offered his resignation, which was accepted unconditionally, and he was obliged against his will to leave the army.

The scheme of Conway embraced an attempt to separate Lafayette from the Commander-in-Chief. So Gates, the great head centre of the conspiracy to deprive Washington of the command of the army, planned an expedition to Canada, which was approved by Congress, and Lafayette was appointed to the command without Washington having been consulted. After an interview with Washington, in which the Commander-in-Chief advised him to accept the appointment as it was an honorable one, although it should have come from Washington and not direct from Congress, Lafayette accepted; but he saw through the artifice of the "cabal." After remaining in Albany three months without receiving the men and stores he had been promised, he returned to the camp at Valley Forge under instructions from Congress.

Lossing in his "Field Book of the Revolution" quotes from Sparks, that when Lafayette arrived at York, Pa., where Congress was sitting, he found Gates at table surrounded by his friends. The marquis was received with great cordiality, and accepted an invitation to join them at table. The wine passed round and several toasts were drunk. Determined to let his sentiments be known at the outset, he called to the company as they were about to rise, and observed that one toast had been omitted which he would propose. The glasses were filled, and he gave "The Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies." The coolness with which it was received confirmed Lafayette in the suspicion that intentional disrespect was intended to Washington by Gates, Conway, and the other disaffected officers of the "cabal."

In July, 1778, General John Cadwallader, a personal friend and a strong adherent of Washington and his policy, challenged Conway because of his attack upon the Commander-in-Chief. The meeting took place July 22d, and Conway was badly wounded, so much so that his life was for a long time despaired of. He was shot in the

mouth, and fell forward upon his face. Raising himself, he remarked to Cadwallader, "You fire with much deliberation, General, and certainly with a great deal of effect."

While Conway was lying on what was thought would be his death-bed, he wrote the following repentant letter to Washington:—

THOMAS CONWAY TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

PHILADELPHIA, 23d JULY, 1778.

SIR,—I feel myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable to your Excellency. My career will soon be over, therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are, in my eyes, the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of those States whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues! I am with great respect,

THOMAS CONWAY.

Upon his recovery he returned to France, and was appointed Governor of Pondicherry and the French settlements of Hindustan. He was an unfortunate ruler, and upon the expiration of his term of service returned to France, but fled the country during the Revolution. His subsequent fate deserves no mention.

We cannot do better in bringing this monograph to a close than to repeat the words of Lossing: "Valley Forge! How dear to the true worshipper at the shrine of Freedom is the name of Valley Forge! There in the midst of frost and snows, disease and destitution, Liberty erected her altar; and in all the world's history we have no record of purer devotion, holier sincerity, or more pious self-sacrifice than was there exhibited in the camp of Washington.

"And if there is a spot on the face of our broad land whereon patriotism should delight to pile its highest and most venerated monument, it should be in the bosom of that little vale on the bank of the Schuylkill. Toward its templed hills, consecrated by the presence and sufferings of those who achieved our independence, we journeyed, filled with the pleasant emotions of a pilgrim approaching the place he most adores.

"Hunger and nakedness assailed the dreary winter camp at Valley Forge with all their progeny of disease and woe. The prevalence of Toryism in the vicinity, the avaricious peculations of some unprincipled commissioners, the tardy movements of Congress in supplying provisions, and the close proximity of a powerful enemy, combined to make the procurement of provisions absolutely impracticable with-

out a resort to force. But few horses were in the camp; and such was the deficiency in these for the ordinary as well as the extraordinary occasions of the army that the men in many instances cheerfully yoked themselves to vehicles of their own construction for carrying wood and provisions when procured, while others performed the duty of pack-horses and carried heavy burdens upon their backs."

While the army was undergoing all these sufferings Washington was wounded in the house of his friends. Jealous and ambitious men were conspiring to tarnish the fair fame of the Commander-in-Chief, to weaken the affection of the people for him, and to place the supreme military command in other hands.

"As a military commander he succeeded in attaining to a perfectly accurate estimate of the character and extent of the resources which his own country could supply, and was enabled to conduct the war on a plan best adapted to the circumstances. Does the world's history record the deeds of any greater or more successful military commander? As a military soldier he drew the sword, 'not for himself, but for his country,' and sheathed it with the same motto.

"He was a Cromwell without his ambition, a Scylla without his crimes, and after having raised his country by the greatest sacrifices and hardships to the rank of an independent state, he closed his career by a volunteer relinquishment of the power which a grateful people had bestowed." (*Washington as a Soldier*: *Finley.*)

This monograph opened with a quotation from Prof. John Fiske's "American Revolution," and a fitting close to it will be an extract from the same writer's "War of Independence," in which he says:—

"To the highest qualities of a military commander there were united in Washington those of a political leader. From early youth he possessed the art of winning men's confidence. He was simple without awkwardness, honest without bluntness, and endowed with rare discretion and tact. His temper was fiery, and on occasion he could use pretty strong language, but anger or disappointment was never allowed to disturb the justness and kindness of his judgment. Men felt themselves safe in putting entire trust in his head and his heart, and they were never deceived. Thus he soon obtained such a hold upon the people as few statesmen have ever possessed. It was this grand character that, with his clear intelligence and unflagging industry, enabled him to lead the nation triumphantly through the perils of the Revolutionary War. He had almost every imaginable hardship to contend with,—envious rivals, treachery and mutiny in the camp, interference on the part of Congress, jealousies between the States, want of men and money, yet all these difficulties he vanquished.

Whether victorious or defeated on the field, he baffled the enemy in the first year's great campaign and in the second year's, and then for four years more upheld the cause, until heart-sickening delay was ended in glorious triumph. It is very doubtful if without Washington the struggle for independence would have succeeded as it did. Other men were important, he was indispensable."

Thank God for our country that its enemies, foreign and domestic, were smitten with unsuccess, that Valley Forge still remains to us with its horrors of war a monument of the great love of the Continental army toward its beloved General,—Washington,—who in the words of Henry Lee, was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

BENJ. F. STEVENS.

MILITARY FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A VETERAN SOLDIER.

THE rapid promotion of Gen. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., has provoked, it seems to me, too much unfavorable criticism. And a great deal of that criticism is based upon the fact that he was simply an assistant surgeon with the rank of captain in the regular army when his promotions first came to him. It would be well for these critics to remember that there was an Assistant Surgeon with Major Anderson at Fort Sumter in 1861 who had a similar career. I refer to Samuel Wylie Crawford, of Pennsylvania, who entered the army in 1851 in the medical department, but in May, 1861, was made major of the Thirteenth Infantry; in April, 1862, a brigadier-general of volunteers, and, after the war, a lieutenant-colonel and colonel and brigadier-general and brevet major-general in the regular army. His great gallantry and efficiency won many brevets and promotions; but in those days no one criticised his success simply because he was only an assistant surgeon when the Civil War gave him the needed opportunity to show that he was a military genius. Such critics might as well "go way back" and sneer at General Joseph Warren and General Hugh Mercer of the Revolutionary army and General William Henry Harrison, later on, because they were doctors and not military men when high honors came to them as soldiers. It might be well to remember, also, that the army is indebted to an Assistant Surgeon for the famous song,* "Benny Havens, Oh!" Lucius O'Brien, of Maryland, was first an Assistant Surgeon and then a lieutenant of infantry. It was O'Brien, in 1837, who proposed the toast "The Surgeon General of the United States Army—in Arms and Medicine alike Distinguished,"

*NOTE.—Since the above was written I find in the "Necrology" of "The Association of the Graduates of the United States Military Academy," for the Annual Reunion of 1902 a sketch of Dr. John Thomas Metcalfe, class of 1838, by Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas, who claims that Cadet Metcalfe, and not Lieut. O'Brien, wrote this song. It is possible that he did write some of the later verses, but O'Brien was a guest at West Point of Cadet Ripley A. Arnold, of Metcalfe's class, when he started the song, then containing only five verses, but which rapidly grew in number until now it has over thirty—four of which I wrote myself. O'Brien died about the time (January, 1841) a

to which Major-General Edmund P. Gaines, U. S. A., made an eloquent response, referring to him as one who was as distinguished for bravery on the field as for skill in the hospital. This was a deserved tribute to the then Surgeon General Thomas Lawson, later on Brevet Brigadier-General for meritorious conduct in the Mexican War.

It is not generally known that the Southern Confederacy had in its War Department as Assistant Secretary, at different times, two of the most learned and eminent men in the South, one a graduate and the other a cadet for a time of West Point Military Academy. I refer to Rev. Albert T. Bledsoe, LL.D., of Kentucky, who graduated from West Point, in the class of 1830, with Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton and Rev. Dr. William N. Pendleton, and became a lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry, from which he resigned two years later; and Hon. John A. Campbell, of Georgia, who graduated at the old Franklin College at Athens in 1826 and immediately thereafter entered West Point, but some three years later resigned and went home on account of the death of his father, Hon. Duncan G. Campbell. Bledsoe became a professor in two Ohio colleges, then practiced law, and later entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, but holding professorships in the University of Mississippi and of Virginia, from which latter institution he entered the Confederate service. During all these years, however, he had been a valued contributor to scientific and religious reviews and made for himself a most enviable reputation.

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dozen of the present verses had been written, and the thirteenth verse thus announces his death at Fort Brooke, Tampa, Fla.

"From the courts of death and danger, from Tampa's deadly shore,
There comes a wail of manly grief, 'O'Brien is no more;'
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low,
No more he'll sing 'Petite Coquette' or Benny Havens, oh!"

In my bound volume of the Army and Navy Chronicle—issue of Oct. 4, 1838—I find the first publication of this song, and it is credited to "A subaltern of the 8th Infantry," to which Lieut. O'Brien then belonged, while Cadet Metcalfe had graduated that year into the artillery. The song then had nineteen verses—some being very poor "doggerel," and never republished in later years, which led the editor to say: "It is not to our taste," and to suggest that the writer, "who has great command of his pen," give something better. From this hint I am led to think Dr. Metcalfe wrote some of the verses of the expanded song; but my own fourth verse in the song tells the true story of its original author:

"And now, with heads uncovered, and bowed silently and low,
Let us drink to brave O'Brien—who an early death did know—
For 'twas from off his sprightly pen the verses first did flow,
That swell in numbers with the years, for Benny Havens, oh!
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! Oh! Benny Havens, oh!"
Long shall O'Brien's name be linked with Benny Havens', oh!"

Campbell, after leaving West Point, became a lawyer in Montgomery, Ala., and so wedded was he to his profession that he twice declined a seat on the Supreme Court bench of that State, and also other flattering appointments. His great ability as a lawyer, however, secured him in 1853, the appointment of Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, from which he resigned in May, 1861, to espouse the cause of the Confederacy. After the Civil War both Campbell and Bledsoe added to their already high reputation as lawyers and writers of consummate ability. These two men were the "power behind the throne" in the Confederate War Department, whose Secretaries were Walker, Benjamin, Randolph, Smith, Seddon and Breckinridge. Of all these, except Smith and Breckinridge, not one was familiar with military affairs, and, therefore, Bledsoe's four years at West Point and Campbell's three years, added to their high legal and intellectual attainments, made them valuable as Assistant Secretaries of War.

It is amusing, in reading General R. A. Alger's book on "The Spanish-American War," to note in the chapter devoted to the "Siege and Surrender of Santiago," the "highfalutin" style in which General Toral and General Shafter address each other in their official correspondence. First, "Wm. R. Shafter, Major-General Commanding," proposes "To the Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Forces, Santiago de Cuba," whom he further honors as "Your Excellency." Then comes General Toral with "To the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of the United States," and signs himself "Jose Toral, Commander-in-Chief of the Fourth Corps of the Army of the Island of Cuba," and refers to General Shafter as "Your Excellency." Next, Shafter addresses Toral as "His Excellency, Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Forces," to which Toral replies to "His Excellency, the General of the American Forces." Now, before the Spanish could surrender "with honor" it was necessary to cable "The Commander-in-Chief and the Minister of War," at Madrid, in Spain, which fact proves that Toral was not "Commander-in-Chief," as he had signed himself, for under that title he would have had supreme authority to act as he saw fit in the matter. But after this cablegram had been sent there was a marked change in titles. Toral addressed Shafter as "General-in-Chief of the American Forces," and signed himself "Commander-in-Chief of the Fourth Army," but in the body of the letter he refers to himself as "General-in-Chief" of his army. After it was all over, however, General Miles, who was in the background as a quiet spectator, telegraphed Secretary Alger, but signed himself simply "Major-General of the Army." Not one of these officers was a "Gen-

eral-in-Chief," much less a "Commander-in-Chief." Miles was only the "Commanding General" of the army.

Something like the foregoing occurred during the Mexican War. General Pedro De Ampudia, the Mexican commander, sent out his proclamations as "The General-in-Chief of the Corps de Armée of the North," while General Zachary Taylor, U. S. A., sent out his as "The General Commanding the Army of the United States." General Ampudia, however, addressed General Taylor as "General-in-Chief," which was not his title. After the surrender of Monterey, in September, 1846, Governor Morales addressed General Taylor as "Z. Taylor, Commander-in-Chief, Army of Occupation, U. S.," and several times used the term "Your Excellency," as did General Toral at Santiago, in addressing General Shafter. During the Civil War, however, it took several years of hard fighting and superior generalship on the part of the Confederates to win proper recognition from the Union army officers. At first the relations were very strained, and it amuses us old soldiers in these happier days of a re-united country to recall some of the earlier correspondence between officers of the contending forces. Lieut.-Colonel John Pegram, C. S. A., addressed "The Commanding Officer of the Northern Forces," to which General McClellan replied, addressing "John Pegram, Esq., styling himself Lieutenant-Colonel, P. A. C. S." And yet both were graduates of West Point Military Academy. But when General McClellan addressed a letter "To the Officer Commanding the Forces Commanded by the late Robert S. Garnett, Esq., styling himself Brigadier-General, Confederate States Army," he struck a sure enough "officer and gentleman" in Brigadier-General Henry R. Jackson, C. S. A., who thus curtly touched upon the verbosity and peculiar style of address: "Your letter of the 15th instant, with its anomalous address has been received." Heroic "Bob" Garnett would have turned over in his coffin at sight of McClellan's address on that letter. I know it used to be General George Washington, Esq., but he had the military title first, while Pegram and Garnett had only the "Esq." and were accused of "styling" themselves military officers. This foolishness, fortunately, did not last long, and brave men, graduates of West Point, although pitted against each other in battle, soon learned to address each other by their proper titles.

General S. Herbert Lancey.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By HENRY ROMEYN, *Brevet-Major, U. S. A.*

CHAPTER X.

"Hope, deferred, maketh the heart sick." There had been much of heart-sickness in the homes in which we are interested in the Dutch city. Communication with Brazil was slow, tedious, and uncertain. Frequently three or four months were consumed in making the passage. There were captures—though not many—by the enemy; and even when the coast of the New World was reached it was not always at the point where the person to whom the letters written by anxious wife, mother, or sweetheart, was at the time on duty, and the precious missive was borne for months from port to port before reaching the party to whom it was addressed. For such reason nearly two years had passed before any tidings from his betrothed reached our hero, excepting those of a general nature received from one or two young officers who had met her casually in the street, or at the houses of mutual friends. From them he learned of the attempt at abduction, confirmed months later in a letter from his father. Now he wrote:

"Vrijster: I have longed for tidings of thy welfare sent by thine own hand, but yet in vain. How many of the letters sent thee have been delivered I know not, so if aught told in this is a repetition of what thou knowest already, I can only hope thou wilt not weary of the reading. I hope that it may reach thee soon, for I fear that the tidings which Kaptein Schoonmacker had for my parents and for thee will have been the cause of much sorrow. While I could not, in my heart believe that I should at the last fall a victim to the cannibals, there seemed no way of escape till a Boviander girl, a captive like myself, though for years in their hands, made it possible. She was very brave and full of spirit, and I may tell thee, loved me much, and even proposed marriage and a settlement here, saying I was not certain that thou hadst kept thy troth and waited for my return. We owe her my life; both in assisting in the escape from the savages in the wilderness, and in defending it here, when she died fighting beside me, after her arrow had slain one of the savages who were attacking

me. I had a Christian burial given her, and hope that, though unchristened and not instructed in our religion, her good works may be rewarded where she has gone. I sorrowed much over her death, but had no feelings toward her which should cause thee to be anxious or jealous.

* * * * * *

"I am longing for peace, that I may return to Holland and to thee. But I cannot return while I am needed here. None of my race have left their country's service while it needed them, if able to perform duty, and thou wouldst not have me to be the first. So we must wait, though waiting should make us sick at heart; hoping that those who have the arranging of affairs at home may speedily find a way for final settlement.

"De Bra has paid the full penalty for his crimes, and lies in an unhonored grave here. His crimes against Holland and against thee were added to here, as Kaptein Schoonmacker will have told thee. We surely had cause to hate him, but now that a just fate has come to him, we can look calmly on his faults and leave him in the hands to which those crimes have sent him.

"I once thought of fixing a home here, when the land should be at peace. But I fear that time is far off. Even if war with Portugal should cease, there are the savages to be reckoned with, and they will not cease fighting so long as they have men to carry it on; and differences of religion will prevent harmony in the settlements. Some who have come here from New Netherlands give good accounts of things there, where savages are not cannibals; the climate is not as heated as here, and all are of our language and religion. Shall we go thither?"

* * * * * * *

To his father he wrote at greater length, detailing the incidents of his period of captivity and escape; of the severe fighting necessary to hold the country; the little which could be done in way of extending settlement in face of the combined opposition, foreign and native, and advising a withdrawal from the West Indian Company while it could be done without loss; and suggesting an inquiry regarding conditions in New Netherlands, repeating what he had written to his betrothed regarding a future home there. A vessel sailing for Holland offered opportunity for sending them at once, and, leaving the writer at his post of duty, we will look in upon those left in the Holland homes.

For safety as well as for companionship theMevrouw Van Vechte and her daughter had taken up their abode in the house of Kaptein Dekker. A home had also been offered the herberger, but was de-

clined. She had no fear of trouble on account of de Bra, and with a sturdy feeling of independence and thrift, preferred to manage her business, which was yielding her a good income. She had been, for years, accustomed to the rude ways of the seafaring men, and was more at home in her rough surroundings than in the quiet rooms of the settled citizen; and minimized her part in the rescue of her young friends.

"Had my freule lived," she said to the saved juhvrouw, "she would have been near thy age, and I thought of her and of the kindness of thy mother when her body and that of my husband, slain by the Spaniards, lay in my house together. I could have done no iess—I might have done more—have slain de Bra when he was in my power. It would have saved others much trouble had I done so. But it was not to be. It was willed that he should live to fill his measure of infamy, and, some day, we shall know the reason, and how and where he did it."

A pale, emaciated invalid, suffering from wounds and scurvy, lay on a cot on the deck of a ship, which, for lack of favoring wind, drifted slowly on the incoming tide of the Zuider Zee. The voyage had seemed at times to be endless, and the coasts of the home-land to move, as moved the vessel on the decks of which he passed most of his waking hours. But, at last, the towers and spires of the longed-for city rose to view, and he thought over once more the sad story he must tell to those whose dearest friend had disappeared, after the years spent in his company on the soil of the New World.

Among all the vessels crowding the harbor the incoming one soon attracted attention, and by the time it had reached the quay scores of those who had relatives in the land or naval forces in Brazil were at hand, impatient for information; and before the wounded, invalid Kaptein could be prepared for removal to the shore, Kaptein Dekker had reached the deck; and, the personal greetings over, the expected question was asked:

"What tidings hast thou concerning my son?"

Seasoned though he was to scenes of warfare and death, there was a firmer grasp of hands, a break in the tones, and a trace of tears in the eyes of the returned warrior as he said, after the momentary struggle to control his voice:

"I have not much to tell thee. In a sortie made months since I was wounded, as thou mayest see, and thy son, as I have since ascertained, was not only wounded, but given over by his captor to the savages, and by them taken to their homes, far in the interior. Further, I know nothing."

"How do these savages generally treat their prisoners?"

"Many of the tribes are cannibals, and frequently dispose of prisoners by death. Of such were those to whom thy son was delivered by de Bra, into whose hands he first fell. That traitor had been once captured and paroled before his treachery was known in the Brazils, but escaped as soon as recognized. He knew of the habits of those to whom he consigned thy son."

Schooled, by a life early filled by vicissitudes of fortune, to a suppression of outward show of emotion, the father at first sat in silence; but his pallid countenance, compressed lips, and twitching facial muscles told of his agony of spirit. His friend, still grasping a hand of the stricken parent, dared not trust his voice to give utterance to words of sympathy—of those of consolation he at first had none.

"God's will be done," said the patriotic father, after a few moments' silence," but how can I tell those at home?"

Then the wounded officer found some words of hope, though to his own heart they sounded false and hollow.

"But he may not have fallen a victim to savage hate and appetite. A man named Stede, captured after being wrecked years since was spared, and has been of much use to us in dealing with both civilized and savage enemies. Thy son is young and of good presence, and some influence, mayhap even of womankind, may intervene for the sparing of his life. If such be the case, trust to his courage and endurance, and to Divine favor, for his safe return, even if it be long delayed. Hold thou to that thread of hope and give it to those of thy household, that the whole load of sorrow be not laid at once upon them. Hope deferred is better than no hope, though it cause sickness of heart."

As the wounded officer had no relatives in the city, he was offered, and accepted, the hospitality of the Dekker home, and, lying on his cot, was at once carried thither. Then came another ordeal. His host, busying himself with provision for his comfort, managed for a time to avoid his being questioned, but as soon as the invalid had been bestowed in the room assigned him, the anxious mother repeated her husband's question: "What tidings hast thou concerning my son?"

Words died upon his lips, and he turned away his face. Glancing at that of her husband, she read there the story which he could not put into words; and gave it the worst interpretation of which her knowledge of life in Brazil was capable:

"My son is dead," she moaned, and fell fainting in the arms of her husband.

But, reviving in a moment, the latent strength of her character was shown in her demand:

"Tell me the story."

With all the household for audience, the guest told all he knew of the disappearance of their loved one. The scene was one which would have tested the skill of any artist. The wounded man on his couch, the center of the group; the man of four score, tearless, but trembling with excitement; the father, sitting as though carved in stone; the mothers hand in hand; the betrothed daughter—all "with 'bated breath" listening to the story of the fray, the subsequent attempts to ascertain the fate of the missing officer, and each, with eager questioning, seeking for some detail not fully delineated, which might furnish a point on which to hang a hope of final rescue.

But, at first, no rescue or escape seemed possible. The Boviander spy had learned that the captive had been carrid off, bound, and led by a guard, and that the village of Camaram was located far in the interior, where no whites had penetrated, and, as the only officer who had fallen into the hands of the cannibal chief, the missing man would, even if spared to reach the homes of the Guanari, be very closely watched. Even if he made his escape from the village, the long distance to the coast, through hostile country and without food, would render futile his efforts, and recapture could end in but one way—certain and speedy immolation.

However, as during the succeeding days the juhvrouw spent much time in attendance on the convalescing officer, and plied him with questions regarding the new, strange country, and social and military conditions there, her sense of loss grew less, and she found herself mentally sketching plans, by the use of which she thought her lover might escape. She had heard tales of things done, and risks dared, by members of her sex in civilized lands, for captives in whom they had become interested—might not the daughter of some heathen chief become interested in one, even of an alien race, who was so well worth loving? Then—with a pang tugging at her heart-strings—"What if it were thus? What would he do? If he escaped thus, what, in honor, could he do? The Amazon (she had heard and believed the tales about the female warriors) might trouble him if rejected; return him to captivity; or even slay him herself—and her mind became so filled with plans and surmises that they were not banished when she sought her pillow to pass the silent hours in fitful slumber. At first her dreams were of battle, in which, though as a non-combatant, she mingled; then she walked beside the captive through dense, dark shades, and across heated plains, bearing a portion of his burden—she saw the village of the savage and the return of its warriors. Then the scene changed—through the darkness, hand in hand, they fled, as if on the wings of the wind—to see just before being aroused by

some sound in her room, the masts of vessels off the coast they had reached, and to hear, ringing in her glad ears, the voice of her hero, crying, "Saved, saved!" and to feel his kisses on her lips.

So vivid had been the vision tnat for some moments it seemed a reality; and even after she was fully awakened she could not banish it from her mind; and when she arose from her knees after an orison in which the thought of him had overshadowed her own needs, it was with a feeling that he was safe; that He to whose care the dear one had been committed had kept him, and would bring him again to his own.

But to her expressions of such feeling and belief, those of more mature years could not give assent. 'Twas but the baseless fabric of a dream, and common sense and actual personal knowledge of circumstances precluded belief. The mother of the missing man rallied somewhat from the first shock, but the grandsire, borne down by weight of years, and who had seen one after another of his family swept away by the red hand of war, till but this one had been left to continue the name, and help maintain the liberties of Holland, sank under the suspense; and his statement, as he gave the young soldier his blessing: "I shall not be here to greet thy return;" became reality. He passed away quietly at night, unattended, and the hearts already saddened held an increase of grief.

A month later, at an early hour, a soldier, whose thin but sea-tanned face showed service in some unhealthy foreign clime, and whose ship had reached the quay on the midnight tide, presented himself at the home of Kaptein Dekker. His appearance was his card of admission, and on being met by the master of the house, he announced himself as a member of the company of Kaptein Schoonmacker, and asked permission to see him. On being admitted to his room he was at once recognized by that officer, and rapid questioning begun. Asked whether he had any tidings regarding the fate of Liutnant Dekker, he seemed to have a refreshing of memory; and from an inner pocket of his doublet produced the letters to which allusion has been made.

How describe the scene which followed? All the household, including the servants, had gathered in that room. Self-repression was thrown to the winds—husband and wife—mother and daughter, wept for joy in each other's arms; and the first embrace over, the overjoyed girl astonished the soldier by seizing both his hands and bestowing a kiss on each cheek; repeating the salutes in the case of the wounded kaptein.

Servants carried the tidings among friends in the city, and before

the morning meal had been eaten, the house was filled by those who had entered to offer their congratulations, and listen to the story of the soldier.

CHAPTER XI.

Both parties have grown weary of the struggle in the New World. As long as it continued, but little in the way of permanent settlement could be achieved; and until that was brought about, those who had invested in the companies formed for purposes of trade or settlement received but little return. Diplomacy finally decided, at a distance from the scene of conflict, what armed force on the ground had failed to accomplish; and Portugal, by the promise of payment of four millions of "cruzados," and relinquishment of some other disputed colonial possessions, became mistress of all the country lying between the mouths of the Amazon and La Plata rivers; and about one year after the date of the occurrences mentioned at the close of the previous chapter, the last of the Dutch forces left the region named, and sailed for Holland, Liutnant Dekker and his company, as on their former voyage, on the ship of Kaptein Van Kampe, who commanded the fleet. The voyage, long and wearisome, was devoid of interest, and many of the days, while it lay becalmed or drifted lazily over the Sargasso Sea, were spent on deck, recalling incidents of the years of life in tropic lands or on waters which laved their shores. Accustomed, as they had become, to larger areas, both on shore and sea, Holland, though dear as the mother country, had to their minds grown contracted, and already they were planning for other fields to conquer—fields where everything was new and there was room for expansion and freedom of action denied to dwellers at home. We have seen that such were not new ideas to the younger officer, and he soon found that the mind of the other was dwelling much upon the same subject.

The veteran sailor, whom every one thought irrevocably wedded to his profession, said on one such occasion:

"I am wearying of the sea and of battle and strife. For years I have not seen my home and wife, and my children have outgrown my recollection. If Holland needs my services and experience, they are hers while life lasts, but there are younger men who can perform all the duty now demanded, and this peace, with its loss of colonies, will fill our own land with idle men. We shall hold New Netherlands, and I think I shall go there, and, with a grant of land which my service

will entitle me to claim, I can see my sons settled, and pass the rest of my days in quietness; or, if I tire of that, the sea is there as well as in Holland, and there is but a step to a ship's deck."

"I shall feel crowded on every side," said the younger man. "When I was led, a prisoner, into the wilds of the interior, I could not avoid thinking what a fine life could be lived there, with one at liberty to go and come at will, with no foes to fight or fear. My father has parted with his shares in the trading company of the Brazils, but has still an interest in New Netherlands, and I am betrothed, as thou knowest; and hope soon to marry; and failing of military service shall ask for control of his interest; and go there to make a home."

"Dost thou, then, care so much for the life thou must live as an officer? It will give thee few of the comforts or blessings of home."

"That I know. But Holland has never, that we know, been without one of my blood and lineage bearing arms in her service; and I hope that from generation to generation it may continue to have one or more. And it will be so with thine. Already thy son Jan, though but a youth, has won honors at sea; and Holland cannot always have peace abroad, or even at home."

"What will thy parents and thy betrothed think of thy plan?"

"I have tried to prepare them for it; and think they will favor it. If they do not, I must wait; for I feel that naught but the earnest call of country should take me again from them against their wills. Still, I cannot now determine all, but must first know how the world has gone with them since last I had tidings from them."

The speaker was only giving utterance to thoughts which filled the minds of thousands of young men of his native country. Holland's keels had ploughed every known sea, and had anchored in many strange harbors. Her soldiers, native or mercenary, had found new fields for adventure, and the hope of gain had caused her merchants to seek new and far-off places for investment, and the spirit of unrest, —the feeling of need of "elbow-room," was to lead the young abroad, as young birds leave the sheltering nest,—to make new and broader homes for themselves, and build, on till then new shores, temples dedicated to that freedom,—civil and religious—then denied in every country in Europe save their own.

More than two months had dragged through their calendar, before the returning travellers sighted the low coasts of France, and, passing through the straits of Dover, and the North Sea, turned their prows southward, through the Zuider Zee, to be welcomed by thousands of the citizens of Amsterdam, as they dropped their anchors in its harbor.

Duty still laid its demands upon them; and those whose careers we have followed had that to perform which precluded at first any social or family greetings. Kaptein Van Kampe had his fleet to care for before he could go to his home at the north, and, the only officer with his company, Lieutnant Dekker was obliged to see it safely quartered before he could seek those he was anxious to meet. His father, on learning of his arrival, had hastened to the quay, and the greeting was more demonstrative than was usual among the unemotional Dutch, and especially between men. There were husky tones in the voices of both, and the hand-clasp had much more than the usual pressure, while "the mirrors of the soul" were dimmed with unshed moisture. This, while the company was disembarking—as it began its march through the streets the father fell into step with the son at its head.

"What canst thou tell me of my mother?" was the first question asked by the younger man.

Before it could be answered he added: "Tell me of all—who live, and who have pased away?"

"All are living save thy grandsire. He left us quietly and without warning before we knew of thy return from captivity. The tidings of it and its probable ending were more than he could bear, and, we think, shortened his life."

"Another crime to be answered for by de Bra in the world to which he has gone. But, tell me of Elsie; how and where is she?"

"She and her mother are well and in our home. After her carrying away by de Bra it was thought unsafe for them to live longer by themselves and they have been with us for years. The story of thy capture with its probable ending well-nigh killed her; but she had more faith than had others and she has proved a well-spring of comfort to all. I truly believe that to her through a dream was given assurance of thy safety before we had tidings of thy escape."

An hour later the pair, entering their home, met all the inmates. Kaptein Schoonmacker, restored to health, had gone on a visit to his kindred in the Palatinate. The mother clasped in arms whose strong embrace told that the scene was no creation of the imagination, and with tears of joy streaming down her face murmured her thanks to the Power which had returned the absent one, and added devoutly: "For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Next, the betrothed, with love-light shining through unshed tears, met with lips which could not for very surcharge of joy give voice to their welcome those which had for years waited, hungrily, though

patiently, for their touch. Last of all came the herberger, who, having learned of the arrival, wished to add her welcome to those of the family. As the returned hero grasped the rough hand, he attempted to thank her for her share in the frustation of de Bra's scheme of abduction.

"It was naught; it was naught," said the brave woman. "Had I slain him, as I should have done, when he was in my power, it would have saved much trouble, and his master, the Devil, would only have had him so much sooner."

Hand in hand on the broad ledge beneath the window where we first met the betrothed pair they sat in the deepening twilight. "The old, old story was told again"—and again; first one, then the other, asking questions and, more especially on the part of the juhvrouw, following one with another without waiting for a reply. The story of the capture and flight was listened to with distended eyes and spasmodic grips of the imprisoned hands, but the tale of the detention in the wilds and of the escape had for the hearer the greatest interest. The narrator made no pretence of concealing the love of the Boviander maiden; if he had, the betrothed one would have been no less aware of it.

"But how," said she, as the story was told at length, "coulds't thou remain indifferent to one who did so much for thee, and even told thee of her love?"

"I was not indifferent to her. I had for her the greatest respect; but love?—no. Her openly expressed feeling became very embarrassing, and I so informed her. But between us, as she stood by me, arose in imagination thy face and form, and then her words had no effect. Her death gave the strongest possible proof of her love and courage, and her last act, before she fell, certainly saved my life for thee. For that thou shouldst honor her memory as I do."

"I do so honor it, but still I cannot bear to think of any woman, be she savage or civilized, loving thee. Nor do I think it modest or proper for her to have offered it to thee unsought."

"Thou cans't not judge her fairly. She was a child of the wilds. Her father had purchased her mother and she had no training for such a life as a daughter of Holland leads. She is dead and I live by her sacrifice. That should content thee."

The entrance of others put an end to the conversation of the lovers. But the story of the captivity and escape was repeated to the parents after the evening meal had been dispatched, and it was a very thankful household which knelt at the family altar before separating for the night.

As his official duties required but a small portion of his time the moiety of it was spent in his home; and, as no foreign war was going on and there was a prospect of continued peace the young officer asked for the naming of an early date for the wedding, and, no domestic obstacle intervening, the long years of waiting were ended by a nuptial service solemnized in the parish church by the pastor who had returned with the bridegroom from Brazil and who had officiated at the burial of the Boviander girl. Kaptein Schoonmacker, who had returned to duty, was present as attendent on the groom, and one of the happiest of those who greeted the pair on their return to their home was the herberger to whom both warmly acknowledged their debt of gratitude.

The festivities concluded, matters in the Dekker household soon resumed their quiet, uneventful course. His military duties required but a portion of his time, and he devoted much of the remainder to gaining a knowledge of his father's business, especially of that pertaining to the trading company in New Netherlands. To his wife he said on more than one occasion:—

"I feel cramped and confined here. There is more room beyond sea. But our parents are too old to remove thither; nor do I feel justified at present in suggesting a separation from them."

"My Klaas, why cans't thou not stay in Holland and be content? Thy home is here. Thy parents need thee, my mother needs to have me near her. Holland is free and at peace; and Spanish cruelty is gone forever. Why canst thou not be satisfied?

"Because I have been outside of Holland's borders. The new world is very wide. Those who now make homes there will have much to do and to gain, and their children may become both rich and great there. I have thought and pondered much upon it and I am certain that, some time, with its breadth of land, and its great rivers, and fertile soil, it will outgrow not only Holland, but all Europe; and I want myself and mine to grow and expand with it from generation to generation."

*REMINISCENCES OF PLEVNA.**

THE name of Plevna has ground itself into history. Full twenty thousand men died fighting on the pretty vine-clad hills which surround the little town, and nearly three times that number there found wounds the effects of which they will carry through the rest of their shortened lives. It was the scene of one of the great sieges of history, accompanied with many bloody battles, and it is almost the synonym of the latest and fiercest of the many wars incident to the settlement of the Eastern question.

The town is made up of about a thousand houses, situated on wandering, crooked little streets such as only a Turkish town affords. Seen from the hills from which we watched it so long, it was a little clump of red-tiled roofs and whitewashed walls, with half a dozen staring white minarets raised above the surrounding roofs, and in the suburbs a large Christian church, with much green paint on the roof and a collection of gilded crosses above the cupolas. It nestles in a little valley at the junction of two meandering brooks, which unite at its lower end, and after a couple of miles discharge into a river about three feet deep and two hundred feet wide at ordinary seasons. On the west of this river, as seen from the bluffs on its eastern bank, the eye discovers nothing but a treeless plain, although in traveling over it it is found to be undulating; on the east the hills rise abruptly to the height of seven or eight hundred feet, and their crest at this altitude surrounds the town in a radius of five to six miles, the surface of this circle being broken into deep ravines by the brooks above mentioned and their branches.

The place has no military importance beyond that belonging to any junction of two high-roads and a few smaller ones. At the declaration of war it was an ordinary agricultural town; the surrounding hills were planted in corn and wheat and vines, and the inhabitants led that life of comparative peace—waiting for the opportunity to arrive when their smouldering hate should break out into violence against each other—which is characteristic of all mixed Mohammedan and Christian towns in Turkey. The events of the war, which I have no intention to narrate here, brought a Turkish army to the place and forced

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it to defend it to the last extremity; this, in turn, forced the Russians to concentrate their whole energy upon its capture; and both sides followed out their necessities to the bitter end. Three times in the space of seven weeks the Russians attempted to take it by the brute force of an open assault, only to be each time defeated with ever-increasing slaughter. Then they turned their efforts to hermetically sealing it up from the outside world, and finally starved it out. The third and most bloody of these assaults—that of September 11—I witnessed from the batteries which contributed their share towards it, and it is of this one that I shall try to give a sketch.

On the 4th of September the headquarters of the Ninth Corps, commanded by General Krudener, with whom I was sojourning, were moved from one little village to another about ten miles east of Plevna. Then a halt was made, the preparations for the advance not yet being completed, and the whole of the 5th and of the 6th were passed in the nervous inaction of awaiting the development of events. They were cold, rainy days; nobody had more than the shelter of a tent-fly, and few had that; the sutlers moved about from point to point doing a thriving business; the officers ate prodigiously and drank freely; there was everywhere a forced but boisterous gayety. At sunset on the evening of the 6th the troops were formed and moved forward. They had only a few miles to go, but the night was dark and the road obstructed. The troops marched short distances only to halt for long intervals and lie down in the road for a nap, while we sat nodding on our horses. After a while the general and his staff rode forward to the head of the column. Some five hundred men were here working silently but most vigorously with their picks and spades, while others were placing gabions, fascines, and platforms in position. A regiment had been thrown forward about half a mile in advance as skirmishers and pickets to cover the construction of the battery, and the ear listened nervously to hear their first shot. But, save the hurried muffled noise of the spades and earth, no sound was audible. Soon after midnight the battery was completed, the eight siege-guns hauled into position, the ammunition stored in some sort of bomb-proofs, the troops disposed on either flank, and everything was ready for the morning. The general rode back a few hundred yards, and we dismounted and dozed there till daylight. As the day broke the whole Turkish position was in front of us, a couple of miles away. On our right was a high rounded hill, whose green slopes culminated in a low brownish mound, which we knew at once to be the great Krishin redoubt. Curving from this as an apex, on either side of the town, the lines of fortifications could be dimly made out in the twilight of dawn. Not a

soul seemed to be stirring. The sun rose in a clear sky, and the lines became plainly distinguishable, and off on our left, on the brow of the Radishevo ridge, was also seen the freshly-turned earth of our own batteries. At six o'clock there was an explosion from the battery in front of us, followed by the vibrating scream of the shell, the sound of which gradually diminished in the distance; eleven seconds afterwards a cloud of dust was thrown up from the Krishin parapet and greeted by a loud hurrah from the Russian troops. Immediately the parapet was lined with black dots, a hundred or more men jumping up to see what had happened, and a second later a horse galloped out from the redoubt towards the village, carrying, doubtless, a messenger to headquarters. The Turks are notoriously bad watchmen; a line of batteries had been built under their nose, and nearly ninety thousand men had gathered in front of them during the night without their pickets firing a shot; and apparently their first intimation of what had transpired was derived from this 90-pounder messenger of iron which had dropped in upon them. But they were not long in answering. Hardly a dozen shots had been fired from the various Russian batteries before a puff of smoke curled up from the Krishin parapet, and we saw the shell explode a long way in front of us. The second or third, however, fell squarely on the parapet, throwing the dirt in the faces of the Russian gunners, and one not long afterwards dropped in the bushes near our group, and caused us to move back to a more advantageous point of observation. The guns answered one another from every point of the two lines, and the ball was fairly opened.

It continued throughout the whole of this and the three succeeding days and nights, and grew monotonous. There were tentative infantry skirmishes here and there, developing almost into a battle at one point, but the characteristic feature of these four days was the cannonade. We watched it for hours with the glasses until our eyes grew dim; saw the dust of the exploding shells time after time in the very midst of the redoubts, and received the same in our own. The symmetry of the nicely-made Turkish works was sadly marred, and one gun after another seemed to be silenced; but the fire ever broke out in a new place, and still the stout piles of earth forming the parapets remained in place and warned the Russians that they could still give a murderous reception. The assaults had been originally intended for the 9th, but were postponed from day to day in the hope of their being made easier by the hammering of the artillery; but the dirt parapets were as uninviting as ever. The Grand Duke and his staff arrived and rode through all the batteries. Prince Charles, of Roumania, the nominal commander of the assembled troops, was daily on

hand. The Emperor and his suite drove on to the field in barouches every morning, mounted their horses, and rode to one or another advantageous point of view; assembled at noon for a hearty lunch *al fresco,* and at dusk drove back to his headquarters at a village some ten miles in rear.

The thing began to drag. We rode from day to day from one end of the line to the other, we foreigners and newspaper correspondents (of which there were nearly twenty on the field) meeting at this point or that, and as we constantly discovered some new line of Turkish trench or battery which we had not previously seen, our bright enthusiasm of the first morning began to wane, and the dull, gloomy suspicion forced itself upon us that this was to be no holiday affair,—deciding the war at a single blow,—but a terrible battle, with the odds enormously against the chance of Russian success.

Finally the assaults were fixed for September 11, the Emperor's name-day. Four days' incessant bombardment had silenced nearly all the Turkish guns, which were far inferior in numbers and weight to those of the Russians; but it had also shown that the earthen parapets were practically but little injured, and that they would be in the same condition if bombarded for four weeks or months. Nevertheless, it was necessary to begin some time, and what better day than this? They have a sentimental fancy in Russia for anniversaries. For example, the negotiations for the treaty of San Stefano were allowed to drag on, through Turkish procrastination, for nearly five weeks, and were then brought to a conclusion in two or three days in time to be signed on the 3d of March (February 19, O. S.), the anniversary both of the Emperor's accession and of the signing of the ukase freeing the serfs. The 11th of September (August 30, O. S.) is the feast-day of St. Alexander Nevsky, one of the most famous saints in the Russian calendar, and therefore the feast-day also of all who bear the name of Alexander. What more graceful compliment to the Emperor, who had come to encourage his men by sharing the hardships of the campaign, than to link his name with that of the great decisive battle of the war, and to give him a great victory as a name-day present?—as General Sherman offered the city of Savannah to Mr. Lincoln for a Christmas gift in 1864.

During the night of the 10th the rain fell in torrents; this was succeeded by a fog and mist so dense that it was hard to tell when day broke, and when our watches told us it must be broad daylight, nothing could be seen at the distance of a few hundred yards. Nearly all the regiments had left their knapsacks and shelter-tents at the villages where they had bivouacked a few days before, and had nothing with

them but their muskets, cartridges, overcoats, and a small amount of rations. The men awoke cold, wet, and stiff; the ground was covered with a slimy paste of mud; the air was raw and damp. It was altogether a most dismal day.

The assaults had been fixed for three o'clock in the afternoon, and were to be preceded by an elaborate artillery programme, which, however, was altogether disconcerted by the fog. Early in the morning a sharp rattle was heard through the mist from Skobeleff's position, off on the left; and the troops in the centre became involved in a very brisk affair, in which they lost over two thousand men without any advantage whatever. The Emperor arrived before noon, and, with the Grand Duke, Prince Charles, and their numerous suites, took up a very advantageous position (had there been no fog) on a hill near the right of the Russian lines, from which, on a clear day, the whole position could be very distinctly seen.

The fog lifted and settled again during the day; the artillery burst forth from time to time, occasionally mingled with the rattling from the picket lines; the men lay in the mud, behind the shelter of the various hills and ridges, chatting, joking, and making as merry as possible in their dismal surroundings. At three o'clock, on every part of the line the troops were formed and moved forward, grouped in three principal columns for assault on three specified points. In company with some German newspaper correspondents, I selected a good point of observation, a few yards from the batteries on the left of the Radishevo ridge, and nearly at the centre of the whole line, and we watched the assault at that point. The hill on which we stood was fully one hundred and fifty feet higher than the Turkish redoubt known as No. 10 on the Russian maps, and about two thousand five hundred yards from it. The hill sloped gently from us, and completely overlooked the whole basin—filled with redoubts and batteries—to the commanding ridge of Krishin, opposite to us, and about three miles distant. While the guns redoubled their activity, firing with the utmost rapidity and a deafening racket, the infantry slowly filed past us in column of platoons, the men looking serious, but not sad, and crossing themselves and muttering their prayers incessantly as they passed the brow of the hill and moved down the slope. When they arrived at the base of it they were under the shelter of a little ravine, and the redoubt (No. 10) lay on their left, and about fifteen hundred yards from them, the greater part of this distance being nearly level, or sloping gently up to the redoubt, part of it covered with standing corn, and part of it (the greater part) entirely open, the corn having been cut.

The troops composing this particular column numbered six battalions, or about five thousand men; when they reached the little ravine just mentioned, they halted and lay down for a few minutes of rest; then they turned by the left flank, and, leaving one battalion in reserve, moved forward in line, the centre battalion being in company column. They were not long in coming on the brow of the slope, leading to the redoubt, and in full view of it. They moved forward, preserving a fair alignment, steadily, slowly, grandly. Nothing can be finer as a mere spectacle than the sight of a line of troops moving forward with blind, unthinking obedience and faith into battle.

They were fully twelve hundred yards from the Turkish redoubt when the smoke began to curl up along the line of its parapet, and the pop, pop, of its muskets gradually increased in sound till it resembled the drummers' long roll. The fog had partly lifted, and the redoubt, as well as other parts of the field, could be fairly well seen; the Russians answered back at the Turks and still kept advancing. The columns on either side of us were by this time also fully engaged, the din was very considerable, and the smoke was beginning to collect in low, dense clouds, gradually drifting across the landscape before the wind.

The Russian line gradually moved on; to us above them, and some distance on one side, the rate of progress seemed terribly slow, but it never halted. Individual men could be seen running forward, firing and falling; a few others in the rear moving back, throwing up their arms and falling, but the main line—a black, irregular, waving band, of which the individuals could only be distinguished by the glass—still stretched across the stubble-field, and still moved on. Finally they had passed half the space from the little ravine to the redoubt, and then they stopped and lay down, and the firing increased in rapidity. A few minutes later they got up again, the centre battalion now deployed in line, and again moved forward. They were soon so near the redoubt that the batteries near us ceased firing for fear of injuring their own men; the gunners leaned on their pieces watching their comrades below, and the silence in our neighborhood was oppressive, although the more distant noise became ever louder and more boisterous. Finally the line of Russians seemed to be within only one hundred or two hundred yards of the redoubt; the line could be seen to break into a run, and then all was lost in a confused mass of smoke, through which the fire from the muzzles leaped back and forth from end to end of the parapet, like flashes of lightning, and out of which was heard the sharp, continuous rattle of the muskets, but no individual sound. It was the critical moment; nothing was in sight but the cloud of smoke, and we held our breath in suspense awaiting

the result. My God! they are coming back! Black dots began to emerge from the smoke, increasing in numbers, until it was seen to be the whole line, confused and irregular, but still intact, gradually moving back to the rear. The sound of shouts came through the smoke, and now the fire of the Turks seemed to increase with the fury of hell itself. As the smoke partly blew away, the parapet seemed made of sheets of flame; and outside of the redoubt there was a regiment or more of Turks fighting in the open, and still others behind them climbing the slope from the direction of Plevna. And now a mass of black objects were seen streaming over the parapet at one corner, jumping and running forward towards the retreating Russians. The Turks were following up their victory. But this lasted but a few minutes. The Russian line stopped, turned, lay down, and sent back a greeting of death as warm as that which they were receiving. It was but a second before the Turks were swarming back into their redoubt as rapidly as they had come out. Then the Russians got up and continued their retreat,—a few running, but the great mass steadily walking in a confused line, stopping now and then to return the fire. As they retreated, the battalion which had been left in reserve came hurrying forward at a run, but it was a bagatelle in strength, and merely joined their comrades and returned with them. The whole lot were soon back under the shelter of the ravine again. It was a little over thirty minutes since they had left it to advance; and fifteen hundred of their number now lay in the furrows among the corn-stalks. The Turkish hurrahs came echoing over the field; their men stood defiantly on the parapet; the Russians sat exhausted and bewildered under the shelter of their little ravine; the firing simmered down to a few scattered shots; soon it ceased altogether, and was succeeded by the stillness of death, in painful contrast to the noise of a few minutes before. The stubble-field was covered here and there with black objects. Three of them were noticed to rise, and two began to run; then the firing recommenced; thousands of bullets came chasing after these three lone objects; first one threw up his hands and plunged headlong on his face, then the other; the third went on at a walk, defiantly, with head erect, swinging his arms; then, either losing his nerve, or stung with a bullet, he began to run, but before he had gone ten steps he too fell headlong. Everything was quiet again, and over the whole field not an object moved.

Meanwhile, the distant firing continued uninterruptedly on both sides of us, but we could make nothing of it through the fog and smoke, and our hearts were too sick with what we had just seen to feel much interest in it. If nothing could be finer than their advance

half an hour ago, certainly nothing could be sadder than the sight before us now. Brave men had done their best, one in four giving up his life in the effort, but they could not accomplish the impossible. They came slowly up the hill again to where we stood, their faces sad, but not panic-stricken, filed down the reverse slope, stacked arms, and lay down to sleep, overcome with fatigue and bewilderment.

As they passed by us, another disjointed attack was going on against the same redoubt by other troops off to our left. The assaults were not simultaneous, and the Turks had only to turn to the other side of their work to drive back this more easily than they did the first, for it was not pushed so far. The line was withdrawn, the fire slackened, and darkness, smoke, and fog gradually settled over the whole field. The sun, which never shone, had set on the Emperor's name-day, and his name-day gift was only a roll of five thousand killed and ten thousand wounded of his own subjects, without counting the losses of his gallant young allies, the Roumanians, who had borne the principal part in the assault on our right against the Krishin redoubt.

I turned my horse down the hill and met a party of English correspondents and the English military attaché, who had witnessed the same struggle as myself from a point a few hundred yards to the left; leaving them, I rode rapidly over to the Emperor's point of observation. On my way I met the younger Grand Duke Nichols, who eagerly questioned me for information, and then galloped on to relate it to his father. When I came up the elder Grand Duke was standing at the steps of the Emperor's carriage. As the Emperor returned my salute, I got a good look at his face; his expression was sad and very thoughtful, but still dignified. It seemed simply as if he had an unusual load of care in addition to that which his face habitually gave signs of. The two brothers kissed on the cheek after the Russian fashion, and the Emperor drove off, followed by the carriages and cavaliers of his suite, and the half-wild, grotesquely-dressed Cossacks of his escort. What must have been his thoughts during this ten miles' drive in the drizzling rain and darkness! Fortunately, being but a man, he could not realize it all. Could he feel the measure of his misfortune in the same proportion that a captain of a company in that death's hollow near him felt his, the weight of it would grind him to powder.

I dismounted as the Emperor drove off, and the Grand Duke beckoned to me, took my arm, and walked a few steps to one side, saying in English, "Come, tell me what is this?" It seemed that I was the first officer to arrive from that part of the field which I had witnessed. I told him in short what I had seen,—that the assault had

been most gallant, but had totally failed; that the losses could not be less than twenty-five per cent.; that the failure was due to a lack of *ensemble* in the attacks; and that everything was now quiet, the Turks making no signs of taking the offensive. He listened intently, asking a few questions, and then noticing that his staff had gathered around us, terminated the conversation by remarking, "Beautiful evening, is it not?" (the rain had just begun falling rapidly) and moved off.

Near by were a dozen carriages belonging to the Grand Duke and some of his staff. The rest of the officers and the headquarter escort had nothing but their overcoats. Some Cossacks were sent off to the stacks of grain piled on the sides of the hill, and, bringing it in, they made a bonfire, and we gathered around it. At that time the news from the Krishin redoubt was that three desperate assaults had been made by the Roumanians, assisted by a Russian brigade, and that all three had been repulsed with great loss. From the centre the news was what we have seen. From Skobeleff, away off on the extreme left, the latest information was several hours old; it was to the effect that he had carried one of the redoubts near the town on the Lovtcha road, but the fighting was still going on unabated, and the result could not be predicted. On all sides there was nearly the same sad story of defeat. It was a gloomy evening; the air was cold, and full of sharp, fine rain. We were most of us wet through, and, more depressing than all, in those corn-fields and vineyards between us and the town lay the fifty thousand or more men who had passed through the fiery furnace of to-day's battle, and who had done their duty in it so loyally though with so little success,—many of them lay dead, others in agony longing for death, and the rest in their troubled sleep thanking God that this day was over and they still lived, but wondering whether they would be able to say as much twenty-four hours hence.

As we sat chattering around the fire, the sound of a horse on a hard gallop through the mud was heard, and in a minute there jumped into the group Genghis Khan, a major-general in the Emperor's suite, and descendant of the famous conqueror of the thirteenth century,—a great, burly, good-natured creature, with high cheek-bones and black hair and beard, almost a perfect type of the Tartar as depicted in the child's geography. He had been sent to learn something of the course of events near the centre of the line, and in returning past the village of Krishin he had nearly galloped over a man in the road, who told him he was carrying a message to a brigade commander for more troops to garrison the Krishin redoubt; that the redoubt was actually taken, and he had himself been in it! The tale was listened to with wide-open mouths and eyes and ears. Two officers were immediately

sent off to verify the report; they went splashing away through the mud and darkness and were soon out of hearing.

Then the Grand Duke stepped over to Prince Charles's carriage, woke him up, told him the news, and suggested certain orders for the Roumanian troops, insisting that this or that should be attended to in order that the redoubt might be held when day broke and the Turks tried to regain it.

Before the Roumanian officers rushing off with these orders were out of sound, up dashed another young major-general, named Stroukoff, a handsome young fellow of thirty-two, with long blond moustaches. He had been sent to the Krishin troops for news before dark, and had entered the great redoubt with them. He had been riding post-haste to bring the news, but had lost his way in the darkness, and so Genghis, with his second-hand account, had arrived first. Stroukoff corroborated all that Genghis had told, and gave the details of the final capture of the redoubt just after dark; the Turks had fought to the last with curses of defiance, refusing to surrender, and the last remnant of the little garrison had perished by the bayonet.

The fate of the Krishin redoubt being settled, at least till morning, the Grand Duke prepared to go to sleep,—it was between ten and eleven o'clock,—leaving word that the first messenger from Skobeleff should come to him immediately upon his arrival. There were about a dozen carriages here, belonging to the Grand Duke and the more important members of his staff; the horses were unharnessed and hitched to the poles, the curtains and boots were unrolled and fastened together, making very passable places for a nap. Others lay on the ground under the carriages, and the rest found what shelter they could. For myself, I picked out a place not far from the fire, where a small bush formed a partial protection against the piercing cold wind and mist. I had no cover with me but a ten-ounce mackintosh overcoat, and I wrapped this round my shoulders, though with no particular object, for they were thoroughly wet. I soon found I had made a bad selection, being directly in the line between the embers of the fire and the carriages. After three or four men, with their big boots and spurs and sabres, had fallen over me, I concluded to change, and found a more quiet place, although it was openly exposed to the cutting wind.

In this dismal situation we struggled for a few winks of sleep throughout the long hours of the cold night. Towards morning it cleared, with a high wind, and the stars came out, and just at daybreak several wagons drove up with food from the Grand Duke's commissariat. There was bread, cold mutton, a few eggs, and a great

brass "samovar" five feet high and holding sixty gallons. We were soon drinking tea by the quart and devouring cold mutton by the pound, few of us having had anything to eat in nearly twenty-four hours. Our stiff joints and rheumatic backs began to loosen and lubricate, and our spirits rose accordingly. The sun rose bright and clear, disclosing the whole field and drying our clothes. Smoke could be seen rising from the woods of Skobeleff's position on the extreme left, about six miles from us in a straight line over the heads of the Turks; there was also some firing going on around the Krishin redoubt. Word had been received during the night from Skobeleff explaining his precarious position, and answer was sent back to him at seven A. M. to retreat slowly, for no reinforcements could be sent to him.

About eight o'clock the Emperor and his suite drove up, and we all rode forward about half a mile to the point of the hill, and there strained our eyes through the glasses trying to make out what was going on with Skobeleff, away off on the other side of Plevna. We could plainly see two dark lines of troops hotly engaged and moving backward and forward, but being ignorant of the details of the topography of that vicinity, and almost equally ignorant of the actual course of events in Skobeleff's command, we could not make out anything definite as to what was going on, or even which side was Russian and which Turkish troops. I stepped over to General Levitzky, the assistant chief of staff, and discussed with him the probabilities as to which was which. He knew no more about it than I did. We could only see that a very hot fight was going on. We watched it for two or three hours, and then the Emperor mounted and rode back to the site of our bivouac of the night before. About noon a lunch was served of cold meats and preserves, bread, biscuits, and an abundance of claret and champagne. An improvised table was set up for the Emperor, his brother, his nephew, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, Prince Charles of Roumania, old Prince Suwaroff, and the Minister of War. The rest of us, numbering nearly a hundred in all, squatted about on the ground,—but the lunch was very good. After it was over the improvised table was used for a council of war, in which the Emperor, the Grand Duke, the Prince of Roumania, the Minister of War, the chief of staff, his assistant, and the chief of staff of Prince Charles, all took part. It lasted during the greater part of the afternoon. The air was warm and sunny, and we sat about in groups chatting and enjoying the balmy air as at a picnic in early spring. Meanwhile, the smoke was still curling up from the woods over where Skobeleff's troops were, and we could just distinguish the noise of their musketry fire. We did not know it, but just then his terrible two-days' fight,

in which he lost eight thousand men out of eighteen thousand, was culminating, and he was beginning to withdraw as best he could the remnants of his troops. The council finally broke up late in the afternoon, and the Emperor drove off. It was told to us, in general terms, that it had been determined to make no more assaults on this position which had already cost the Russians thirty thousand men, but to remain in *statu quo,* fortify their own positions against any counter-attack, and await the arrival of the reinforcements which were already *en route* from Russia. Upon their arrival the place would be regularly invested and besieged, if the Turks did not meantime evacuate it.

So ended this memorable assault,—at least the acute part of it. Its effects,—the long lines of creaking little carts, which could be seen any day for a week afterwards carrying men groaning with wounds to the Danube,—the unburied dead which lay in plain sight in front of the Turkish redoubts for the next three weeks, until the terrible stench compelled the Turks, in self-defense, to throw a few spadefuls of earth over them; these and other horrors, necessary and unnecessary, I have no desire to dilate upon.

On the 10th of December Plevna fell. On that day Osman Pasha found his provisions reduced to but a few days' supply, and saw that the place which he had so gallantly and stubbornly, though perhaps unadvisedly, defended for nearly five long months, was at last doomed to fall through starvation. But he would make no tame surrender, like Bazaine and Pemberton, of mere hungry mouths; if perish it must, his army should perish in the hot blood of battle. Massing all his troops during the night, he broke forth at daylight, striving to pierce the Russian lines on the west side and escape to the Balkans. It was one of the maddest, fiercest, least hopeful onslaughts ever made; it swept over the first two Russian lines like a whirlwind, and was barely checked at the third and last. But once checked, the Russians closed in on every side, and by noon Osman was wounded and his army was a mass of angry, stupefied human beings, without cohesion and without leaders. A few hours later it marched back with sullen faces within its own lines, laid down its arms in the ditches along the road, and became a mere herd of ill-fed, ill-clothed prisoners of war.

I was not at Plevna on the 10th. Sharing the feeling then current that the siege might last for several months, and weary of walking through the muddy trenches and conning for the thousandth time with field-glasses the outlines of the Turkish redoubts, I had joined General Gunko, who was leading a detachment of about forty thousand men into the Balkans, near Sophia, to prevent any reinforcements or supplies from coming to Plevna. Hearing of the surrender by the

field telegraph, I rode back as rapidly as possible, and reached Plevna about noon on the 13th. The burying-parties were still busy on various parts of the field. At the first one I met, an officer of the grenadiers was seated on the ground eating a few bits of hard bread and sausage for lunch. A dozen yards from him was a trench sixty feet long and twelve feet wide about half full of bodies. The men of his detachment were moving over the field picking up the dead Rusians, straightening them out, and rolling them up in their overcoats; they were then brought to the trench and dropped in it with some uniformity, heads and feet alternating, like sardines in a box. When about two hundred had been put in the trench, it was filled over with earth, a short service read by the chaplain, and a good many signs of the cross made by the men; a rude wooden cross, with two cross-pieces, after the fashion of the Greek Church, was then placed over it, and the burial was over. So fared the dead Russians. For the Turks the process was somewhat abridged; the little batteries and trenches which covered the field, and whose parapets bore the footprints of many a fierce hand-to-hand fight three days before, were now utilized for graves; the Turkish bodies were first stripped of their clothing for immediate use, it being in many instances superior to what Russians had themselves, and they were then dragged to the nearest battery and tumbled headlong into the ditch. There the naked bodies lay, their arms and legs tangled in inextricable confusion, reminding one of Dorè's illustrations of "The Inferno." When the ditch was nearly full the loose earth was shoveled down from the parapet to cover the bodies, and the ceremony was complete.

I had been riding over the field among these scenes, gleaning as much as possible from the survivors of the events of the battle, and had grown somewhat hardened to the sickening sight, when suddenly, on passing near a ditch full of naked bodies, my horse plunged violently and stood quivering and snorting with fear. Among the corpses was a living man; his head and one arm only were visible among the tangled mass of bodies and legs; his face was purple, and he was already so for gone as to be speechless; with his hand he beckoned very faintly to me to come near, and in his face and eyes there was the most ghastly death-agony I have ever witnessed. I called a passing soldier to bring some water; he replied he had seen none since early morning; there was none on the field nearer than the river, two versts off; my own brandy-flask and cigarette-case I had emptied a few minutes before among a group of wounded. There was nothing to be done for this poor fellow, and I moved on; he was probably dead before many minutes. For all the volumes that have been written in all ages

of the horrors of the battle-field after the battle, how little do they or can they portray its reality!

War is at best brutal and brutifying; in the midst of it men are too busy with the object to be attained to have any time for human sentiment, and they think of their fellow-men as mere units, like horses, guns, muskets, and wagons. Afterwards, when the brain is less heated, its daily events group themselves together in the memory like a confused and unreal nightmare, of which some more than usually vivid scenes are the only tangible features.

The next day the Emperor came over to the field to review the troops, thank them for their victory, and take leave of them prior to his departure for St. Petersburg. From the Grand Duke's headquarters, at Bogot, to the battlefield, near Dolni-Etropol, the distance was fully fifteen miles. It was a cold, drizzling day, and I gladly accepted the invitation of one of my colleagues to take a seat in his barouche and send my horse on ahead by an orderly.

The scene in the town of Plevna just after the surrender defies all description. The lack of ready wit of the Rusian Tchinovniks, the total want of transport and medical service of the Turks, the vast numbers of sick which had accumulated during the bad weather of the last few weeks of the siege, the vile, filthy streets of the dirty little Turkish town, all combined to make up a scene whose like I doubt has been witnessed since the plagues of the middle ages. You could barely open a door on any street without the chance of stumbling over two or three corpses in the hall,—men who had crept in there to die of their fevers. The yards of the houses presented nearly the same spectacle; no sanitary precautions seemed to have been taken, and the yards and streets were one foul mass of filth and mud, which combined with the stench of the dead bodies to make the place a vast pest-house. Many of the houses had been destroyed by the bombardment; all those belonging to Turks had been deserted by their owners. The streets were filled as in a mass-meeting,—Bulgarians, Russian soldiers, creaking carts full of wounded, supply-wagons, artillery-wagons, horsemen, all blocking one another's way without order or direction. It seemed as if Pandemonium had settled down in the mud of this filthy village. On this day two long rows of gendarmes lined the streets, shunting every vehicle or being into the nearest by-way or yard, and keeping a single, continuous passage open for the carriages of the Emperor and his suite. As we emerged from the farther end of the village we came upon another striking scene; it was a collection of not less than twelve hundred carts, each with a pair of uncouth buffaloes tied to the end of the pole, and all crowded into a space so small that it was barely

possible for a person to thread his way on foot between them. In this caravan were all the camp-followers of Osman's army and the Mohammedan inhabitants of the town. They had been brought together by Osman with orders to follow his troops the moment he should break the Russian lines. Here they had been for four days. Standing like a fringe along the front were the men, dressed in every variety of gayly colored and picturesque Oriental costume, staring in silence at us as we passed, with stolid indifference or sullen defiance on their faces; behind them, peering from under the covers of the carts or playing about the wheels, were the women, dressed in blue or yellow gowns, the "yashmak" tightly drawn over their faces, and the children laughing or gaping with wonder as they toddled about in their striped baggy trowsers.

Across the river, on the wide plain where the battle had been fought, were the prisoners, herded together like cattle in three great herds, about ten thousand in each, and a line of Russian sentries around the outer edge. The Russians had not tents or blankets enough for themselves, the Turks had none whatever, and the miserable town afforded no facilities for shelter; there seemed to be no way to guard them but the way that we saw. We had arrived an hour before the time fixed for the emperor, and I passed the interval wandering through the midst of the herds of prisoners. More than half of them were hearty, stout-looking fellows, with deep, broad chests, and well-knit muscular frames; among the others were many whose emaciated and sallow faces told of the bad food and suffering in the trenches. Not a few were crouched on the ground, shivering with the cold wind and the still colder hand of death which was beginning to rest upon them. For clothing every man wore the Turkish fez, and a majority had a rather shoddy overcoat with a capote; further than that there was no uniformity, the dress being of every variety, from the rudest of home-spun to a handsome suit of stout blue cloth, cut *a la Zouave*, and adorned with red or yellow trimmings. They were badly shod, great numbers of them having no other protection for the feet and ankles but raw-hide tied strings. The expression of these men was, as a rule, frank and gentle, but there were many scowling, defiant, and savage faces. I found a few who could speak some words of French, enough to tell me that they had not tasted food since the morning of the battle, four days before; they had been all this time herded in the open as now, their position being moved once in twenty-four hours to avoid accumulated filth, and to give an opportunity to bury those who had died meantime.

The Emperor arrived about one o'clock. The troops formed for

review consisted of the corps of grenadiers, three brigades of Roumanians, a division of cavalry, and one hundred and eighty guns,—about fifty thousand men in all. They were drawn up, about half a mile from the herds of prisoners, in the usual Russian fashion,—the cavalry on the flanks, the infantry in a line of battalion masses (double column of platoons on the centre), and the artillery in rear of the infantry. Even in the compact formation the troops of the three arms covered a space of over a mile long and half a mile deep. The review was conducted in the customary form. The commanding general—in this case the Grand Duke Nicholas—took his position on the right of the line, with his staff immediately in rear of him. As the Emperor and his suite approached, the Grand Duke galloped out alone to meet him, saluted, and handed him the consolidated report of the troops present. The Emperor then rode along the front line, the Grand Duke's staff joining in the suite, swelling its numbers to nearly three hundred. As he approached each regiment the men presented arms and the officers saluted, all turning their heads towards him and watching him with the most intense interest. He then called out, "Zdarova, Astrakhansky!" (Moscovsky, or whatever were the name of the regiment), meaning "Good-morning, men of Astrakhan!" The two thousand or more men of each regiment then answered back in unison with one long, rolling shout, "Zdravie zhelaiem, Vass Imperatorsky Veleetchestvo!"—"We wish good health to your Imperial Majesty!" Then the regimental band struck up the national hymn,—an air whose grand harmony is long remembered by those who have heard it,—and the men kept up an uninterrupted series of hurrahs so long as the Emperor remained in their front. Now and then the Emperor stopped to call out some soldier wearing the St. George's Cross, and ask him to relate the circumstances under which he had gained it. The answers were usually brief and modest, and the Emperor would compliment him at the end with "Tee molodetz!"—"Thou art a fine fellow!" and the man would grasp his hand, his sleeve, his skirts, and cover them with kisses, often dropping his musket in the confusion of a moment which he would remember to the last day of his life, and which he considered ample reward for any sacrifice or risk of life. Opposite the regiments of Siberia and Little Russia, which had borne the fiercest part of the Turkish assault, the Emperor stopped and called the officers about him to make a short speech of a few appropriate words, telling them their regiment had earned its place in Russian history, and would henceforth carry the colors of St. George entwined on its standards. It was more than an hour before the Emperor had finished riding down the line of infantry, and thence back to the other

flank and down the lines of batteries, each of which was saluted in turn by name. Then the Emperor took position in front, and the troops filed past him, consuming something more than another hour. The infantry went past in company fronts (two hundred men each), and to those who preserved a good alignment the Emperor shouted, "Koroshoh!"—"Very well!" to which the men yelled back, "Otchen radom, Vass Imperatorsky Veleetchestvo!"—"We're glad to serve your Majesty!" Each regiment after filing past returned directly to its own quarters, and then the Emperor and suite rode back to their carriages and returned in them, giving their saddle-horses to their orderlies.

One often sees reviews,—the hopeful, bright recruits setting out for the war, the saddened veterans returning with thinned ranks,—reviews at great ceremonies, reviews for mere inspection or drill. They do not vary greatly in different countries; the men are usually dressed in their best, their arms are bright, the ground is well selected, the movements are precise, the scene is brilliant. But it is rare that they have an air of reality about them; the most they tell of actual war is occasionally some reference to their fallen comrades, such as leaving gaps in the ranks where they had stood. But this review was none of these. It was a review of the survivors of a battle fought but four days before, and it was held on the very ground where they had fought, and in full sight of the men they had conquered. It seemed to me to be most intensely dramatic, and full of a vivid savagery, which had nothing in common with the grand march of Grant's and Sherman's armies along Pennsylvania Avenue in April, 1865, but rather to recall the stories of the old Roman triumphs, where the conquered were dragged through the streets chained to the chariot-wheels. It represented all that there is in the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, —and all its emptiness. Here were fifty thousand men, victors in a great battle, shivering, with their gaping boots in the mud, but shouting themselves hoarse at the sight of their beloved Emperor, who typified to them all they had fought for; over yonder, listening to their shouts, were herds of disorganized men, the remnants of soldiers who had but a few hours before met them in fierce fight, but who now had no shouting to do, no commendation to receive, no future, but a dull blank in their minds; no feelings but suppressed rage, alternating with the gnawings of hunger; and between the two groups lay the carcasses of horses, pieces of clothing, parts of belts and cartridge-boxes, broken ammunition and wheels, and all the numerous odds and ends which lie strewn on every battle-field, including here and there a dead man who had escaped the notice of the burying-parties. Yet the two enemies,

the victors and the vanquished, have an almost equal claim to every soldier's admiration; without stopping to inquire into the justice of the causes for which they respectively fought, or into the errors which their commanders had made, but thinking merely of the great mass of the soldiers on either side, one can only recall that in the historical drama of Plevna which this day's review closed, both sides had shown qualities of endurance and devotion, of daring spirit and dogged courage, of faithful obedience and cheerful sacrifice, of all those soldierly qualities which in all the ages have commanded the admiration of men. But one quality had they lacked,—that of mercy to their fallen foes,—and in a war of religious fanaticism perhaps this could hardly be expected.

GEN. F. V. GREENE.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

AN analysis of the contents of the principal military periodicals, systematically classified under a few general heads for the convenience of the reader and student, comprising extracts and comments, in which special attention is given to the most important and valuable articles.

ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION AND MOBILIZATION.

The recent articles on this subject relate to the changes in organization lately effected in the principal armies and to the Engineers, Marine Corps and the Bureaus of Military Information. They are:

1. Organization and Functions of a Bureau of Military Intelligence.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* May-June.
2. A Plea for a Permanent Regimental Formation in U. S. Marine Corps.—*Proceedings U. S. Naval Institute,* March.
3. Mounted Engineers (Pioneers).—*Kriegstechnische Zeit.,* 4.
4. Conscription or Compulsory Volunteering.—*Indian Volunteer Record,* March 16.
5. The Indian Army Estimates.—*Same,* March 31.
6. The Army of Switzerland.—*Internationale Revue, Beih.,* 39.
7. The Australian Army.—*United Service Magazine (London),* April.
8. The Spanish Army.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* March 28, April 4.
9. The British Naval Estimates, 1903-4.—*Marine Rund.,* April.
10. The Best Organization for Land Transport.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* April.
11. Financial Lessons of the Late War.—*Same.*
12. Field Artillery of the Artillery Corps.—*Journal U. S. Artillery,* March-April.
13. Changes in the World's Navies.—*Marine Rund.,* April; *Internationale Revue,* April; *Journal Royal United Service Institution,* April.
14. Changes in the World's Armies.—*Same.*

The first of these is an essay by Major Robert K. Evans, U. S. Infantry, Assistant Adjutant-General, which received honorable mention.

The second is a strong argument in favor of companies of fixed strength and a complete regimental organization for the Marine Corps. If the Marine Corps is to be used largely on shore, as infantry (as it has been so extensively recently in Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, Culebra, China and the Philippines), then the infantry organization is undoubtedly the best; but if (as is proposed in the British navy, and practiced to some extent in our own) the Marines are definitely assigned to particular batteries aboard ship, then a more flexible organization (like the one our Coast Artillery is now striving for, in addition to its *Corps* organization) would appear to be preferable. However, the Marine Corps knows its own wants, and if these are presented with some unanimity, its fine record should entitle it to a prompt hearing.

The third article is on the subject of mounted engineers, used as Pioneers, especially to accompany cavalry in the field. In the troubles in China in 1900 and 1901 the few infantry companies (of the German troops) that were mounted on ponies, had done so well and proved so useful that on December 11, 1902, in the reorganization of the East Asiatic Garrison Brigade, each battalion had a mounted company. The engineer battalion also had a mounted platoon in one company, and a mounted half-platoon in another, the latter doing splendid service in the battle of Niantseknan (Huolu) on April 23, 1901. The article discusses the necessity for such pioneers, their work in war, and their strength in each regiment and division. The author concludes that the Cavalry itself must furnish and train these men, and finds that five men per squadron, or twenty per regiment of four squadrons, or 120 per Cavalry division of six regiments, united into a special subdivision, section or detachment, will be sufficient.

The fourth article brings up again the question of compulsory military service in England, one that has been before the country since the Boer War. It is by Captain A. T. Moore, Royal Engineers. The following contains the gist of the subject matter:

"Baron Edelsheim's scheme for the invasion of England by Germany has not received the attention and authoritative discussion it merits; yet it is only one of the many signs that German military authorities consider the invasion of this country a quite feasible undertaking, if they can only obtain temporarily command of the North Sea, and one which would certainly be attempted, if it were desired to bring this country to its knees. Germans recognize now that the United States, with their powerful Navy, will never consent to food being considered contraband of war, and this action by the United States would fustrate any idea of starving us out.

"It is obvious that, should the Germans be able at any time to gain command of the North Sea, an invasion would be quite possible under the circumstances premised by him. On the other hand, it is exceedingly problematical how far such an invading force would be able to penetrate into the interior.

"An invasion must therefore be rendered unfeasible, which means that the mere intention or inception of any such act on the part of our powerful continental neighbors must be prevented. It can only be prevented by the possession of a large Army for home defense. By no possible means can an Army of regulars, serving voluntarily, of the required numbers, be raised or maintained. The question, therefore, resolves itself into the very simple but incalculably important one of 'Can conscription in the United Kingdom be avoided; and, if so, how?'

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"What strength is required for the Army for home defense? In the 'Purposes of the Regular Army' three army corps are laid down. We have already allowed one army corps above as a nucleus. But it is certain that two more army corps, consisting of auxiliary forces even if properly organized and trained, would not be enough.

"We want in the first place, in addition to the one regular army corps, three army corps of auxiliary forces, the four corps being required as a mobile field army. These three auxiliary corps must be properly organized, and must contain the proper complement of the combatant arms (except field artillery) and of the accessory arms; the artillery would have to be provided by the regular army which must in this respect be increased accordingly, because artillery of the requisite efficiency for *offensive* operations cannot be produced through the intermittent training of the volunteer and can *only* be produced through the continuous and lengthy training of the regular soldier. These four corps would have to be embodied in a thoroughly worked out scheme designated to repel a sudden invasion on any portion of our coasts.

In addition to these auxiliary corps, we want *as many riflemen as we can get,* who would reinforce the field army, but whose prime duty would be local or internal defense; these riflemen need not be otherwise trained in a military sense, nor need they be fully organized into large field units.

"It is submitted that we can obtain all this by a system of compulsory volunteering without resort to conscription."

The fifth article is a very interesting editorial on the Budget of the Government of India for the years 1903-4, the highest estimate

yet submitted, and two and a half million pounds sterling more than that of 1900. The most important features are here quoted:

"The following figures show the *net* military expenditure of India during the last five years:

1899-1900	£14,165,743
1900-1901	14,265,525
1901-1902	14,786,312
1902-1903	16,234,900
1903-1904 Budget estimate.....	16,652,300

"There is therefore a steady increase in the Indian army charges, although the percentage of military expenditure to the general revenue is a declining proposition. The figures for the last year include substantial allotments for the provision of ordnance factories in India, which should go far to prevent in the future such an anomaly as now exists, in that a large portion of the Indian auxiliary forces are even yet still in possession of an obsolete weapon.

"The main lines of development that have been carried out during the year now ending are:

"'(1) The re-armament of the field army.

"'(2) Organization of ambulance bearer corps.

"'(3) Addition of sixty-four officers to the Indian Establishment for admission to the staff corps.

"'(4) Addition of three howitzer batteries to the Indian Establishment.

"'(5) Raising corps of native garrison artillery for frontier posts.

"'(6) Supply of bandolier equipment to the native army (that for the British army being delayed for want of the approved pattern which has not yet been decided by the War Office).

"'(7) Addition of sixty machine guns.'

"This does not exhaust the list of achievements. Seven battalions of the Madras army have been reorganized and one Madras cavalry regiment. Four new companies of Sappers, including an Aden company and a railway company, have been raised. To again quote the Budget memorandum: 'The rearming of the volunteers is being proceeded with, but has been somewhat delayed, owing to the decision to arm the cavalry with 303 rifles.' The extensive revision of the surgical and medical equipment of the hospitals, both field and general, has been or is being carried through.

"Thus far the remarks deal with the Budget of 1902-3. To glance at the anticipations for 1903-4 (by the way, who was the

philosopher who arranged that the birthday of the official year should be All Fool's day), Sir Edmond Elles writes: 'The rearmament of the regular army in India with magazine rifles has been completed, but 78,936 rifles are still required to complete the rearming of the volunteers, the reservists and for an ordinance reserve. An endeavor was made to procure during 1903-04, 50,000 of the new pattern short rifle, introduced at home, but they could not be supplied. Fifty thousand L. E. rifles of the present pattern have accordingly been ordered to be supplied during 1903-04, at a cost of 34 lakhs, and the question of having them fitted for charger loading and supplied with all the modifications approved for the new pattern short rifle is under consideration.' In the matter of machine guns, the total requirements are put at 288, of this total 132 are in possession, 60 under supply, leaving 96 more to be provided. The bulk of these will apparently be in the hands of the native infantry regiments. Twelve mule corps are to be organized in the Supply and Transport Department in continuation of the organization of the service begun in 1900.

" 'Under the scheme for the organization of mounted infantry recommended to and approved by the Secretary of State, 160 men will be trained in each battalion of British and native infantry and on mobilization two battalions of mounted infantry (of four companies each) will be attached to each division. The strength of a mounted infantry company has been fixed at 125. * * * * * An interesting though much smaller feature is the addition of a detachment of mounted sappers (49 rank and file) to the strength of the army. The mounted sapper has been so long a feature of the corps of R. E.'s at home that it is somewhat surprising that the Indian army has waited so long for such a highly useful addition to the scientific corps. The hand of Lord Kitchener is seen in the proposed amalgamation of the Mobilization and Intelligence branches at army headquarters with an increased staff at a cost of Rs. 87,138.' "

The sixth article is a full and complete account of the army of Switzerland, which is now in a high state of efficiency. The standing army is at present 151,766 men, the *first levy* of *Landwehr* 63,734 men, and the *second levy* of *Landwehr* 24,209 men, or a total of 239,709 men. Adding the *Landsturm* (153,998) and auxiliaries (125,000), the entire available army is 518,707.

The seventh article describes the present small force of Australia (25,578), and discusses the needs of the new Federation.

The ninth article analyses in detail the British Naval Budget for 1903-4.

The tenth is a gold medal prize essay on the best organization for

the land transport of the British army, having regard both to home defense and over-sea operations. The article is of value not only to Great Britain but to any army, as a thorough and careful study, founded on the most recent experiences.

The eleventh article relates to the British Pay Department.

The twelfth is a strong plea for separating entirely the field artillery of our army from the coast artillery. We quote a considerable portion, not only because of the general subject discussed, but also because of other matters incidentally referred to, the most important of which is the necessary increase of the coast artillery in the near future. Emplacements are being completed every month or so and many will soon be turned over to the coast artillery, and yet the latter has scarcely men enough now to take proper care of the armament it has already. If any international troubles should arise (or even without them in a short time, as a matter of absolute necessity) *the coast artillery must be increased.* Would it not be wise to increase it slowly, year by year, than to suddenly fill that arm (as was done in the last increase) with a great number of utterly inexperienced officers, who will require constant training for several years to fit them for the most elementary duties required of them, and who will then reach their captaincies before they have fully learned the duties of lieutenants? The coast artillery should really be increased at once, but we believe that most of the officers now in the corps would prefer to do extra work for several years in order to have the additions made gradually, giving time for the *assimilation* of the new officers. The necessity for this increase is not a myth, nor is the opinion on this subject a selfish matter of desire for promotion. It is a grave reality. The number of new batteries (emplacements) to be turned over to the coast artillery every year for several years to come, can readily be determined, and the Chief of Engineers can readily furnish the necessary information on this subject. So that the required increase is a mere matter of very simple calculation.

Another point of importance, and in which we fully concur in Major Schenck's view, is that of rank above the rank of Colonel for coast artillery officers (and field artillery too, for that matter).

But we will let the author speak for himself.

"In Captain Coe's admirable article on Coast Artillery Organization, he naturally has nothing to say respecting the field batteries, which now form an incongruous part of that corps, for, as a matter of fact, these batteries do not properly, and should not in any manner have any connection with a corps of artillery organized for coast defense.

"To use one of the Captain's expressive terms, field artillery does not *fit in* anywhere in a proper organization for coast defense. It is possible that field artillery might be necessary to aid in the defense of some element of our coast defense, threatened by an enemy's attack by landing parties of greater or less force, but in such event it is quite evident that the field artillery would have no more to do with coast defense proper, than would the infantry or cavalry commands to which it is attached and of which it forms a proper and integral part. In fact the Captain clearly intimates that the infantry will necessarily have a very much more intimate connection with the coast defense, as guards within its works, than the field artillery will or can ever have, and, therefore, it would be much more appropriate to have thirty companies of infantry incorporated as a part of the artillery corps, than it now is to have thirty field batteries; yet no one has made even a suggestion for such an absurdity.

"Field artillery is just as much a part of a field army as is infantry, both may be called to the defense of our seacoast works, but this involves neither necessity nor reason for making either field artillery, or infantry, or cavalry a part of a coast artillery organization.

"It is a self-evident proposition that the field artillery should be entirely segregated from the coast artillery, as the two are widely different in their organization, instruction and purposes, and excepting the name 'artillery,' they have nothing more in common than the infantry or cavalry with coast artillery. If, now, this separation can be done without at the same time reducing the numbers of the officers and enlisted men now provided by law for the artillery corps, the corps will at once practically secure an increase in its available personnel, of about 135 officers and 3,600 enlisted men, of the 367 officers and about 6,000 enlisted men, which Captain Coe shows to be an absolute necessity *now;* and in doing this, attention is particularly called to the fact that he has not taken into account at all the most urgent necessity of the coast defense—that of the submarine mining (including submarine torpedo boats), which calls for a minimum force of over 100 officers and 3,000 men, and the corps will still be short 232 officers and over 2,000 men. To this total for actual service at stations must be added at least 5 per cent. of the number of officers on account of absence by detail, leave, sickness, etc., and to the enlisted strength 3 per cent. for normal sick, 4 for guard duty, and the per cent. authorized by army regulations to be absent on furlough. It will then appear that the number of men actually required to man properly the coast armanent already completed and ready for use, (*one* relief, it is not worth while considering more now, save for a

few of the most important stations, where two or three reliefs are obviously necessary), is 951 officers of various grades up to and including a major-general commanding (as in the Marine Corps, with scarce half the personnel, and none of the armament, or the navy with about the same number of men and much less armament, and 18 major-generals), and 27,237 enlisted men; just about what was predicted ten years ago would be required about this time.

"It is thus seen how urgent is the need of the artillery corps proper for an increase in its personnel, and why the detachment of the field artillery therefrom in the manner indicated, would afford great relief, and would be an exceedingly wise measure for the increase of the strength and efficiency of the corps, without calling special attention thereto at the present time, when we are in danger of having trouble with one or more great military powers. If the field artillery be given a proper organization at the same time, it need be no reason for foreign comment, as such an organization for the present would have to do only with batteries already in the service.

* * * * * * * *

"Finally, is the defense of our coast of so little consequence, and the work of the officers charged therewith worthy of so little consideration and reward that none may look for a higher grade in promotion in the service on the active list after perhaps forty years of faithful service, than that of colonel? The coast defense stands upon certainly an equal plane with the navy as a secure defense, not alone of the coast, but of the navy itself in many an hour of need. The navy, with scarcely more men than the artillery corps now has, is authorized by law to have eighteen officers with the grade of a major-general. It certainly can not be considered unreasonable to give the corps one officer with that grade, and one-third of the number in the navy, with the next lower grade.

"As a matter of fact these grades are not required for rewards to anyone, but to complete the corps, for its command and for the commands of its chief subdivisions, and to act as inspectors for the whole. They are just as necessary to insure the efficiency of the coast defense as are the rear-admirals to insure the efficiency of the navy."

MILITARY EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

The articles on these subjects are also very valuable:

1. General Service and Staff College.—*Journal U. S. Cavalry Association,* April.

2. Army and Navy Maneuvers from Afloat.—*Journal U. S. Artillery,* March-April; *Journal Mil. Service Inst.,* May and June.

3. Combined Maneuvers by the Mediterranean, Channel and Cruiser Squadrons.—*Journal Royal United Service Institution,* April.

4. The French Maneuvers of 1903.—*Internationale Revue,* April.

5. The Importance of Drill and its Limits.—*Same, Suppl.* 49.

6. Firing and Hitting.—*Kriegstechnische Zeitschrift,* 3.

7. Drill Regulations for 5-inch R. F. Gun.—*Journal U. S. Artillery,* March-April.

The first of these articles is an historical sketch of the rise and growth of the new General Service and Staff College at Fort Leavenworth.

The second, on the maneuvers between the navy and the coast artillery, is by one of the ablest officers in our navy, and is a fair, unprejudiced view of the whole subject. The article has attracted considerable attention and has been reprinted in a number of military journals. The entire essay is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, and is worthy of careful study and consideration by both coast artillery and navy.

We can quote but a small portion:

"The last day was devoted to the Newport defenses. There was a general bombardment in the afternoon and a forced entrance at night. The main channel had been countermined by the Peoria the previous night, as a cautionary measure, though, as it turned out, it had not been mined. The Peoria had been under fire for a short time while dragging the western channel, and had subsequently exploded her dummy countermines in the eastern channel without interference. Some question arose as to whether the two operations should be counted as a single phase, but the fact seems to be that her mission in the eastern channel was not recognized.

"The bombardment was preceded by an attack on the signal and position-finder stations by the cruiser squadron. After this had proceeded for a reasonable time the Kearsarge and Alabama ran in near the Brenton Reef lightship, intending to gain a position in the dead angle of direct gunfire from all the forts. The exact position was not occupied, for though sufficient water is shown on the charts, it is not a fair way and there was a risk of running on unknown rocks. In their actual position the ships were under fire of most of the guns and mortars, though in a real war the risk would have been assumed of occupying the actual dead space, notwithstanding possible rocks.

"Another division, consisting of the Massachusetts, Indiana and Puritan, came up from the eastward and occupied a position off Ochre Point, at anchor, some 800 yards from the shore. The exact

range of the batteries was obtained from the bearings at anchor, and the guns were fired over the cliffs at the elevation required for the range. To get the direction, observers were sent aloft to locate the forts and indicate their bearing, as, for instance, over a certain gable roof, or over a certain chimney. The effect of the fire could not be observed, but the range and direction were known absolutely and it was reasonable to suppose that the shots would fall with fair accuracy. The cliffs and houses did not interfere, as the trajectories, with full charges, passed three or four times higher than any intervening objects. No return was made to this fire, as the guns of the forts did not train in the direction of the ships, and there were no range stations for the mortars. Some had been planned, but they were not connected. This part of the bombardment was no doubt the decisive feature. Even should it be granted that the damage to the batteries was inconsiderable, owing to the impossibility of observing the effect of the fire, one of the reasons for the existence of the forts was the defense of Newport, and Newport was at the mercy of the ships."

The third article is the Admiralty Report of the British Fleet Maneuvers of 1902:

"*Special Object of the Maneuvers.*—The special object in view in drawing up the scheme of the 1902 combined maneuvers was to endeavor to ascertain what risks are involved in keeping such a close watch on a fleet in a defended port as to ensure bringing it to action if it issues therefrom. This object was selected because it is the consideration of these risks, taken in conjunction with the amount of mischief the enemy's fleet is capable of doing while at large, and the relative strength of the two fleets, that must determine the question whether it is better to try to bring an enemy to action in the immediate neighborhood of his port, or adopt some other line of strategy involving less risk to our own ships, but giving him greater chances of evasion."

The fourth article describes the scope of the coming French army maneuvers of this year. There are to be two grand maneuvers. In one two army corps are to take part, under General de Négrier, and two cavalry brigades will be attached; these are to take place in central France, near Limoges. In the other two army corps, one cavalry division, seven Alpine Chasseur battalions and the Zuaves of Lyons; these are to be held in southern France, near Marseilles.

The fifth article is a careful study by the German General Von Blume, and takes into consideration the conditions existing in the German army, nevertheless, his deductions apply in any modern army, at least in great part.

The gist of the essay is found in the following statement:

"The introduction of the two-year service and the adoption of the swarm of skirmishers as almost the sole battle formation for infantry will not permit us to preserve the traditions of drill which the past has."

The sixth article is a discussion of the practical value of scientific investigation in accurate firing.

MILITARY HISTORY, STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

The articles on these subjects are always comparatively numerous, and usually important and interesting:

1. Spanish Campaign in the Philippines.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* May-June.

2. The Cavalry in Southern Luzon.—*Journal U. S. Cavalry Association,* April.

3. China Notes, 1900.—*Same.*

4. The Battle of Sacketts Harbor.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* May-June.

5. The Battle of Spichern.—*Internationale Revue, Suppl.* 49.

6. War in the Theatres of Central Europe.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* March 28, April 4.

7. Strategy and Tactics in Mountain Ranges.—*United Service Magazine* (London), April.

8. Views of the French Minister of Marine on Naval Warfare.—*Internationale Revue,* April.

9. The Service of Supply of Armies in China, 1900-1.—*Revue du Cercle Militaire,* April 18, 25.

10. Notes on Coast Defense.—*Same,* March 28, April 4.

11. What Lessons Can We Draw from the Boer War.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* May-June; *Journal Royal United Service Institution,* April.

12. Notes on Field Duties.—*Journal Military Service Institution,* May-June.

13. Dispersed Order or Individual Initiative in Line-of-Battle Works.—*Same.*

14. The Rôle of Cavalry in Modern Warfare.—*Military Mail,* April 17.

The first article is an account of the Spanish campaign in the Philippines in 1896-1897, translated from the *Revue Militaire de l' Etranger.*

The second is the story of the cavalry work in Southern Luzon,

by Colonel J. A. Augur, a well written article, fully illustrated, and most entertaining and instructive. We extract the following:

"January 22d.—One hundred and sixty dismounted men and officers, under command of Major Nolan, were sent to reconnoiter to Lucban and the practicability of the trail for horses to Luisiana, Cavinti and Santa Cruz. A slight resistance was encountered, and the command reached its objective at 4 P. M., stayed all night and returned to Tayabas at 10:30 A. M. the next day. At this time General Schwan's forces were in front of Majayjay, a strong position, well fortified, south of Lucban, which was carried without any serious resistance, due in my opinion to the appearance of the dismounted cavalry force at Lucban, and this fact was noted as due the cavalry command. As our command was not fit to go through the difficult trails on account of the condition of the horses, a great many barefooted, and the physical condition of the men, twenty per cent. unfit for hard marching, the commanding officer wisely determined to retrace his march to Tiaon, thence to San Pablo, reaching Santa Cruz on the Laguna, January 25th. Taking into account the trip to Lucban, the command marched 324 miles in seventeen marching days. Considering the character of the country passed over, the trails, streams, dismounting to fight on foot, lack of sufficient food for man and beast, and at times none for the horses, makes the distance passed over in the time given a most creditable showing, and for the service rendered does compare most favorably with other work performed by the cavalry. This fact must also be taken into account. The five troops of the Fourth Cavalry, with only two weeks' rest at Manila, started on this expedition after more than two months' campaign with General Lawton in central and northern Luzon, in which officers and men were on half rations most of the time, and the horses getting every now and then only a feed of palay, living on the green rice cut by the men of the command after each day's march. It can be seen we were rather handicapped, and while our actual loss from hostile bullets was very small, we suffered somewhat from sickness among the men and a few of the horses giving out. The success was due to the celerity of our movements, causing surprise, and never for a moment letting up after the enemy were on the run, in spite of good defensive positions which, if they had been held by a small and determined force, would have seriously delayed the command. They learned to have a deadly fear of the quick moving cavalry, always on their heels, giving them no time to rest. In this campaign, as no flankers could be used, and the command marched in column of twos, Colonel Hayes directed, when an attack was made on one flank, all

men on that flank should pass their reins to the man on the inner side, then dismount and form line toward the enemy either on the flank, or form line to the front, if the attack was from the front. It required but a few seconds to have a well established line for attack. If it was necessary to reinforce it, half of the other troopers would link horses, and soon give a good supporting force. Our drill regulations were simply modified to suit the peculiar conditions. The scheme worked admirably. The cavalry command was well handled, and Colonel Hayes performed his task and carried out his orders in a most satisfactory manner. There was no hitch; the cavalry was always ready, on time, and always reached its objective designated in the orders for the day."

The third is another illustrated article, on the China Expedition, written in the form of a diary.

The fourth is a quaint old letter of General Jacob Brown to the Governor of New York, describing the Battle of Sackett's Harbor, 1813.

The fifth article is a review of the French General Staff work on the Battle of Spichern.

The sixth is a consideration of the strategic conditions existing between the Triple and the Double Alliance on the theatres of war of Central Europe. It is a very interesting study in strategy.

The seventh is a continuation of a paper previously referred to, the present number relating particularly to Afghanistan.

The eighth article is of moment as reflecting the French views on the Navy. The three great elements of the system approved are:

Speed, as a strategic rather than tactical element. Hence, cruisers rather than battleships, for the fleet. "What a fleet, based on its powerful battleships, calls with so much satisfaction its *sea-power,* will be limited in these floating forts to the narrow circle of their guns' range, if we can oppose them with swifter vessels."

The *Torpedo,* as the new weapon which is taking the place of the old ruler of the sea, the cannon. Hence, a large increase in torpedo-boats and submarines. These are to be used not only for the *defense* of the coast, but also for *offensive action* in narrow straits, as at Dover and Calais in the English Channel, between Corsica and Sardinia, between Corsica and the coast of Provence, between Sardinia and Bizerte (in Tunis), and between Oran (Algeria) and the Spanish coast, in the Mediterranean.

Points of Support, as coaling stations, magazines, docks and workshops. Hence, these must be acquired and fortified. In the Atlantic Ocean Dakar (in Senegal), Martinique (in the Antilles) and the west

coast of France are the main points of support. On the road to India, Dakar, Gabun (in French Congo) and Diego Suarez (in Madagascar) are the most important.

The ninth article is an important study in the supply of armies in the field, as conducted in the most recent campaign, and one in which all the most prominent nations were represented.

The tenth article, on the Defense of Coasts, relates particularly to the coasts of France, considering first the history of the subject, and then pointing out the fixed defenses needed along the coast, and their organization and command. The author emphasizes his arguments by calling attention to the constantly increasing Naval Budget of Germany, which, from 40 million francs in 1880, exceeded 260 millions in 1902.

The eleventh article has already been referred to in previous numbers of this magazine. It is probably the most exhaustive and valuable study that has been made on the tactics of the Boer War.

The other articles are useful but rather technical in character: the last, however, has a few ideas which we are tempted to quote:

"After the 1870 campaign, a strong feeling was prevalent in this country that the introduction of the breech-loading rifle had sounded the death knell of the mounted arm. It is a curious thing that this feeling should have taken such strong hold in England, where we, as a nation, have cultivated the horse, and identified ourselves in such a marked degree with the pleasures and the good service which that animal alone can afford. It is all the more curious when we notice that, immediately after the 1870 campaign, the two great nations who took part in it immediately strengthened and re-organized their cavalry; while Russia, numerically speaking, the greatest military power in the world, and Austria, followed suit. Moreover, we have seen lately, in the accounts of French and German maneuvers, that neither of these Powers, who undoubtedly study warfare more diligently than we do, and who, by force of circumstances, are compelled to impoverish their finances by maintaining large armies, more or less permanently ready to take the field, are, apparently, inclined to assign to the cavalry a less important rôle on the battlefield than was formerly the case. In spite of the magazine rifle and the smokeless powder, which these nations have in common with ourselves, and in spite of the lessons of the last two years in South Africa, lessons which they have followed with interest and possibly appreciated as much as ourselves, their confidence in the importance of cavalry and the power of that arm has by no means diminished, and we have seen masses of cavalry charging in precisely the same manner that they did in 1870.

"If France and Germany do not at once draw the same deductions from this recent campaign that some of us do, it would be a little rash to condemn them straight away, because no matter how much we may wish to blind our eyes to the fact, there is no question that our conduct of the campaign has not been all that it should be. Therefore, I would only say to those of you who, judging from your own experiences on the field, think that our cavalry did not justify its existence, is it not as well, before condemning the cavalry as an arm, to consider whether it could not have achieved more under other circumstances, or if differently handled?

"However that may be, there is no doubt that if we find ourselves engaged in a war with a European Power within the next few years, the nation that is opposed to us will put large bodies of well-organized cavalry in the field. And, remember, cavalry is essentially an arm that cannot be improvised on the spur of the moment.

"Since 1870 the impression at home has seemed to prevail that the cavalry were only good for three things: To look pretty at a 'function,' to do police duty in riots and strikes, and to be damned indiscriminately by everybody who made mistakes on field days or maneuvers. Yet the more one studies the Franco-Prussian War, the more one comes to the conclusion that the Germans owed the superiority, which they established at the commencement, and maintained throughout the campaign, in no small degree to the excellence of their cavalry work; and it must be remembered that they had no 'heaven-born' cavalry leaders, such as Murat or Kellerman, that their cavalry was not always well handled, and that the French infantry rifle was greatly superior to that of the Germans.

"One often hears it said that a cavalry charge is absolutely effete and impossible nowadays. May I ask those of you, who agree with that dictum, on what you base your conclusions? Most of us here have been over the ground of Mars la tour and know the story. Von Bredow, with only six squadrons, rode right through the first and second lines of an entire French corps in position, broke through the line of artillery, cut down their teams and detachments, and was only forced to retire when, exhausted with the charge, he was attacked by overwhelming closed bodies of French cavalry. Once more his men charged through the enemy's infantry, and rallied at the same spot from which they had started. The loss estimated in the whole of that charge, over an open plain against a French corps in position, perfectly unshaken, was 300 to 350 horses out of a total of 800, yet Prince Kraft says its effect was such that it saved a German Army Corps from destruction and paralyzed a hostile corps for a whole day.

At the same battle, to quote again from Prince Kraft, the charge of the 1st Dragoons of the Guard saved the 38th Brigade from destruction. It is true that the French delivered charges like those of Bonnemain's and Michel's Brigades, which were merely useless sacrifices of life, but any one who knows the battlefield of Wörth will recognize the fact that the nature of the ground over which they charged, without any previous reconnaissance, foredoomed those charges to failure.

"But you may say that the increased accuracy of the Mauser, Mannlicher, Lebel, etc., is so great that such a large target as the horse and its rider present renders the dragoon an easy prey to the marksman. That is very true, and the argument would be unanswerable were it not for two elements that always have fought, and, happily, must fight, on the side of the mounted man. The rifle is good, but the average shooting of every army in the world is incredibly bad. Probably not 10 per cent. of the men who go through a military training can ever hope to become anything like marksmen at a moving target. The other element I referred to is nerve. Out of the 10 per cent. who are really fine shots you can deduct 5 per cent. who, from want of nerve or over-excitement on the battlefield, shoot wildly and inaccurately. And remember this, the flatness of the trajectory and the velocity of the bullet tell both ways. It is an accepted fact that the tendency of every man is to fire high at cavalry.

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"However, I won't labor the point, but charges were delivered successfully in 1866 and 1870, and one or two in South Africa. History has a knack of repeating itself, and the last cavalry charge has not yet been delivered.

"Therefore, in my opinion, cavalry should undoubtedly retain the sword, and be taught to charge both guns and infantry. They must be prepared now, as formerly, to sacrifice themselves whenever necessary for their own infantry, and I am perfectly convinced that their action in this respect will bear fruit. But I believe that the charges of the future will be delivered by smaller bodies. The increased range of the artillery will prevent large masses of cavalry maneuvering in the presence of an enemy, and besides that the ground so seldom permits it."

ARTILLERY AND FORTIFICATION.

The articles under this heading are necessarily more or less technical in character, but a few have some general interest. They include:

1. Does the Field Artillery Need a Field Howitzer?—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 4.

2. French Rapid-Fire Artillery.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, March, April.

3. The Question of Rearming the Field Artillery.—*Int. Rev. Suppl.*, 49.

4. Ship Armor and Its Attack.—*Unit. Serv. Mag.* (London), April.

5. Fire Control.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, March, April.

6. Ammunition Service for Mortars.—*Same.*

7. The Difference Circle Plotting Board.—*Same.*

8. The Value of Fortified Cities.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 3.

9. Test of New 16-Inch Gun.—*Jour. U. S. Arty.*, March, April.

10. Attacks on Coast Fortifications in French Fleet Maneuvers. —*Same.*

11. Coast Defense in France.—*Same.*

12. The Krupp Works at Essen.—*Scien. Amer. Suppl.*, May 9.

These articles are all important to the technical soldier, especially the artilleryman, but each must be carefully studied to be of any use. The only ones of general interest are the fourth, the eighth, the tenth and the eleventh.

In the fourth article the author concludes that the 7.5-inch rifle should replace the 6-inch, and thinks that in the near future ships may carry but two types of gun, a main armament of eight or ten 10-inch guns, and a secondary battery of 4-inch. He also calls attention to the necessity for greater deck protection, in view of the fact that both Germany and the United States have howitzers and mortars as prominent features in the armaments of their respective coast fortresses.

The eighth article considers the value of fortifying the great cities like Paris, Antwerp, etc., and is very readable and instructive. The author's conclusion is that such fortifications are still essential.

The tenth article is of interest because it illustrates the attack of a fleet on coast forts, and brings out some valuable data:

"In the bombardment of Algiers * * * the firing taking place at long ranges, varying from 6,500 to 9,800 yards, at which the ships (owing to the natural dispersion of the shots from the forts at these ranges, and the difficulty of observation from the shore) were comparatively safe, but the effect of their own shots was also very doubtful, to say the least. It was assumed that the works were silenced in the forenoon, and in the afternoon the town was bom-

barded. In this exercise the main object was to determine the amount of ammunition required, and it was concluded, as has been previously often decided, that ships cannot undertake the bombardment of coast works unless the supply of ammunition can be assured, and that expended can be replaced with certainty.

"The attack on Bizerta, on July 21st and 22d, was designed as a test of the recently completed fortifications, which were fully manned. The defense also had at its disposal the armored coast defense vessel Tempête, the armored gunboat Phlégéton and the torpedo boats of the mobile defense. The two armored vessels lay in the entrance to protect the channel, the torpedo boats were sent out on the evening of the 21st to reconnoitre out to sea.

"Vice Admiral Gervais, who approached Bizerta from the north with his fleet on the evening of July 21st, kept the battleships at sea at a great distance from the coast, and between the latter and his battleships he placed the armored cruisers. A light division was sent out as a protection against torpedo boat attacks as far as the Island of Galita, and a number of torpedo boats were advanced toward the harbor entrance to reconnoitre and determine the character of the defense, and to fire on any batteries covering the obstructions as well as on any search-lights that may be located on shore.

"Towards daybreak the main body of the fleet moved on Bizerta. It was divided into three groups, moving in a north-westerly direction, the left wing resting on the southern portion of the coast. There stood the battleships, divided into four divisions, the whole under the Fleet Commander, and began the bombardment of the works at 6 A. M. Each division went separately up to within 6,500 to 5,400 yards from the works, moved past the latter and returned, while the next division followed at 2,100 yards distance behind the first, and so on. The armored cruisers supported the attack at long range, and to their right the protected cruisers, also at long range, fired on the North Fort by way of reconnaissance preparatory to its subsequent attack by the battleships.

"In the center the torpedo boat destroyers guarded the harbor entrance, to ward off torpedo boat attacks from the fleet; they were driven away by the Phlégéton, which weighed anchor and pursued them.

"At 9 A. M. the exercise was ended, and it is reported that it proved that this important point of support is sufficiently protected and secured against any sudden attack.

"The bombardment of the works on the Island of Porquerolles, on August 1, was more in the nature of an exercise for the garrisons of

the works than of a tactical measure. It was prepared for by the armored cruisers at long range, after which the battleships approached closer to the works and fired in passing.

"Vice Admiral Gervais' method before Bizerta, of sending constantly against the works new, or at least rested ships, keeping the garrisons at work uninterruptedly, without rest or breathing time, while his own crews can rest at intervals, is a new idea.*"

The eleventh article considers the question of the extent of the responsibility of the Army and the Navy, respectively, in the defense of the coast. This is of interest because it is often asserted that in France the coast forts are under the Navy entirely.

WAR SHIPS.

1. Naval Scouts.—*Army and Navy Gazette,* April 11; *Unit. Ser. Mag.* (London), April.

2. The Most Powerful Armor Clad.—*Scien. Amer. Suppl.,* April 18.

3. Size of Battleships for U. S. Navy.—*Proc. U. S. Naval Inst.,* March.

4. Our Torpedo Boat Flotilla.—*Same.*

5. Systematic Training of the Enlisted Personnel of the Navy.—*Same.*

6. Naval Training Policy and System.—*Same.*

7. The Training of Our New Torpedo Flotillas.—*Unit Serv. Mag.* (London), April.

8. Launch of the Argentine Cruiser Moreno.—*Scien. Amer. Suppl.,* May 9.

These are all valuable and interesting studies, especially those relating to the training of the seamen of our Navy. Our Navy (even more than our Coast Artillery) is being provided with fighting *material* in a fairly generous way, but the *personnel* seems to be forgotten. If the present small force is suddenly increased for war purposes, or even to prepare for war in the near future, it must necessarily receive untrained men in large numbers, unless some system be adopted for a gradual but sufficient increase annually, so that the new personnel may be assimilated without detriment to the whole.

SMALL ARMS AND EQUIPMENTS.

1. An Electric Self-Marking Target.—*Military Mail,* April 10.

2. Clothing and Equipment.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.,* April 11.

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*And one that indicates the necessity of having *three* reliefs at the guns. TRANSLATOR.

3. Springfield Magazine Rifle, Mod. 1902.—*Jour. Mil. Serv. Inst.*, May, June.
4. The Infantry Bayonet.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 3.
5. A New Infantry Range-Finder.—*Same.*
6. Bridge Equipment for French Cavalry.—*Same.*

MILITARY HYGIENE.

1. Medical Statistics of the Italian Army in 1900.—*Rev. du Cercle Mil.*, April 11.
2. Same of the Russian Army.—*Same.*
3. Surgical Notes on the China Relief Expedition.—*Jour. U. S. Cav. Asso.*, April.
4. Observations on Wounds of Nerves.—*Jour. Mil. Surgeons*, April.
5. Training of Hospital Corps Soldiers.—*Same.*
6. The Treatment of Yellow Fever.—*Same.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. The Officers' Race from Brussels to Ostend.—*Jour. U. S. Cav. Asso.*, April.
2. The Use of Emergency Rations in the Philippines.—*Same.*
3. Care of Animals in the Philippines.—*Same.*
4. The Dirigible Balloon of Roze.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 4.
5. Road Locomotives.—*Same.*
6. Development of the Marconi System.—*Sci. Amer. Suppl.*, May 9.
7. A Wireless Telephone.—*Kriegstech. Zeit.*, 4.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.—*Monthly, 22 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London, S. W. Per year 24s.*

Army and Navy Gazette.—*Weekly, 3 York Street, Covent Garden, London. Per year £1 12s. 6d.*

Notes on Naval Progress.—*Occasional, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.*

Military Mail.—*Weekly, 2 Amen Corner, E. C., London, England. Per year 8s. 8d.*

Journal of the Military Service Institution.—*Bi-monthly, Governor's Island, New York City. Per year* $2.00.

Journal of the U. S. Cavalry Association.—*Quarterly, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Per year* $2.00.

Army and Navy Journal.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $6.00.

Army and Navy Magazine.—*Monthly, Washington, D. C. Per year* $3.00.

Army and Navy Register.—*Weekly, Washington, D. C. Per year* $3.00.

American Shipbuilder.—*Weekly, 7 Coenties Slip, Water Street, New York City. Per year* $2.00.

Journal of the Association of Military Surgeons.—*Monthly, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Per year* $5.00.

Revue du Cercle Militaire.—*Weekly, 37 Rue de Bellechasse, Paris. Per year 27 fr.*

Scientific American.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $3.00.

The Literary Digest.—*Weekly, New York City. Per year* $3.00.

The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News.—*Fortnightly, Calcutta, India. Price per year 15s.*

Our Naval Apprentice.—*Monthly, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I. Price per year* $1.50.

United Service Magazine.—*Monthly,* 13 *Charing Cross, S. W. London. Per year 27s.*

Internationale Revue.—*Monthly, Blasewitzer Strasse* 15, *Dresden. Per quarter* 8 *fr.*

Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute.—*Quarterly, Annapolis, Md. Price per year* $3.50.

Journal of the U. S. Artillery.—*Bi-monthly, Fort Monroe, Va.*

JOHN P. WISSER,
Major U. S. A.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of the "United Service," are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

From the Times-Democrat

The morning came so calm and clear,
  Across the slumbering land it crept,
A deeper blush, a crimson glow,
  Along the starlit heavens swept;
And 'round a roseate twilight shed,
  As o'er the east of molten gold,
Ten thousand shafts with jasper tipped,
  The dawn with dazzling splendor rolled.

It was a strangely glorious day,
  Soft January's breezes blew,
And earth looked up to heaven and smiled
  As lightly back the mist she threw.
All nature woke from dewy sleep
  To hail the glad return of light,
And bid with shy, reluctant glance
  A fond adieu to lingering night.

We heard the wild birds' earliest notes,
  As from each mossy couch we rose;
While deep and long the bugle's call
  Broke harshly through our sweet repose.
We heard the distant cannon's roll
  Like thunder through the cloudless sky;
It woke each slumbering warrior's soul
  To live for freedom or to die.

Behind us through the early light
  Lay love and home and native land;
The thought that we should find their cause
  Gave patriot nerve to many a hand;
Our leader, too, was brave and bold,
  Whate'er the foeman's odds might be;
The name of Andrew Jackson still
  Was pledge enough of victory.

And so we waited, gun in rest,
  And strained our eager eyes afar
To where we knew the foeman's host
  Lay stretched in dark array for war.
The mist grew thicker as we gazed,
  And suddenly upon the right
A rocket rent the heavy air
  And left a burning trail of light.

It shook the rippling Stars and Stripes,
  That o'er us waved, so free and wide,
And sent each drop of patriot blood
  Through heart and vein with bursting tide.
It rolled along the river's breast,
  And o'er the darksome swamp it broke;
And then our heavy guns replied,
  A deep defiance as they spoke.

"They come, they come!" our watchman cried,
  "Gibbs leads his columns to the right,
So that the heavy woods may shield
  Them from our marksmen's ready sight.
The forty-fourth is in the van,
  They pass the redoubt at a pace."
We could not shout, for well we knew
  Death stood and looked us in the face.

So on they passed, that line of red,
  Through grape and shell and burning shot,
'Neath all our batteries' fiery hail
  They shrank, nor paused, nor wavered not.
We stood, by admiration bound,
  And saw them breast those waves of flame,
The heroes of a hundred fights,
  In solid ranks they onward came.

There was no time to lose, and we
  Stood panting with excitement all.
Our gunners played with deadly aim.
  Along their front we watched them fall
Like leaves amid the autumn blast,
  Or flowers 'neath the winter's sky;
The stout and old, the brave and fair,
  And some were, Oh! so young to die.

The smoke now clouded o'er the plain
From many a cannon's mouth of fire,
And scarce the rising sun might pierce
The deepening fury of our ire.
The howitzer with brave dragoons,
And Spotts and Garrique's daring corps,
Kept up a deafening cannonade
That swept the field from wood to shore.

The musket's growl, and sweeping grape,
With hissing shell that burst on high,
We waited with suspended breath
To hear the word. At last it came:
"Fire! Fire, my men!" cried Carroll then.
Our answer was, a burst of flame.
No shot was lost; we mowed them down;
It was a piteous sight to see.
We fought for home and liberty.
Great God! forgive us for that day;
Made hell on earth, and rose in groans
Up to the calm and pitying sky.
And we who heard that frightful din,
Blamed not the men who faltered there;
Nor mocked the gallant lines that shrank
And stumbled in the blinding air.
Their officers with desperate nerve,
Rushed on before their faltering men,
And strove with word and valiant deed
To rouse the soldiers' pride again.
But all in vain, they could not stand
And face a foe they could not see;
Nor march amid the galling fire,
Kentucky boys and Tennessee.
For all our line was blazing now,
From Coffee's troops along the wood,
To where beneath the river's edge
The men of Ross and Marant stood.
And Creole youth, with mountaineer,
Heard ringing high above the fray
Our General's deep commanding tones:
"Let's finish it, my boys, to-day."
And so we did, nor left behind
One living thing upon the plain,
Save, where the helpless wounded lay,
Among the gory heaps of slain.
And when we saw our triumph done,
And knew our victory complete,
With wild applause we cheered the man
Who wrought the British dire defeat.
But when the cannonade was still,
And silence hovered near and far;
When morning breezes leeward blew
The darksome canopy of war;
We looked upon the field of fight,
So lately decked with martial foes,
And from our proud victorious lines
A sob of sympathy arose.
No longer the invader stood
With ready lance and haughty look,
Nor England's royal standard high
O'er freedom's home its ripples shook.
But suffering, dying brothers they,
And many a tear our soldiers shed,
For he hath not a heart within
Who holds a grudge against the dead.

LULU PEARSON.

THE BIG REVIEW

(From the London Speaker.)

When I went up, a raw recruit,
To Bodmin town from Scorrier,
Our Colonel wore a scarlet suit
Like a warrior all ablaze;
Our Colonel held a big review,
Wi' knapsack, pouch, and bagginet;
And the Colonel's darter drove thereto
In a wagginet drawn by bays.
The horses pranced, the trumpets blawed,
The guns went off impartial;
But, of all the regiment, Private Coad
In a martial way did best.
"Stand forth, stand forth, thou hero bold!
To you the rest be secon'-rate;
'Tis you shall wear this clasp o' gold
For to decorate your broad chest.
"Oh, where, oh, where's my best recruit
That ere I paid a shillin' for?"
But all the regiment stuck there mute,
Unwillin' for to explain;
Till forth I steps and gives a cough
An' answers him so dutiful:
"Look, Colonel dear, he's a-gallopin' off
Wi' your beautiful darter Jane!"
"Of all the plans that ere I've known,"
Says he, "I do call that a plan
To bring my hairs in sorrow down
With a rat-a-plan to the grave.
Form up, form up, each gallant blade!
Form up my sons of Waterloo!
We won't interrupt our Big Parade
For a mortal who can't behave!"

BIRTH OF A GREAT AMERICAN RAILROAD.

The Semi-Centennial of the Incorporation of the New York Central

May 17, 1903, marks the Fiftieth Anniversary of the incorporation of the New York Central Railroad; a fact interesting in the history of the State of New York, for the consolidation of the ten separate small roads into one line, that formed a continuous route from Albany on the east to Buffalo on the west, was the beginning that made possible the enormous industrial and commercial development in the country contiguous to it.

The New York Central Railroad Company is the consolidation of the short lines known fifty years ago as, The Albany and Schenectady, The Schenectady and Troy, The Utica and Schenectady, The Mohawk Valley, The Syracuse and Utica, The Syracuse and Utica Direct, The Rochester and Syracuse, The Buffalo and Rochester, The Rochester, Lockport and Niagara Falls and the Buffalo and Lockport Railways.

Articles of agreement were filed May 17, 1853, the first Board of Directors was elected July 6th, and the whole line delivered to the new company August 1st, 1853; insuring better service, more complete connections between all points, and a more general stimulus to development than was possible under separate and rival corporations. This also opened the way for the consolidation of the New York Central Company with the Hudson River Railroad in 1869, which event presaged that era of wonderful progress in the undeveloped west, for it created a direct line from the ocean to the inland seas, known as the great lakes, and brought distant territories into close connection with the seaboard.

It is a picturesque fact that this line traverses the one break in the whole Appalachian chain between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence River, and it would seem as if Nature meant this to be a roadway for travel. Certainly the Indian found it so, for the Mohawk trail, the pathway of the confederated Iroquois tribes, is almost identical with the New York Central Railroad of to-day. This trail was also the pathway of war during the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars, and later, in its offering of easy travel, it lured the pioneers of the West to the Mohawk Valley, which is so rich to-day with the product of agricultural industry, on to the broad and fallow fields of the Genesee, to build up and develop the traffic of the west upon the great lakes.

It is a far cry indeed from that primitive little line of the New York Central of fifty years ago to the great Railroad of to-day with its Twentieth Century limited, speeding like the wind, carrying its passengers on luxurious palace cars, over smooth roadbeds, with a scarcely perceptible jar, and fifty years of progress could not find a better illustration than is related in an interesting letter of reminiscences written by Mr. Joshua Wilber, of Lockport, New York, describing railroad travel in New York in 1839.

The writer says: "We took the cars on State Street in Albany; these cars were drawn to the city line by horses, for locomotives were not then allowed in the city. The cars were of the ancient pattern, entered by doors on the side, with seats across the car, the passengers facing each

other, as in the old fashioned stage coaches.

"The speed was tremendous—about twelve miles an hour. Arrived on the ridge opposite Schenectady, our cars were let down an incline plane, secured to a large rope cable, the other end being attached to flat cars weighted with stone, which were drawn up on a parallel track as we went down. At Schenectady we changed cars and traveled west to Utica, reaching there in the afternoon. That was then the end of railroad travel.

"A canal packet was boarded which landed us in Syracuse next morning. There another packet was taken for Rochester, which we reached early the following day. A third packet brought us from Rochester to Lockport in sixteen hours.

"The time consumed in coming from New York City to Lockport was nearly four days, being on the move all the time except the night spent at Albany.

"Not long after the roads built from Albany westward, and from Buffalo eastward met, and a continuous line was formed, but with many changes of cars and other inconveniences.

"Then the Hudson River road was opened, and Buffalo and New York became neighbors."

Of these lines the Albany and Schenectady, which was chartered in 1826 as the Mohawk and Hudson, was opened September 12th, 1831, and was the first railroad built in the state of New York, the name was changed in 1847, to "The Albany and Schenectady."

Railroad consolidation is not then, as the average man believes, the result of present day economics and tendencies, but is the demand for conditions which find their best illustration in our national motto: "In Union there is strength." And from the historical point of view there is no more interesting study than is found in those early efforts at transportation, which underlie the industrial progress of the United States.

JUDGE MULLIGAN'S FAMOUS POEM

"IN KENTUCKY."

The moonlight falls the softest
In Kentucky;
The summer days come oftest
In Kentucky;
Friendship is the strongest,
Love's light glows the longest;
Yet, wrong is always wrongest
In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest
In Kentucky;
The home fires burn the brightest
In Kentucky;
While players are the keenest,
Cards come out the meanest,
The pocket empties cleanest
In Kentucky.

The sun shines ever brightest
In Kentucky;
The breezes whisper lightest
In Kentucky;
Plain girls are the fewest,
Maiden's eyes the bluest,
Their little hearts are truest
In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest
In Kentucky;
Officials are the blandest
In Kentucky;
Boys are all the fliest,
Dangers ever nighest,
And taxes are the highest
In Kentucky.

The bluegrass waves the bluest
In Kentucky;
Yet, bluebloods are the fewest (?)
In Kentucky;
Moonshine is the clearest,
By no means the dearest,
And yet, it acts the queerest
In Kentucky.

The dove-notes are the saddest
In Kentucky;
The streams dance on the gladdest
In Kentucky;
Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the slickest,
The cylinder turns quickest
In Kentucky.

The song birds are the sweetest
In Kentucky;
The thoroughbreds are the fleetest
In Kentucky;
Mountains tower proudest,
Thunder peals the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest—
And politics—the damnedest
In Kentucky.

AN OLD MAN.

From the Youth's Companion.

Here in my easy chair I sit
An old, old man before the fire,
Deaf to all sounds of every day
And dead to every past desire.

Perhaps the failing outward sense
Quickens the spirit's inner ear,
For sitting here before the fire
You'd scarce believe the sounds I hear.

All this long afternoon I heard
The brook in the old orchard sing
Just as it used to, on the farm,
When first the grass grew green in Spring.

You know that gurgling, gladsome
The voice of water wild with glee
When it has burst its icy bond
And finds itself alert and free.

The birds, too, in the beach-tree grove,
I hear them, as in days of yore
When I went forth at break of day,
Call through the sunrise hush once more.

And that one bird that nested high—
I thought she had a silver throat—
A trickle of clear melody,
It thrills me oft, her slender note.

My mother's voice, too—oh, so plain
It calls across the fading light;
"Come children, time to leave your play;
Come in the house, 'tis almost night!"

Sometimes when you have left the room,
And I alone am sitting here,
I speak the answer right out loud,
"Yes, yes, I'm coming, mother dear!"

Then there's one song comes back to me,
Your mother sang it, my dear wife,
A slender girl dressed all in white,
First time I saw her in my life.

She used to carol like a bird—
'Tis an old-fashioned song, I know,
But day by day I hear her still
Singing, "John Anderson, my Jo."

I sometimes think that when I go
To join her in the angel throng,
Her voice, above the heav'nly hymn,
Will rise once more in that loved song.

An old, old man—and common speech
But seldom reaches my dulled ear;
Yet sitting here before the fire
You'd scarce believe the sounds I hear.

MARTHA BAKER DUNN.

LIFE INSURED FOR $2,000,000.

ONLY KING EDWARD NOW PROBABLY CARRIES HEAVIER INSURANCE THAN MR. WANAMAKER.

The Prudential Insurance Company, through its Philadelphia agents, has insured L. Rodman Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker, for $1,000,000. The premium on the insurance is over $30,000 a year.

This makes Mr. Wanamaker one of the most heavily insured private individuals in the world, as he carries policies for $2,000,000. His insurance is said to be exceeded only by that of King Edward VII. John Wanamaker, his father, carries policies aggregating $1,500,000, and John M. Mack carries $1,250,000, of which $1,000,000 was placed recently.

BOOK NOTICES.

The New International Encyclopedia. Editors, D. C. Gilman, LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins University and of Carnegie Institute; H. T. Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor in Columbia University; F. M. Colby, Professor in the New York University. Volumes VII. and VIII. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1903.

These new volumes of this great undertaking are in every respect the equals of their predecessors, and fulfill the promise of the earlier volumes. Both the Useful and the Beautiful hold their own in their pages, and call for praise and admiration from the busy world.

The good taste and judgment exercised in the selection of proper subject-matter and mode of treatment is well exhibited in such articles as *Geology* and *Evolution*, which will speak for themselves when compared to the articles on these subjects in other encyclopedias; and again the articles on the *French Language* and *French Literature*, which, while replete with interesting information, are nevertheless entertaining reading, and not a mere collection of dry facts, as is so often the case in such articles. Of course, there are portions which *are* simply lists of names and titles, but the character of the arrangement and of the type at once reveal these parts, and if not desired to consult them for details, they can be readily passed over.

There are several articles of *military* importance in these two volumes; the most comprehensive of which are those on *Fortifications, Field Artillery, Explosives, Guncotton, Guns, Gunnery* and *Gunpowder*, all excellent, thorough and modern. The military, historical, biographical and geographical articles are too numerous to mention, or even properly indicate, but we must refer to a charming little notice of Frederick the Great, not pretending to cover his entire military career, or even his political work, but aiming simply at a correct presentation of the man and his active life.

The biographical notices of Grant, Goethe, Faraday. Garibaldi and Gladstone are also entertaining as well as instructive reading, evidently the work of authorities in perfect accord and sympathy with their subjects.

In the domain of the Useful we have some very complete articles, such as *Flour, Food, American Food Fishes, Gas, Gas Engines, Gold Mining, and Fuel.* In the realm of the Beautiful there are many colored plates, the most striking of which are those of American Food Fishes, Badges of Representative American College Fraternities, Edible and Poisonous Fungi, Marine Gasteropods, Greenhouse Plants and Game Birds; also a number of fine engravings, such as excellent portraits of Grant, Franklin, Garibaldi, Goethe, Gladstone, Faraday and Frederick the Great, and many reproductions of the world's great works of art: the Roman Forum, Florence, Gainsborough's *The Blue Boy*, Gilbert's beautiful brass gates in Florence, Ghirlandjo's *Nativity of the Virgin*, Giorgione's *The Concert, Gloucester Cathedral* and Grenze's *The Broken Pitcher.*

Attention is also called to the complete *bibliographies* attached to all important words, and to the extremely *modern* character of the historical and scientific articles.

On the whole, these volumes fulfill the promise of the earlier ones, and sustain the character of the work as the most satisfactory for reference, and the most generally useful of encyclopedias.

J. P. W.

MAJOR-GEN. COMMANDANT CHARLES HEYWOOD.

Born in Maine, 1839. Appointed from New York. Commissioned as Second Lieutenant, April 5, 1858; Marine Barracks, Washington; Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, September 1, 1858; on duty at Staten Island during quarantine riots, September 2 to 11, 1858; frigate "Niagara," special service employed to take captured Africans back to Africa, September 12, 1858; steamer "St. Louis," Home Squadron, stationed at Greytown, looking after the filibuster Walker, December, 1858; invalided, and sent to Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., from Aspinwall, January, 1860; Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, April, 1860; steamer "Cumberland," flagship of Squadron of Observation, Vera Cruz, Mexico, September, 1860; March, 1861, "Cumberland" returned to Hampton Roads; was present at the destruction of Norfolk Navy Yard. Promoted to First Lieutenant, May, 1861; landed with marines at Hatteras Inlet, and was present at the capture of Forts Clark and Hatteras, August 1861. Promoted to Captain, November, 1861; was on a number of boat expeditions in the James River during the winter of 1861-2; was on board the "Cumberland" during the fight with the ram "Merrimac" and consorts, March 8, 1862, and was favorably mentioned by Lieutenant Morris, commanding officer, at the time, as follows:

"WASHINGTON, April 12, 1862.

"SIR:—Owing to the hurried manner in which my official report to Captain Radford was made, I omitted to mention to you the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Charles Heywood, U. S. Marine Corps, whose bravery upon the occasion of the fight with the "Merrimac" won my highest applause. May I respectfully ask that this be appended to my former report?

"Very repectfully,
Your obedient servant,
"GEO. E. MORRIS,
"Lieutenant-Commander.

"HON GIDEON WELLS."

Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, 1862; Recruiting Rendezvous, New York, July, 1862; frigate "Sabine," special service, after the "Alabama," September 5, 1862; Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, April, 1863; "Ticonderoga," flagship West India Flying Squadron, special service, after "Alabama," June, 1863; Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, October, 1863; applied for duty on board flagship "Hartford," and was ordered to command the guard of that vessel as Fleet Marine Officer, West Gulf Squadron, November, 1863; landed with marines of the squadron at the Pensacola Navy Yard to protect government property against an apprehended attack; was on board the flagship "Hartford" at the battle of Mobile Bay, and the capture of Forts Morgan, Gaines, and Powell, ram "Tennessee," steamers "Gaines" and "Selma;" August, 1864, had command of two 9-inch guns, and was favorably mentioned by Captain Drayton; was ordered to take charge of Fort Powell after its capture, and remained in command, guarding Grant's Pass, thirty days; "Hartford" returned home, December, 1864; ordered to Marine Baracks, Brooklyn, January, 1865; Recruiting Rendezvous, Philadelphia, July, 1865; received brevets of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel for distinguished gallantry in the presence of the enemy; ordered to command marines at Navy Yard, Washington, November, 1865; frigate "Franklin," Admiral Farragut, European Station, as Fleet Marine Officer, May 1867; Marine Barracks, Washington, January, 1869; ordered to command Marine Barracks, Washington, April 1869; ordered to command Marine Barracks, Norfolk, May, 1871; ordered to frigate "Franklin," as Fleet Marine Officer, North Atlantic Station, December, 1873; January, 1874, was transferred to frigate "Wabash;" was attached to the "Wabash" during the naval drill at Key West, and had command of the Marine Battalion at all the drills on shore of the men attached to the squadron; detached from "Wabash," May, 1874; Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, June 1874; ordered to New Orleans to report to Admiral Mullany as Fleet Marine Officer, North Atlantic Station, December, 1874; was

attached to Admiral Mullany's staff during the troubles in New Orleans and in June, 1875, was ordered to command the guard of the "Worcester," in addition to Fleet duties; transferred to "Hartford," January, 1876; detached, July, 1876; Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, September, 1876. Promoted Major, November 1, 1876; ordered to command Marine Barracks, Washington, December, 1876; July and August, 1877, had command of a battalion of marines at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Reading, Pennsylvania, during the labor riots, and was honorably mentioned by Major-General Hancock, commanding division of the Atlantic.

"Headquarters Military Division of the Atlantic,
"NEW YORK CITY, August 13, 1877.
"General Orders No. 46.

"The marines now at Reading, Pennsylvania, under command of Colonel Heywood, when relieved by the detachment of United States artillery, ordered there for that purpose, will proceed to the Marine Barracks, Washington, District of Columbia, reporting to the proper naval authorities. The Major-General Commanding desires to express his high appreciation of the excellent conduct and soldierly qualities of the marines during the entire period of the recent disorders. Citizens and soldiers are united in admiration of the soldierly bearing, excellent discipline and devotion to duty displayed by them while at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Reading. A copy of this order will be forwarded to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, that he may be informed of the valuable services and arduous duties rendered by the marines while serving in the Military Division of the Atlantic.

"By command of Major-General Hancock.

(Signed) "JOHN S. WHARTON,
"Official, Captain 19th Infantry,
Act'g Ass't Adj't General.
(Signed) "JOHN S. WHARTON,
"Captain 19th Infantry,
Aide-de-Camp.

"COLONEL HEYWOOD, U. S. MARINES."

May, 1880, ordered to command Marine Barracks, Mare Island, Cal.; detached, February, 1883, and ordered to command Marine Barracks Brooklyn, N. Y. Colonel Heywood, in obedience to the following telegram, organized and equipped a battalion of two hundred and fifty marines for duty on the Isthmus of Panama, to open the transit and protect American lives and property.

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, April 1, 1885. (Telegram).

"COMMANDANT, NAVY YARD, NEW YORK:

"Every available officer and man from all the stations are ordered to report without delay at Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, for service on the Isthmus of Panama.

"Detail Major Heywood, four officers, and every available man from the 'Colorado,' 'Minnesota,' and Barracks, to join the Pacific Mail steamer in a few days, fully equipped.

"Retain guard of 'Omaha.' Major Heywood will command the whole force. Letter to-morrow.

(Signed) "C. G. MCCAWLEY,
"Colonel-Commandant."

Reported with battalion of two hundred and fifty men at the expiration of twenty-four hours from the date of the order, and sailed for the Isthmus, Arrived at Aspinwall on the night of the 11th of April, 1885, and at six o'clock the next morning disembarked. At six o'clock the same night, occupied, with the entire command, the railroad company's buildings at the Panama end of the line, forty-seven and a half miles distant, situated outside the walls of the city of Panama, and the transit was opened, The transit was kept open by a detachment on every train. Subsequently Colonel Heywood, reinforced by the second battalion, and during the remainder of the occupation by our forces, had under his command nearly eight hundred marines, besides a strong detachment of sailors and artillery. Colonel Heywood and his command were the first to arrive and the last to leave the Isthmus, which was only done when the rebel forces had surrendered and the Federal authority was reinstated.

Commanding Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., March, 1888, to January, 1891. Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, March 9, 1888. Appointed Colonel-Commandant of U. S. Marine Corps, January 30, 1891. Promoted Brigadier General, March 3, 1899. Promoted Major General, January 30, 1891; Headquarters, Washington, January 30, 1891, to date.

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